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Collier's

FEBRUARY 12, 1944 TEN CENTS

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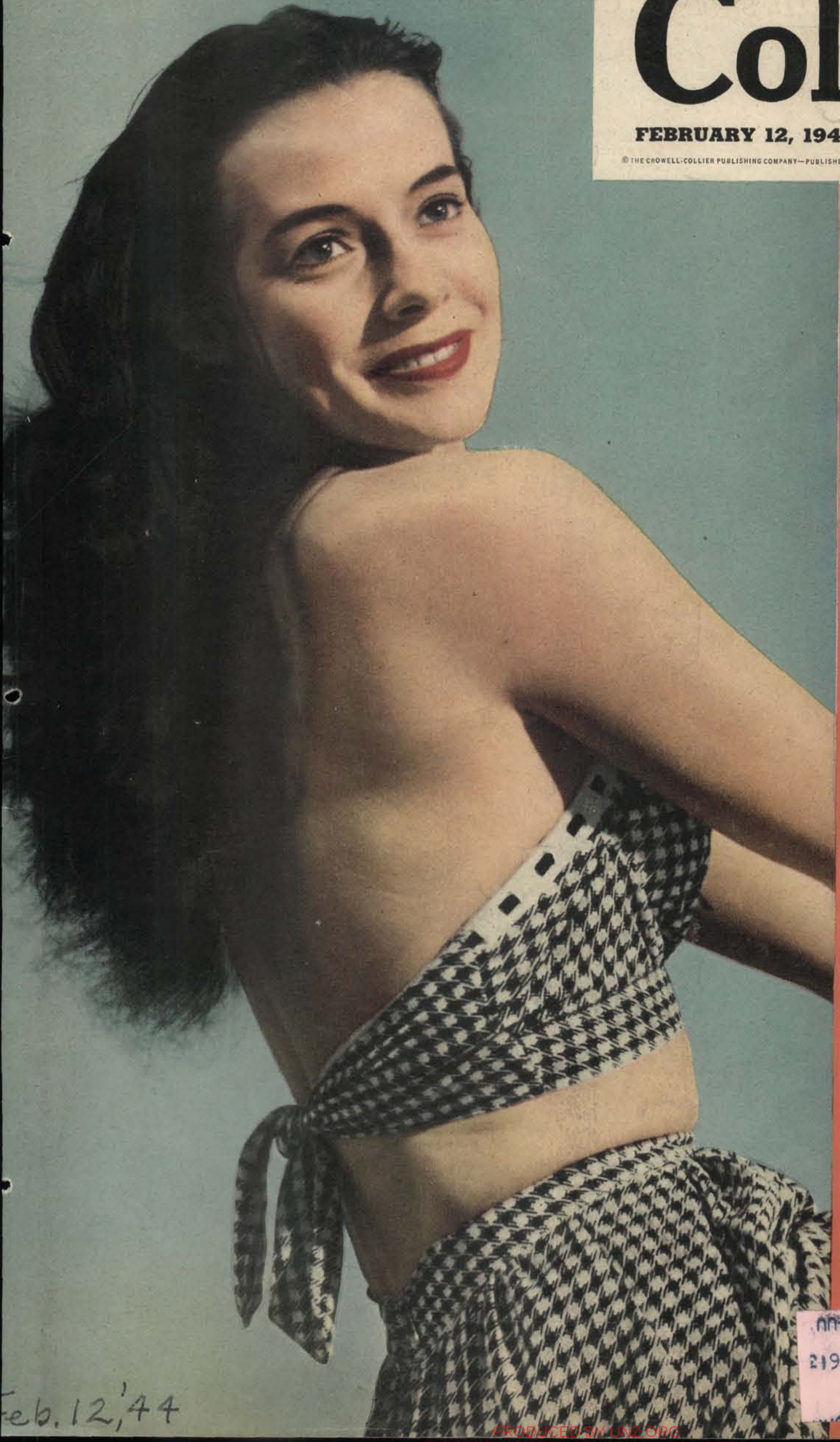

THE LACEWORK KID

By DAMON RUNYON

•

THE FACE OF LINCOLN

By CARL SANDBURG

•

LADIES IN HALTERS
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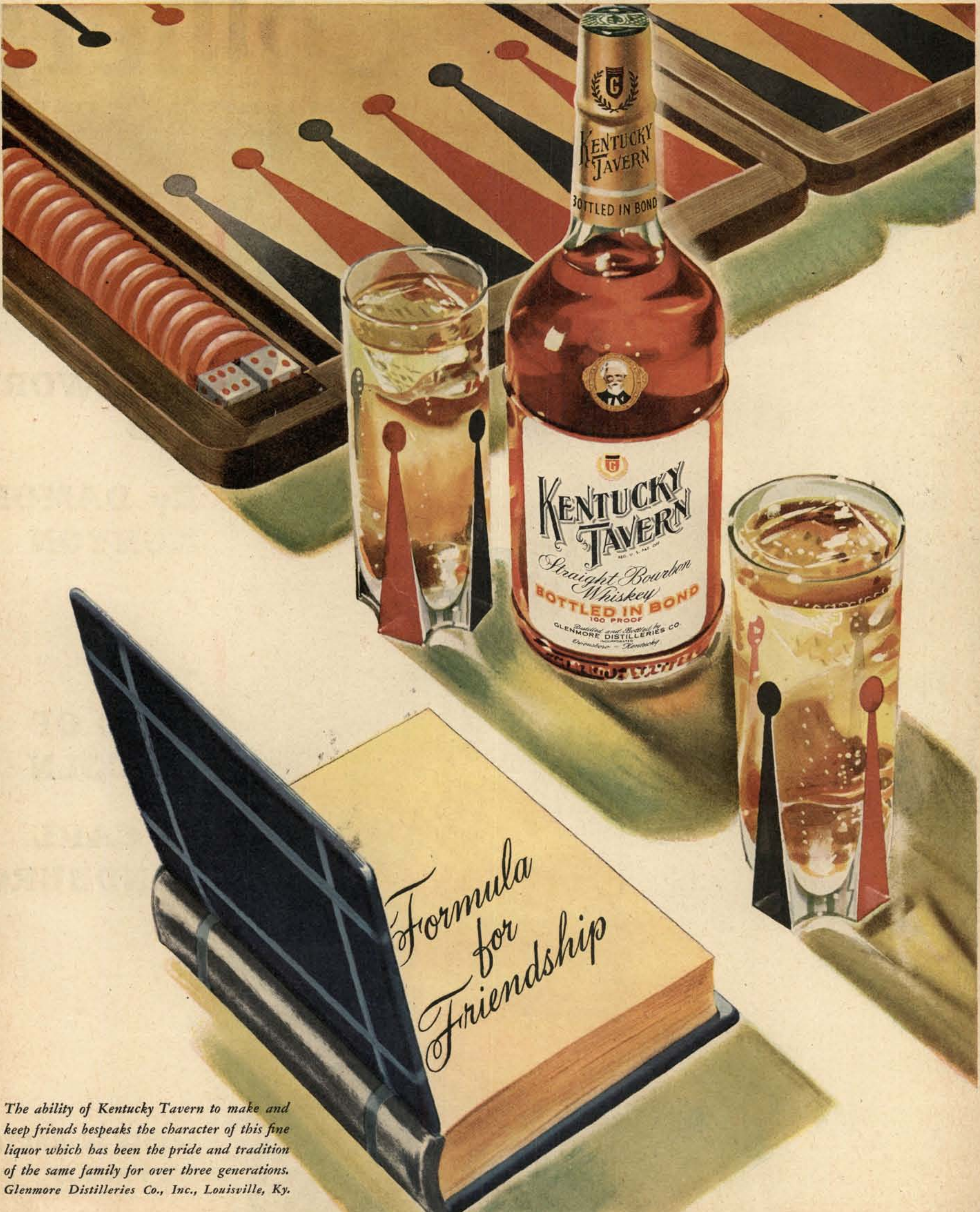
THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS


KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED Owensboro – Kentucky
Formula for Friendship

The ability of Kentucky Tavern to make and keep friends bespeaks the character of this fine liquor which has been the pride and tradition of the same family for over three generations. Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

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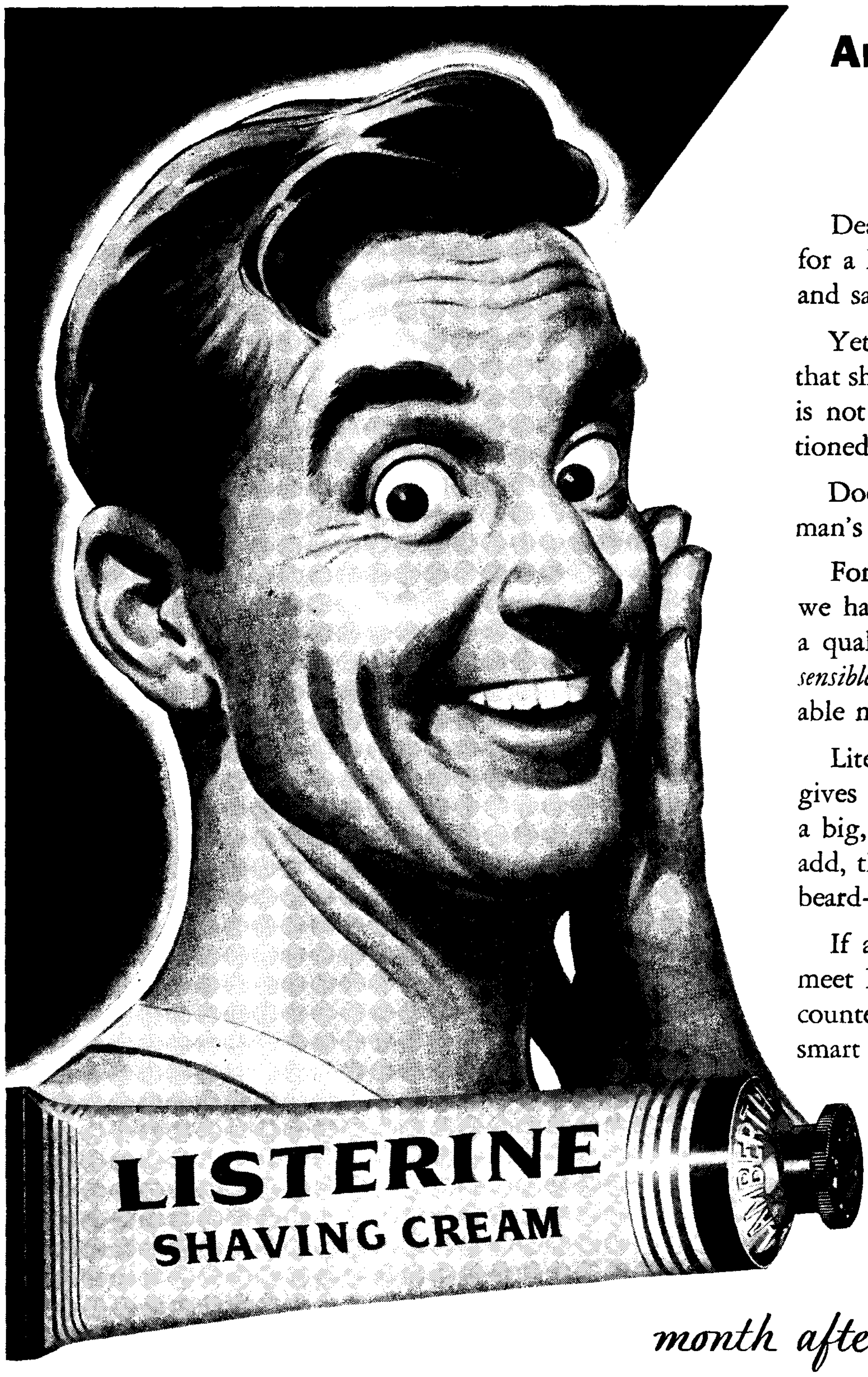
Aren't you curious about the SHAVING CREAM *Guaranteed not to make shaving a pleasure?*



An ad for reasonable men only... who prefer billows of lather instead of billows of claims

Dear Sir:— Your face has probably been a testing laboratory for a lot of shaving theories and tools, soaps and creams, lotions and salves.

Yet, in the fullness of time and experience, each man learns that shaving is at best a nuisance and a bore. And that even when it is not downright painful, the word *pleasure* shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath with *shaving*.

Does this mean that the future of shaving is all black as a man's beard? Not at all.

For the sake of your comfort (and incidentally, our business) we have lavished our technical skill and resources on producing a quality shaving cream. One which we could offer fairly as a *sensible* shaving aid. One which would do as much as any reasonable man could expect, to make shaving as painless as possible.

Literally, a fraction of an inch of our Listerine Shaving Cream gives lots and lots of good, rich lather. Brushes up quickly into a big, moisture-laden blanket of foam. And the more water you add, the better . . . because water is really the secret of the whole beard-softening mystery.

If all this sounds like good sense to you, we'd like you to meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use. Sincerely,

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

P.S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.*

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

month after month after month

LISTERINE
brushless
SHAVING CREAM
LAMBERT

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come swell shaves for men who prefer no-brush cream

"Handie Talkie"

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1st ☆

★ Here is that mighty midget in the U. S. Army Signal Corps' matchless communications equipment arsenal. Pioneered and developed exclusively by Motorola Electronics Engineers it is fighting for Victory on every battle front.

For production "beyond expectation" Motorola has received its third award. It is the aim of every Motorola employee to produce faster and better until final Victory has been won.

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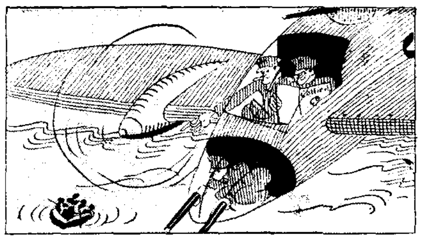
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

THE best we can do on the exceedingly thin clue supplied by Lieutenant H. R. Young, Jr., of the United States Air Forces, is that it was page 15 of Collier's for August 14th that saved the lives of Lieutenant Young and seven of his fellow members of the crew of a bomber forced down in the Mediterranean last fall. It was, we think, a map of Sicily and the toe of Italy illustrating Frank Gervasi's article Blasting a Road to Rome. The letter (which we shall come to in a moment) makes tramps of most of the war stories we've hitherto read:

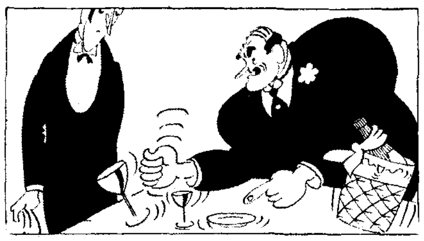


"You may attribute this to superstition or to just plain gratefulness," writes Lieutenant Young from Murfreesboro, Tennessee. "But first, let me quote from a letter I have received:

" 'It also just so happens that the particular position of Italy which was depicted was that which appeared in the magazine (Collier's). It was only idle curiosity as to whether the two (pilot's map and Collier's illustration) looked alike, that prompted me to look up. That's when we saw your dinghies and your crew firing flares like mad. So thank Collier's for your rescue, for I feel that Lieutenant —— and I would have never seen you otherwise.' "

Lieutenant Young continues: "We were compelled to ditch our bomber while at work in that theater, and the captain who wrote me the letter from which I have just quoted, spotted us while at sea and made it possible for us to be rescued. I want to thank Collier's for my rescue, whether or not you know about the good that came of the article about Sicily and Italy. If you can find this particular edition I would appreciate it more than you would know to have it, as it played the major part in saving the lives of eight men, who I can truthfully say are ever grateful to your magazine. The article must have been something about the invasion."

AND it just so happens, Lieutenant Young, that in the same mail, we received a letter from a gentleman in New York City, complaining bitterly of the butter shortage. His letter was typewritten on the stationery of a fat and exclusive club—dictated to a stenographer. Compared with his neat, heavy-paper letter, yours is not much to look at. He's not grateful for anything, as far as we can see; just sore about butter rationing. But never mind. He will be sitting comfortably in a grandstand or maybe in a club window, watching you, your seven buddies and your rescuers march up Fifth Avenue in that Victory Parade when your war is won. Perhaps he will not look happy because he will not have had enough butter with his correctly served lunch. But he'll be safe. So never mind, kid.



FORTUNATELY, we've been saving a letter, looking for a spot for it. It comes in nicely here. It's from Mrs. Jennie Bracknorn who has four sons in the service. From San Francisco, California, Mrs. Bracknorn writes us very briefly that "thanks to the wonderful work of the doctors here, my boy Jerry, who was burned by the Japs, can see again, and what they have done to his face is wonderful. They treat him wonderful, and it makes me feel wonderful to see him look so fine after what the Japs did to him. All the boys in the hospital are wonderful boys and I want to say so."

SOMEHOW we're feeling better now. In fact, wonderful. Mr. Bill Mason, the rubber man, of Akron, Ohio, reports that Mr. Larry McQueen, another rubber man, was sitting in OPA

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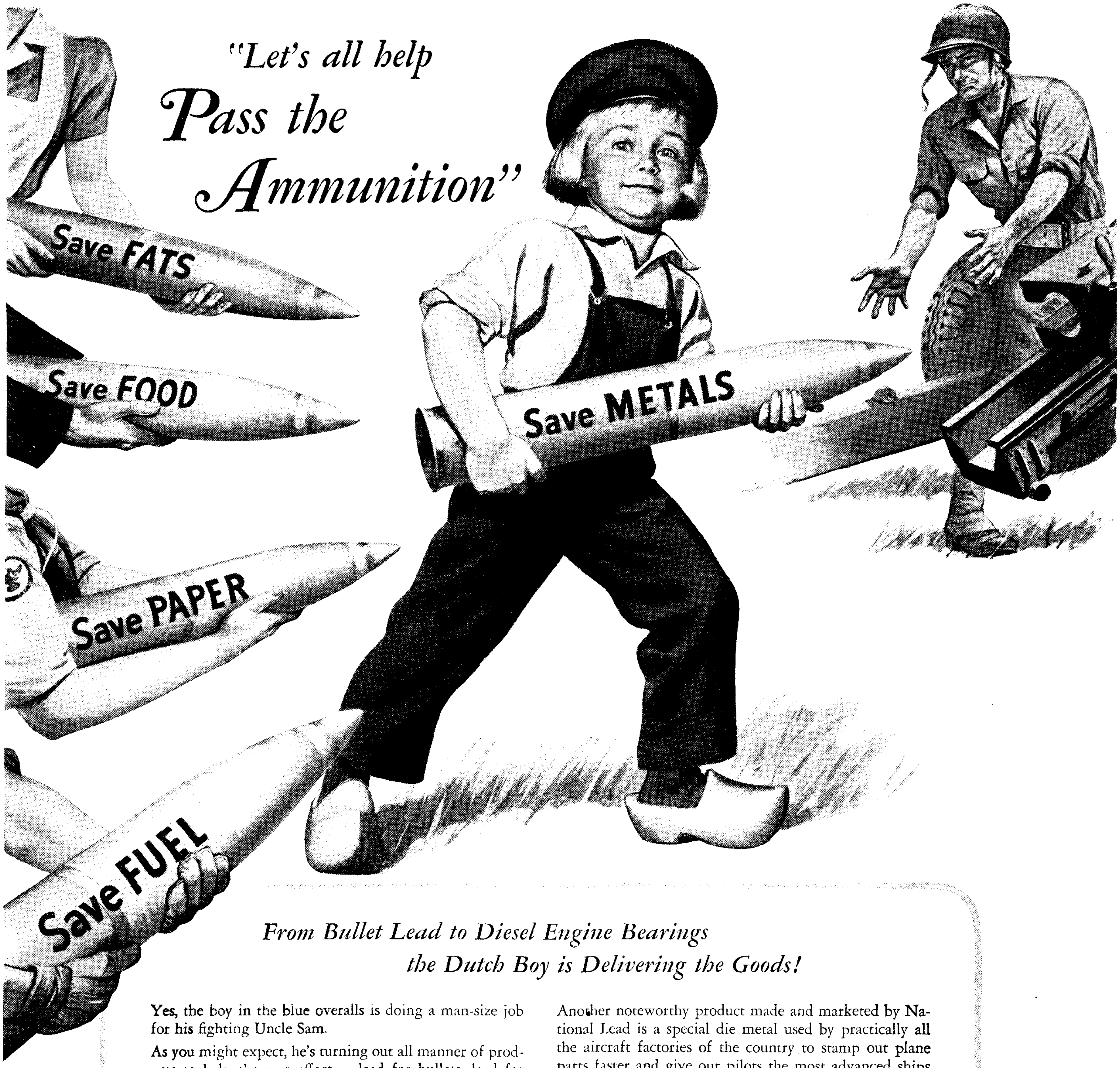
"Let's all help Pass the Ammunition"



From Bullet Lead to Diesel Engine Bearings the Dutch Boy is Delivering the Goods!

Yes, the boy in the blue overalls is doing a man-size job for his fighting Uncle Sam.

As you might expect, he's turning out all manner of products to help the war effort — lead for bullets, lead for storage batteries, lead for acid plants. And he's making vital paint pigments and oils to protect our battle machines, our ships, railroads and war plants.

But that doesn't begin to tell the story!

Over the length and breadth of the land National Lead factories and mines are pouring forth a host of *other* fighting materials, needed to blast the way to Berlin. A plant was built from "scratch" to turn out magnesium — without which you can't make incendiary bombs. A mine was opened in the wilds of the Adirondacks to move a mountain of ore from which comes titanium pigment — important in making protective coatings, paper, welding rods.

Another noteworthy product made and marketed by National Lead is a special die metal used by practically all the aircraft factories of the country to stamp out plane parts faster and give our pilots the most advanced ships in the air.

Also, a member of the Dutch Boy Family is devoting its facilities to turning out precision-built Diesel engine bearings for submarines and other Navy craft. Still another is making various processed minerals and chemicals that enable America's petroleum producers to drill for the life blood of war with more safety and speed.

You're right . . . it's a big family . . . doing a big job on these and many other fronts . . . to hasten the day when the Dutch Boy can again turn to the job of better living for Uncle Sam's boys and their families. National Lead Company, 111 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

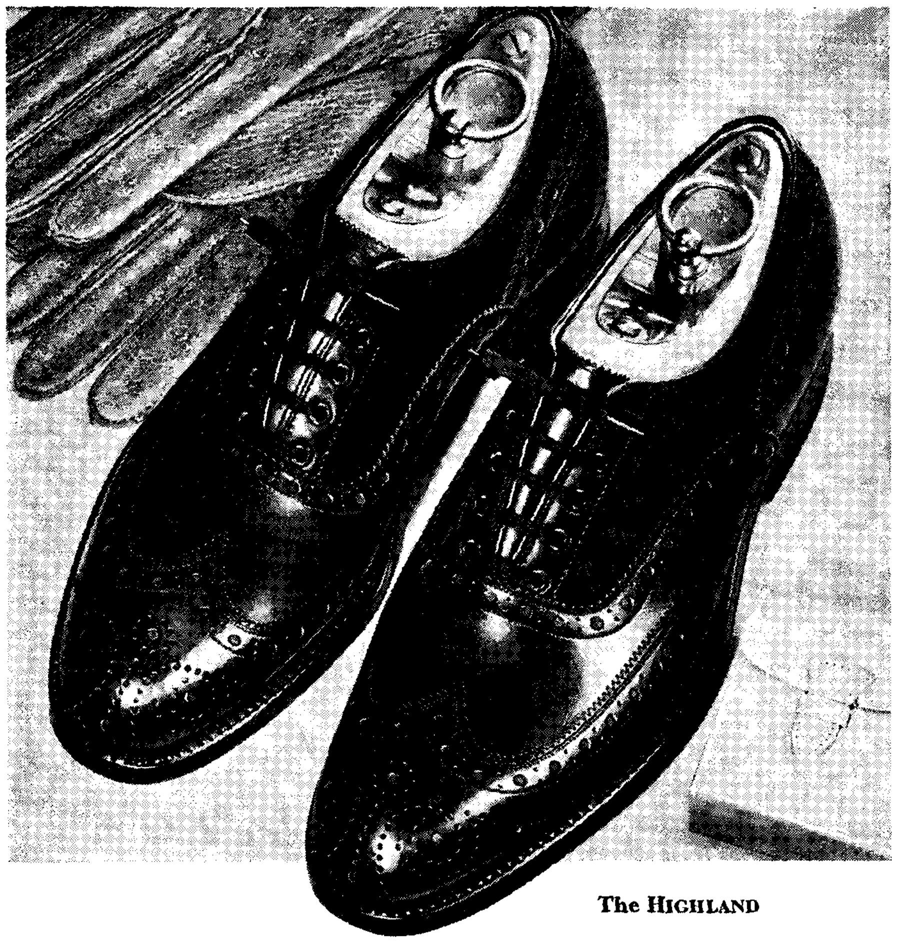
Buy War Bonds

National Lead Company

Miners, smelters and refiners of: Lead, zinc and other ores. ***Manufacturers of:*** Lead, titanium, barium and calcium pigments; linseed and castor oils; brass, bronze and babbitt bearings; sheet lead, lead pipe, solder, printers' metals and other lead products; magnesium; non-ferrous alloys; acid manufacturing equipment.

FLORSHEIM Quality

FOR LONGER RATIONED WEAR



The HIGHLAND

Our Best Post-War Plan for TOMORROW:

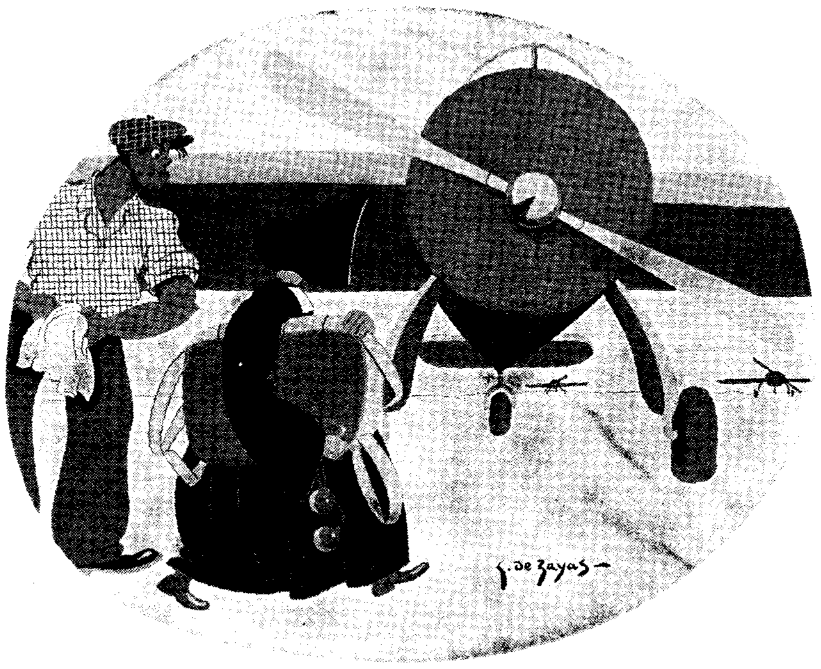
"Make TODAY'S Florsheim Shoes Last Longer"

Our wartime job today is to make *fewer* shoes go farther—by building *better* shoes—so that Florsheim wearers will get enough, our fighting men get more; so that men can under-spend on shoes and over-spend on Bonds; so that the *extra* pairs we don't make and you don't buy can help bring Victory one day closer.

Most Styles $10^50 and $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The only Catholic nun in America who holds a civilian pilot's certificate and flies a plane is Sister Mary Aquinas of Ironwood, Michigan.

While a medal is given to everyone who has taken part in a military campaign or war, a decoration is presented for a specific act of gallantry. This distinction is generally misunderstood because several decorations are officially called medals. America's highest award, the Medal of Honor, is really a decoration.

Although the United States leads all other countries in the production and export of agricultural products, our cropland averages only three acres per person compared with one and a half acres per person for the entire world, while our farm workers normally form only 21 per cent of our working population compared with 59 per cent for all countries.

Since December 1, 1941, the Army and Navy have discharged about 750,000 men, fewer than 11,000 of whom were released because of injuries received in battle.

After an hour in the dark, a person, in attempting to see objects, may cause the pupils of his eyes to expand to 120 times the fully contracted size produced by bright sunlight.—*By C. E. Creighton, Wheeling, West Virginia.*

In the Naval Clothing Depot in Brooklyn, a New York bank cashes checks and receives deposits on pay days through tellers who work in portable cages set up in the elevators to facilitate going from floor to floor. In the Navy Yard near by, other tellers likewise serve workers, from movable offices that are carried by cranes to the various "banking locations" around the Yard.

American manufacturers of contraceptives revealed, in a recent survey, that 85 per cent of their products, in retail dollar volume, are made for women.

Excluding President Roosevelt, the only government officials in the United States paid more than $25,000 a year are eleven judges in certain New York State courts in New York City. Two of these men who receive $28,500 each are presiding justices in the Appellate Division, eight who receive $27,000 each are their Associate Justices, and the other, who receives $25,500, is the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals.

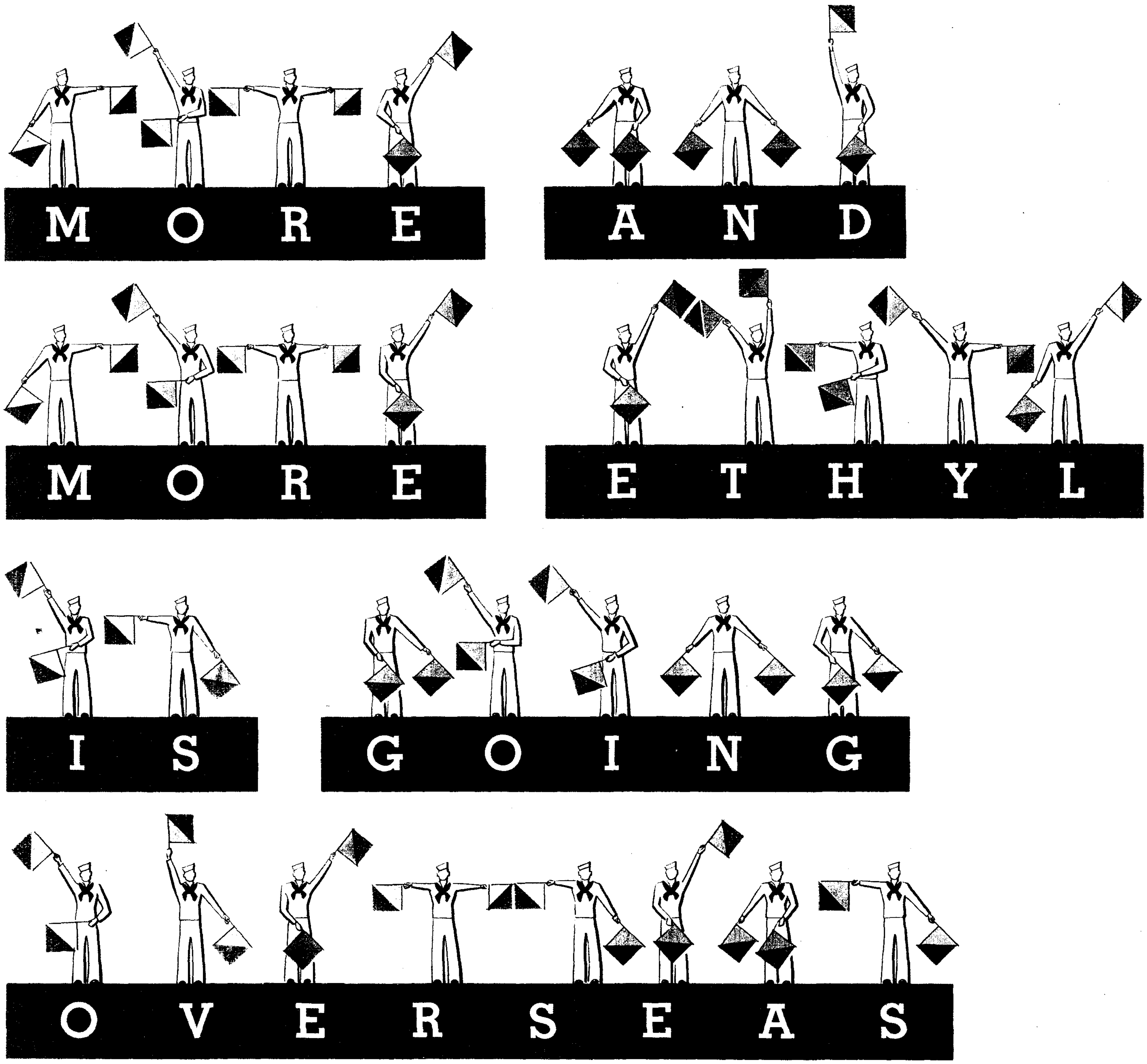
About 3,000 weekly newspapers reaching nearly a third of the small town and rural families in this country carry columns of political news and gossip written and sent to these papers by some 115 members of Congress.—*By Barbara Snedecker, Elkins Park, Pennsylvania.*

The word "Basic" in Basic English is not only an adjective describing this simplified vocabulary. Basic is also an artificial term made up of the initials of the full name of the language —"British American Scientific International Commercial" English.

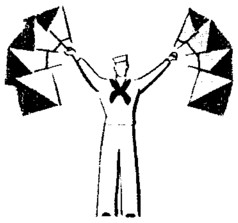
Sound-conditioning studies show that noise causing only a 5 per cent decrease in the output of manual workers will cause a 30 per cent decrease in the efficiency of executives.—*By Roy A. Harwood, New York City.*

In 1942, the U. S. Supreme Court held unconstitutional Oklahoma's 1935 law which prescribed sterilization for prisoners convicted twice of sex offenses or three times of other crimes. But California still has a statute passed in 1909 which permits a medical board of three members to order such operations when necessary. Nebraska also has a similar law passed in 1929 which applies to persons convicted twice of sex crimes against girls under eleven years.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



MORE AND MORE ETHYL IS GOING OVERSEAS



One thousand 4-engine bombers use about 1,800,000 gallons of gasoline on a 6-hour mission.

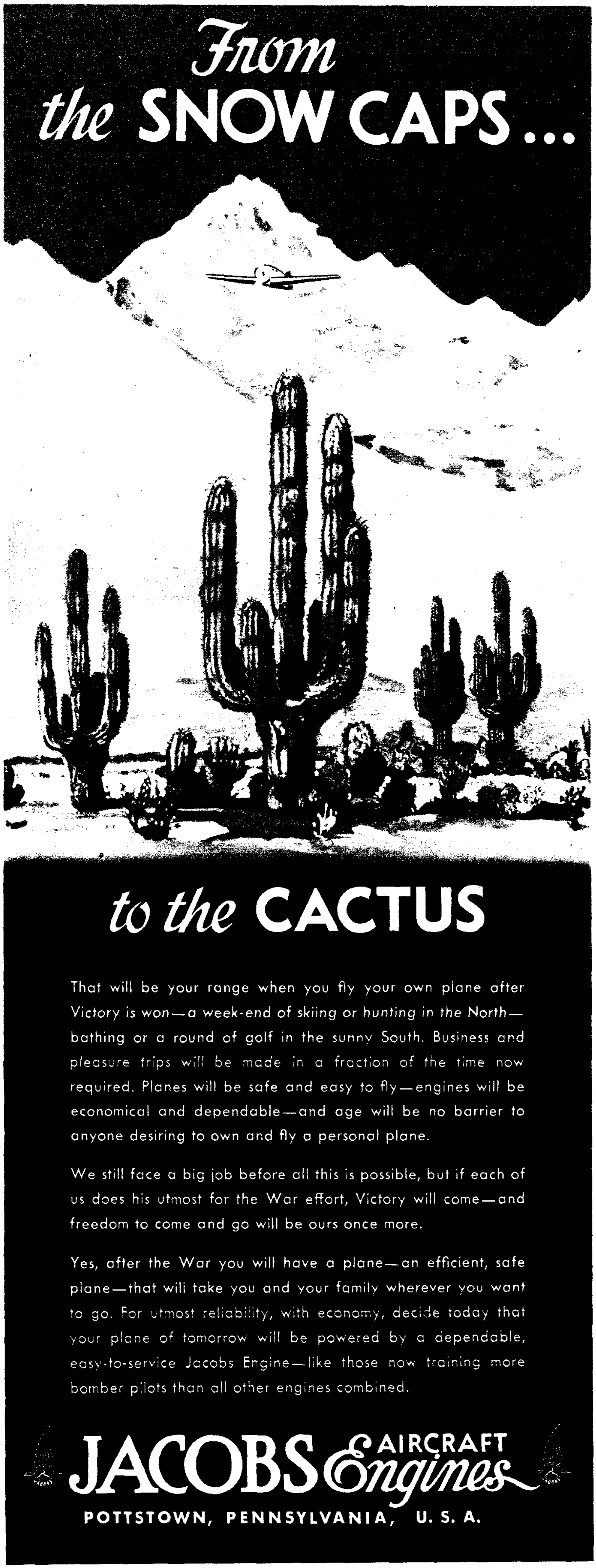
That's a lot of gasoline. What's more, the Army and Navy must have *the very best.* For example, every gallon of their aviation gasoline is improved with Ethyl antiknock fluid.

The petroleum industry is doing a magnificent job of meeting the ever-mounting requirements of our own Army and Navy, the British, the Russians and the Chinese. It is to help them meet these wartime needs that government agencies have placed limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use.

ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTIKNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL
CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ETHYL is a trade mark name. *It stands for antiknock fluid used by oil companies to improve gasoline and is made only by the Ethyl Corporation.*

ETHYL CORPORATION • **Chrysler Building, New York City, New York**



That will be your range when you fly your own plane after Victory is won—a week-end of skiing or hunting in the North—bathing or a round of golf in the sunny South. Business and pleasure trips will be made in a fraction of the time now required. Planes will be safe and easy to fly—engines will be economical and dependable—and age will be no barrier to anyone desiring to own and fly a personal plane.

We still face a big job before all this is possible, but if each of us does his utmost for the War effort, Victory will come—and freedom to come and go will be ours once more.

Yes, after the War you will have a plane—an efficient, safe plane—that will take you and your family wherever you want to go. For utmost reliability, with economy, decide today that your plane of tomorrow will be powered by a dependable, easy-to-service Jacobs Engine—like those now training more bomber pilots than all other engines combined.

JACOBS AIRCRAFT Engines
POTTSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

WING TALK

ACME

When they "Jump the Hump" of the Himalayas, oxygen is rationed in the flying freights. Here a United States Army major and colonel sleep as best they can atop rifle cases as the plane flies toward China at an 18,000-foot altitude

YOU'VE got to be a highflier to go Over the Hump, and you can do it for just a year. Then you end up with a snuffy nose. But once you've flown with the India-China Wing of the U. S. Army Air Transport Command, you'll never complain again about weather in the United States.

You're a "Burma Roadster" and your base is in Upper Assam, in the Brahmaputra River country. There are tea plantations all around you, run by nice, sociable British colonials and you're always welcome at the planters' clubs. Every two weeks or so, now that things are organized, you get to see a movie. You can buy a fifth of good scotch, rye or bourbon for $18 to $20, and that seems like giving the stuff away because the boys on the other side of the Hump, at Kunming, have to pay $100 to $125 (U. S. currency) for the same thing.

Every other day, you get up before the milkman and you pick your big transport plane off the runway before the first light of day, because the Japs come over and bomb the field in the morning. You carry a load of supplies, ammunition, and/or passengers, and you've got to climb 15,000 feet in the first 35 minutes to get over that initial ridge of the Hump of the five-mile-high Himalayas.

Above the Ceiling

After that, the lowest you'll be able to fly at any time is 16,000 feet, and that's only if you're sure you're on your course. Eight months or more of the year it's the monsoon season and the soup is really thick. You allow five to ten degrees for wind-drift from the south, and you don't mind if you go off your course a little that way because there's nothing below you to worry about. But if it seems you may be getting a bit too far north, you start climbing for the stratosphere. There are 25,000-foot peaks on that side of your course.

You sit there watching your instrument panel and praying those gadgets are doing their job, because your whole life depends on them. You shiver a little, even though you're wearing fleece-lined hat, jacket, pants and boots. They have heaters in these planes, but they wear out after a month and they can't be fixed. Even when the heaters work, you feel cold in the 20 to 25 degrees below zero temperature.

Your outfit has lost many planes and men. Your pals just took off in the morning, the way you did a few minutes ago, and they flew off into the soup and that was the last you ever saw of them or their planes. You guess that ice was to blame.

But the ice is light today, and you go on through the soup, and, after a while, you begin to feel mighty proud of the job you and your buddies are doing to help keep China in the fight. Maybe it hasn't got the color of the bomber and fighter squadrons, but it takes just as much nerve.

A Cure for Ennui

You're proud of the fact that Captain Dick Cole of Dayton, Ohio, flew with you until he was ordered back to the States. Dick was Jimmy Doolittle's co-pilot in that raid on Tokyo, and he stayed in China as long as he could. He tried flying with the bombers for a while, but he said that wasn't exciting enough. Then he started making the transport trip Over the Hump, and he never again complained about things being dull.

Dick went back to the States with Captain Jim Segel of Boston, Massachusetts. Cocky, good-natured little Jim used to fly for General Chennault until the Flying Tigers broke up, about a year ago, and then he was one of the first boys on this route. Now, he's all through with high-altitude flying, although he's only twenty-three, because the Army says a year of it is enough for any man.

You remember that Jim kidded you about how soft things are for you these days. When he and the others started pioneering this route, the service on planes wasn't so hot and there was a spell when the gas was terrible. For the first six months the weather was so bad that none of the Hump-jumpers got a peek at the country they were flying over, and when it finally cleared up, some of them were mighty shocked by their first sight of those mountains.

The first two months, there wasn't any oxygen equipment. Jim used to be able to fly at 16,000 feet, and over, without oxygen, and it didn't bother him. But, toward the end, he had to start taking it when he went over 8,000. That's one of the things about this high-altitude flying, even with the oxygen equipment: Your

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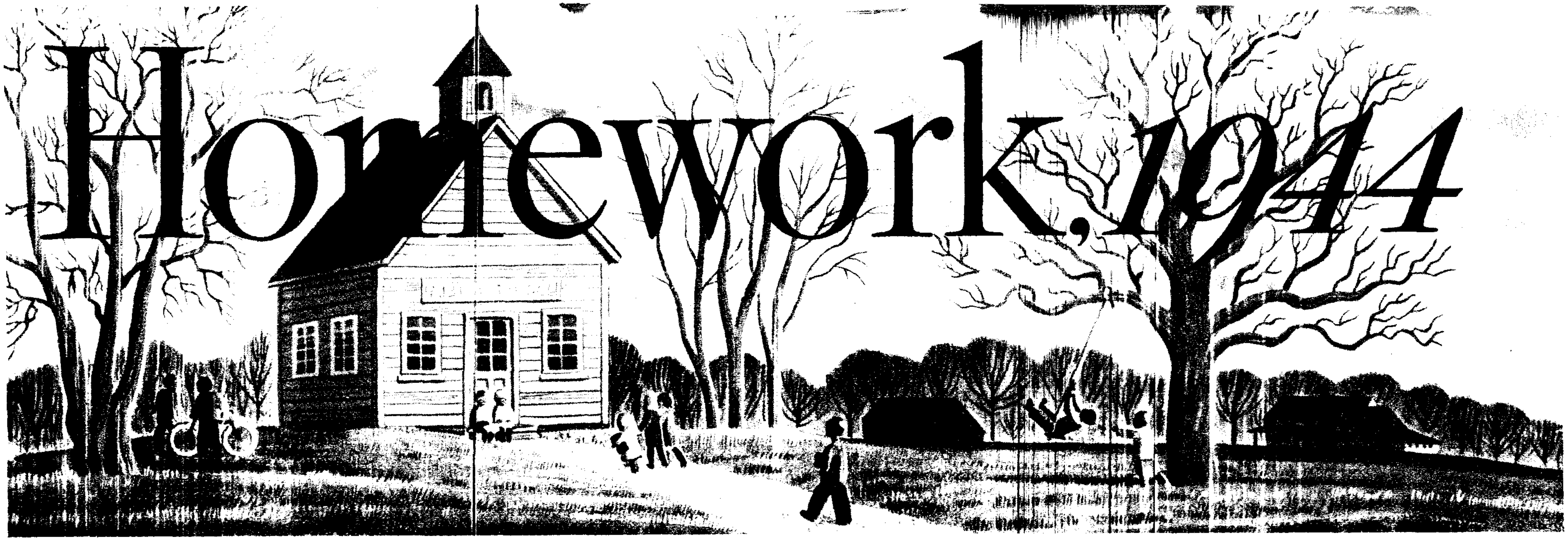
Homework, 1944



WOULD YOU INCREASE U.S. OIL PRODUCTION BY:

1	*Drilling deeper wells?*	
2	*Using a Doodlebug?*	
3	*Drilling bigger holes?*	
4	*Drilling with oil base mud?*	✓

THE BOY WHO CHECKED NO. 4 is either uncommonly bright, or lucky. For even in the oil industry, the possibilities of "oil base mud" are only beginning to be realized.

You couldn't drill without MUD—some kind of mud. Usually it's the simple water and dirt variety that you pump down the hollow stem of your drill to the bottom, where it picks up the cuttings and carries them back to the surface.

On the way up this mud plasters the inside of the hole—forms a sheath that prevents the sides from caving in.

Of course, this same sheath made it difficult for oil to get into the hole—especially in formations where gas pressure was too feeble to force the oil through.

To correct this, scientists at the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, got from petroleum itself "the makings" of a new kind of mud.

And how it worked—this OIL BASE Mud! In fields where gas pressure was feeble, and costly wells turned out "dry holes," neighboring wells in the same formation drilled with OIL BASE Mud produced *oil*. Or where WATER BASE Mud produced a little oil, OIL BASE produced up to three times as much.

And even in a "high-pressure" field, the production of wells drilled with Oil Base Mud was 2 to 3 times the production with Water Base Mud.

Every drop of petroleum brought up NOW has a vital function. It may appear in Shell's 100-octane aviation gasoline… or in Shell NH$_3$—a fertilizer—which produces bigger, juicier oranges for your child.

As a result of Shell Research, petroleum molecules arrive at amazing destinations—and production gained through Oil Base Mud serves in more ways than you think!

ARMY E NAVY

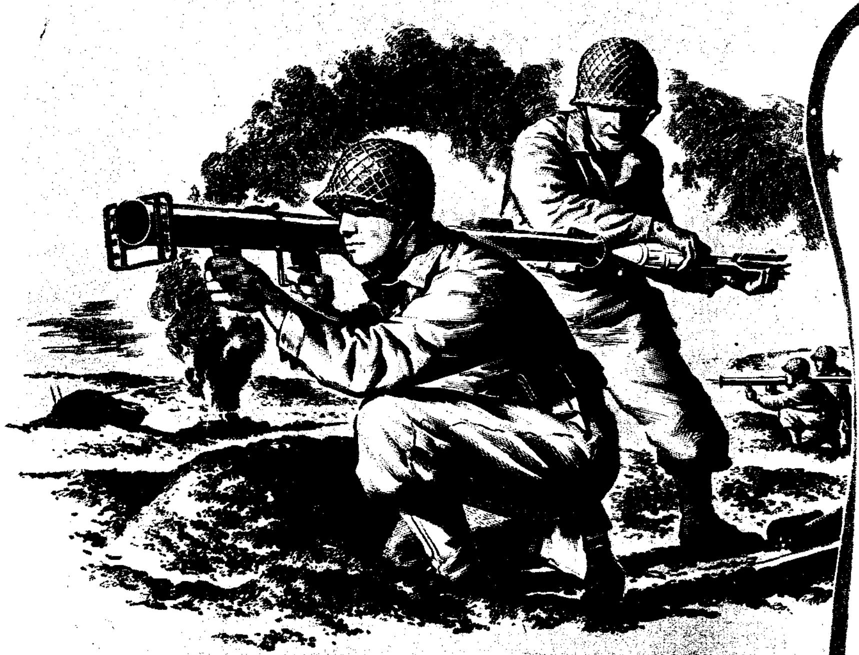
First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—Shell's Wood River Refinery

SHELL

SHELL RESEARCH—

Sword of Today

Plowshare of Tomorrow



"THE BAZOOKA"... A HALL OF FAME ACHIEVEMENT OF ARMY ORDNANCE

...A *Dramatic Story of Philco at War!*

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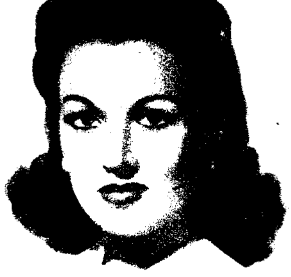


★ **GINNY SIMMS** — admiral's daughter, darling of *all* the services, land, sea or air, and—in no less than eighteen national polls—radio's top blues singer! For her consistently excellent Philip Morris show, "Johnny Presents," the Radio Hall of Fame was proud to honor Miss Simms.

PHILCO

PHILCO CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

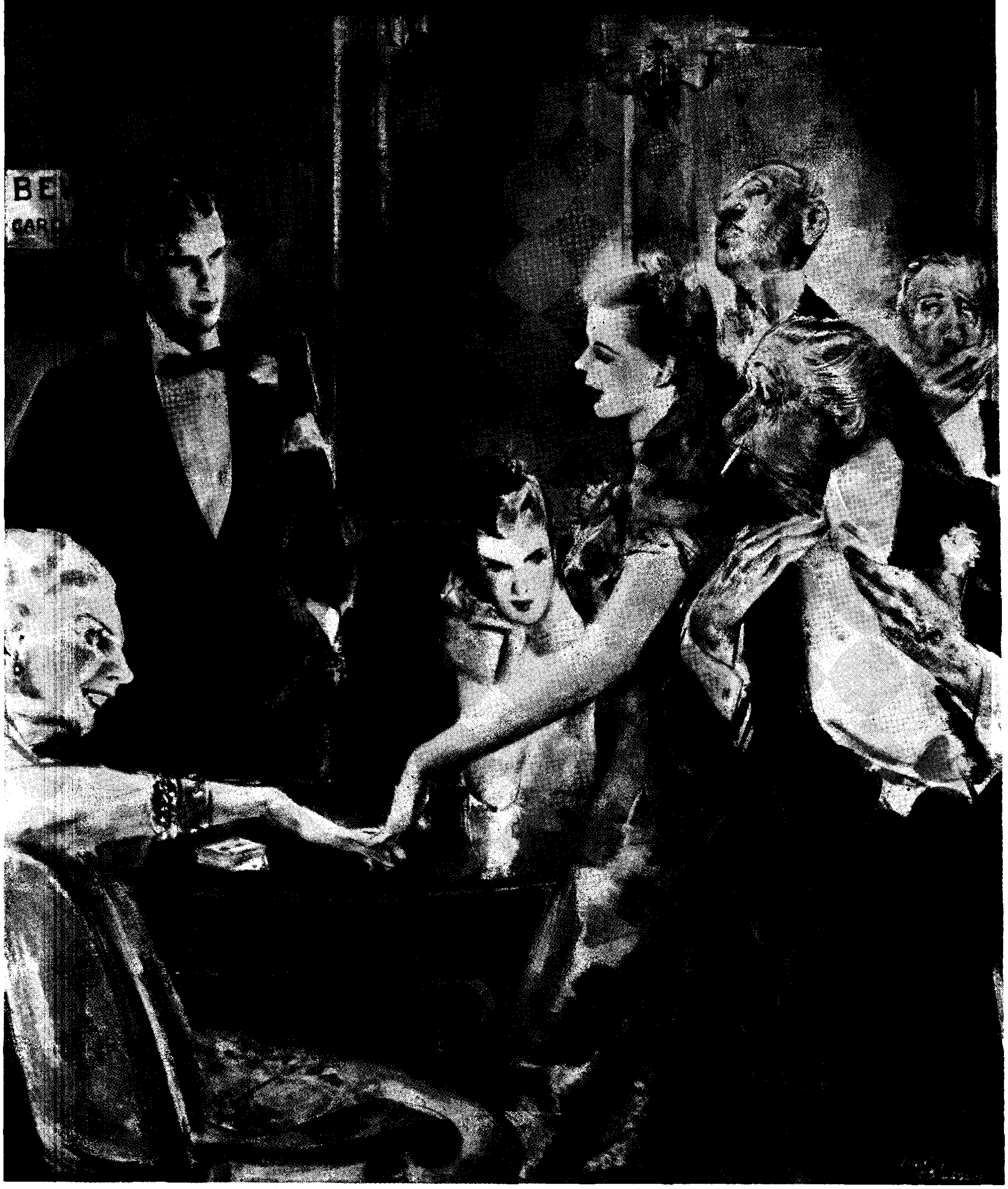
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR FEBRUARY 12, 1944

THE LACEWORK KID

BY DAMON RUNYON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Here, in the inimitable Runyon manner, you have the saga of The Lacework Kid, who had a way with cards


The Lacework Kid generally tries to get a stand right under one of these signs saying "Beware of Card Sharks" to show it cannot possibly mean him

NOW, of course, the war makes itself felt along Broadway no little and quite some and in fact it is a most disturbing element at times as it brings many strangers to the city who crowd Mindy's restaurant to the doors and often compel the old-time regular customers to stand in line waiting for tables, which is a very great hardship, indeed.

It does no good to complain to Mindy about this situation as he is making so much money he is practically insolent and he only asks you if you do not know there is a war going on, and besides Mindy is generally waiting for a table himself.

Well, one evening I am fortunate enough to out-cute everyone else for a chair that is the only vacant chair at a little table for two and the other chair is occupied by a soldier, and who is this soldier but a guy by the name of The Lacework Kid who is eating as if Hitler is coming up Broadway.

Now The Lacework Kid, who is generally called Lace for short, is a personality who is maybe thirty years old but looks younger and is a card player by trade. Furthermore he is considered one of the best that ever riffles a deck. In fact, he comes by his monicker because someone once remarks that his work with the cards is as delicate as lace, although personally I consider this an understatement.

He comes from the city of Providence which is in Rhode Island, and of course it is well known to one and all that for generations Providence produces wonderful card players, and in his childhood The Lacework Kid has the advantage of studying under the best minds there, and afterwards improves his education in this respect by much travel.

Before the war he is a great hand for riding the tubs and makes regular trips back and forth across the Atlantic Ocean because a guy in his line can always find more customers on the boats than anywhere else and can also do very good for himself by winning the pools on the ship's daily run if he can make the proper connections to get the information on the run in advance.

I only wish you can see The Lacework Kid before the war when he is at the height of his career. He is maybe five feet nine and very slender and has brown eyes and wavy brown hair and a face like a choirboy and a gentle voice.

He wears the best clothes money can buy and they are always of soft quiet materials and his linen is always white and his shoes black. He wears no jewelry showing, but he carries a little gold watch in his pants pocket that stands him a G-er in Paris and a gold cigarette box that sets him back a gob in the same place.

He has long slim white hands like a society broad and in fact there is no doubt that his hands are the secret of The Lacework Kid's success at his trade of card playing as they are fast and flexible and have youth in them, and youth is one thing a good card player must have, because age stiffens fingers up more than somewhat. But of course age is a drawback in everything in this wicked old world.

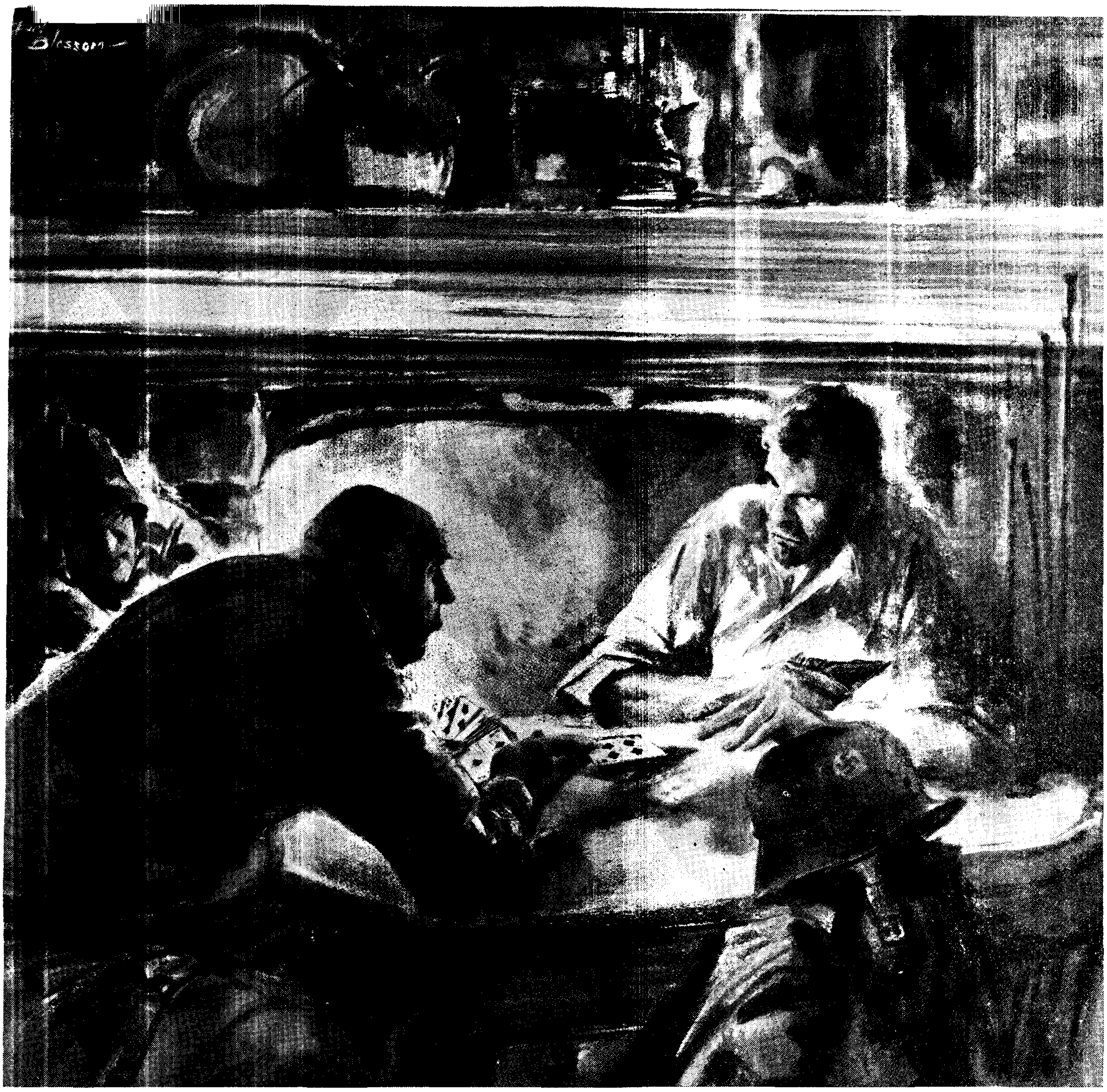
It is really a beautiful sight to watch The Lacework Kid handle a deck of cards because he makes the pasteboards just float together when he is shuffling and causes them to fall as light as flecks of foam when he is dealing. His specialty is a game called bridge when he is riding the tubs and he is seldom without customers because in the first place he does not look like a guy who can play bridge very well and in the second place he does not appear to be such a personality as the signs in the smoking rooms on the boats refer to when they say "Beware of Card Sharks." In fact The Lacework Kid generally tries to get a chair right under one of these signs to show that it cannot possibly mean him.

I see The Lacework Kid a few years before this night in Mindy's when he just gets in on a German liner and he has a guy by the name of Schultz with him and is entertaining this Schultz royally because it seems Schultz is the smoking room steward on the liner and is The Lacework Kid's connection in winning the pools and in introducing bridge customers to him and putting him away with them as a rich young American zillionaire and as the trip nets Lace two thou on the pools alone he feels quite grateful to Schultz.

But of course this is before there is any war and later when I see him the unpleasantness is on and no liners are running and Lace tells me his trade is the greatest economic casualty of the whole war, and he is wondering if there is any use trying to ride the submarines back and forth looking for customers.

And now here he is again as large as life and in fact slightly larger as I can see he puts on a little weight and he looks very good in his uniform and has a red ribbon on his chest, so I say to him like this:

"Lace," I say, "it is indeed a pleasure to run into you and I can see by your uniform that you are in the war business and



I can see that Captain Kunz plays as good a game of gin rummy as anybody so when I get a bad hand I play the Pittsburgh Muddle system on him

by your ribbon that you distinguish yourself in some manner. Perhaps you are decorated for dealing the general a nice hand off the bottom?"

Well, at this, The Lacework Kid gives me a most severe look and says:

"It is a Good Conduct Medal. I get it for being a fine soldier. I may get an even better award for an experience I will now relate to you."

I WILL omit the details of my early career in the Army (The Lacework Kid says) except to tell you that my comrades know me only as Sergeant Fortescue Melville Michael O'Shay, my mamma getting the first two names out of a novel she is reading at the time I am born, and my papa's papa bringing the last two over from Ireland.

Furthermore, they know nothing of my background and while there are occasions when I am greatly tempted to make assessments against them out of my great store of knowledge when they are playing such trifling games as blackjack, I resist the urge and confine myself strictly to the matter in hand, which is the war.

I am the waist gunner in a Flying Fortress on a raid over Germany one pleasant afternoon when our ship is so severely jostled by antiaircraft shells that we are compelled to bail out and no sooner do I land than up comes three German soldiers with rifles in their dukes.

They point these rifles at me in a most disquieting manner and while I only know a word or two of the German language I can see that I am their prisoner and the next thing I know I am in a prison camp where I find my comrades and also several hundred other gees who seem to be British and one thing and another.

It is not a large camp and in fact I learn that it is just a sort of temporary detention spot for prisoners who are rounded up in this particular section of the country and that they are usually transferred to a larger gaff after a while. It is located in a hilly country not far from the Swiss border and you can see high mountains in the distance that I am told are the Alps.

But even with the view it is by no means a desirable place. The life in this camp is most monotonous and the cuisine is worse, which is a terrible disappointment to me as I am rather fond of German cooking, and particularly adore the apple strudel of this race, and the chow they give us makes me more violently anti-Nazi than ever and also gives me indigestion. To tell the truth, I spend most of my time trying to figure a way to escape though they tell me that if I am patient I will sooner or later be exchanged for a German prisoner.

There is a company of maybe a hundred German soldiers guarding the camp and I am only there a few hours before I learn that the officer who is in charge of the joint is a captain by the name of Kunz, and that he is also sometimes called The Butcher because it seems that in the early days of the war he is in command of an outfit in Poland and thinks nothing of killing people right and left for no reason whatever except he enjoys seeing them die.

But it seems he finally gets himself in bad with his boss and is sent to this little out-of-the-way prison camp as a lesson to him and he runs the place like the tough warden of a stir back home though he does not show up much in person around the camp and in fact I never see him myself until the time I am going to tell you about.

ONE afternoon a German sergeant comes into the prison yard where I am taking a little exercise and beckons me off to one side and I am somewhat surprised to observe that the sergeant is nobody but Schultz the steward, who speaks to me in a low voice as follows:

"Hello, Lace," he says. "How is everything?"

"Schultz," I say, "everything stinks."

"Lace," he says, "what do you know about something American that is called gin rummy?"

"Gin rummy?" I say. "Why I know it is supposed to be a card game but as a matter of fact it is nothing but a diversion for idiots."

"Are you a gin rummy man?" Schultz says. "I mean do you play the game?"

"Schultz," I say, "nearly everybody in the United States of America plays gin rummy. The little children in the street play it. Old broads play it. I understand there is a trained ape in the Bronx Zoo that plays it very nicely and I am not surprised, because," I say, "I can teach any dumb animal to play gin rummy if I can get it to hold ten cards."

"Well," Schultz says, "what I am getting at is do you play it as well as you play bridge and in the same way? What I must know is are you a mechanic at gin? I mean if necessary?"

Well naturally I am slightly vexed by this question as I consider it an insult to my integrity as well as a reflection upon my card playing to even hint that I do anything in cards except outplay my opponent through my superior skill. To tell the truth, I feel it is just the same as asking Joe Louis if he uses the difference in his gloves when he is meeting a chump.

"Schultz," I say, "you are undoubtedly a scoundrel to always be thinking in terms of larceny. I never swindle anybody at anything despite any rumors to the contrary that you may hear. And I never hear of any swindles in gin rummy except planting a guy who is supposed to have a piece of your opponent's play alongside him to tip off his cards to you.

"But," I say, "I consider this a low form of thievery. However, Schultz," I say, "I will be guilty of false modesty if I do not admit to you that like all gin players I think I am the best. In fact, I know of but one who can beat me consistently at gin and that is Kidneyfoot, the waiter in Mindy's, but then he teaches me the game and naturally figures to top me slightly."

WELL, then this Schultz unfolds a very strange tale to me. He says that when Captain Kunz is in the United States for some years before the war as an attaché of the German embassy in Washington, he learns the game of gin rummy and it becomes a great passion with him.

It seems from what Schultz says that after Kunz returns to Germany, he misses his gin rummy no little as the game is practically unknown in his country where card players generally favor pinochle or maybe klabriasch. It seems that Kunz tries to teach some of his countrymen how to play gin but has little success and anyway the war comes on and promoting an American game will be deemed unpatriotic, so he has to cease his efforts in this direction.

But he cannot stop thinking of gin, so he finally invents a sort of solitaire gin and plays it constantly all by himself, but it is most unsatisfactory and when he hears of American prisoners arriving in his camp, he sends for Schultz and asks him to canvass us and see if there are any gin-rummy players in the crowd. And in looking us over, Schultz spots me.

"Now," Schultz says, "I build you up to the captain as the champion gin player of the United States, and he finally tells me the other night that he wishes to play you if it can be done in secret, as of course it will be very bad for morale if it gets out that the commandant of a prison camp engages in card games with a prisoner. The captain is rich and likes to play for high stakes, too," Schultz says.

"Look, Schultz," I say, "I do not have any moolouw with me here. All my potatoes are planted in a jug in England and I do not suppose the captain will accept notes of hand payable there."

"Listen," Schultz says, dropping his voice to a whisper, "I tell all my fellow soldiers here about your gin playing and how you are so clever you can make a jack jump out of a deck and sing Chattanooga Choo-Choo if necessary, and we all agree to pool our resources to provide you with a taw. We can raise maybe fifty thousand marks. But," Schultz says, "you must not breathe a word of this to your comrades. The captain must think they are the ones who are backing you. You will receive twenty-five per cent of your winnings, and I will personally guarantee your end."

Naturally, I figure Schultz is giving me the old rol-de-dol-dol for some reason because it does not make sense that an officer in the German army will wish to play an American prisoner gin rummy, but then I remember that gin players will do anything to play gin and I figure that maybe the

(*Continued on page 70*)

ALEXANDER THE MODEST

One of the great unknowns of this war is General Sir Harold Alexander, the impeccable Briton who struck out at Dunkerque and again at Burma. He was sent to Egypt with two strikes on him, and there he poled the longest homer ever known—2,700 miles to Italy. But he's not a bit happy about it

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

The new Allied commander in Italy holds an open-air meeting to address British and American war correspondents. They didn't like him at first. They do now

ACME

ON THE beaches of Dunkerque, the Tommies saw General Sir Harold Rupert Leofric George Alexander nonchalantly building sand castles at the water's edge while Stukas strafed and bombed. The men were heartened. They saw an excited staff officer rush up to the general and heard him shout: "Our position, sir, is catastrophic!" And they heard Alexander reply: "I am sorry, but I don't understand long words." And they cheered.

In the stinking malarial jungles of Burma the Tommies watched Jap Zeros strafe Alexander's car, saw him calmly open the door and look up to find the enemy plane and smile at it appreciatively. And one of the troopers said: "There's one bloke what never loses 'is 'ead!" In each case—Dunkerque and Burma—Alexander saved roughly 80 per cent of his army. After each campaign Alexander was certain he had, professionally speaking, taken "a short cut to oblivion." After Dunkerque, he settled down to mending his greenhouse in England. The Germans had blitzed it. After Burma, he was sure he was through.

When the Germans and Italians were within an eight-dollar taxi ride of the Nile, Alexander was sent to save Egypt. Within one year, the general was able to cable Winston Churchill: "We are masters of the North African shore." By that time, Alexander had proved himself one of the ablest British officers of this war. And if success is any measure of a general's abilities, he has since demonstrated that he is not only one of Britain's best, but one of the Allies' greats. Now, as commander of the American Fifth and British Eighth armies, he will, beyond doubt, beat the Germans back up through Italy to German soil.

A Proving Ground for Leadership

The Battle of the Mediterranean has been as much a laboratory for testing the Allied generalship as it has been a proving ground for more American and British weapons. Ike Eisenhower proved that an Anglo-American combined staff of interlaced air, land and sea officers could work with a minimum of friction and a reasonable maximum of military efficiency. Montgomery, who used to be Alexander's subordinate, demonstrated himself to be an infallible ground officer. Both received their due share officially and more than their share of publicity. And yet Alexander remained obscurely in the background.

As deputy commander in chief of the Mediterranean forces under Eisenhower, he was, to all except those working directly with him, somewhat of an obscure figure. His mental power was felt, but his physical presence was not.

Our introduction to Alexander was in Cairo in the febrile days before El Alamein. Reporters who had just retreated across a third of Libya and most of Egypt with the beaten Eighth Army were not impressed. A hitter was needed in the Middle East, and they had sent a man who had already struck out twice.

Alexander appeared small, slight, harassed, timid and altogether inadequate. We compared him secretly with the beloved, magnetic Wavell and the imposing, virile Auchinleck, and Alexander in the well-tailored slacks, short-sleeved shirt and burnished Sam Browne belt, although handsomer than either of his predecessors, suffered.

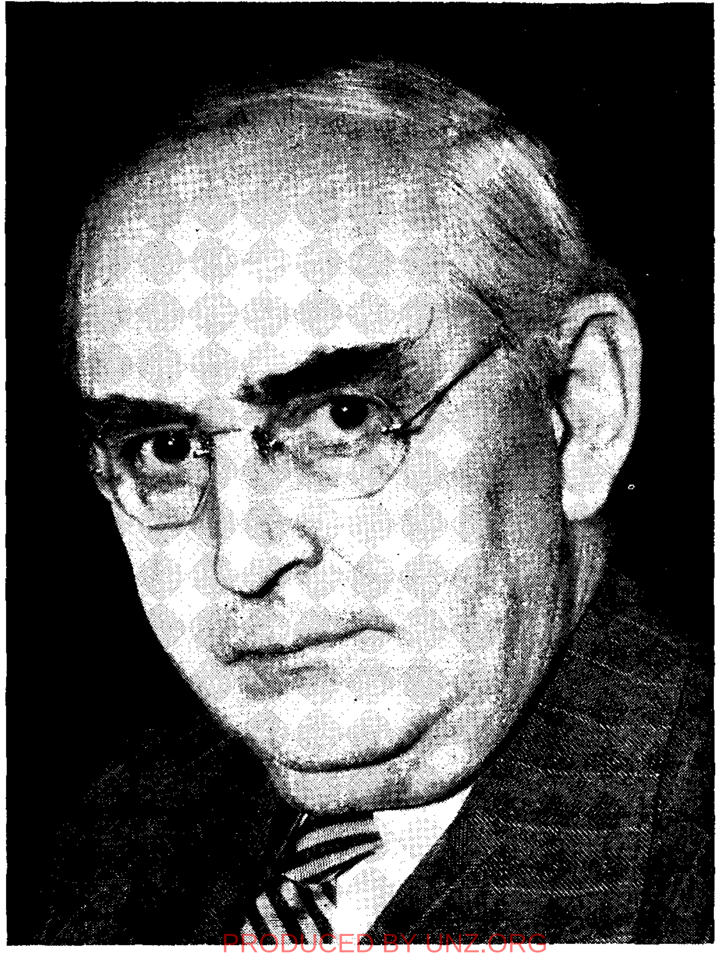
The gorgeous little guardsman outlined his views on tactics in precise Harrovian accents: "Attack, attack and attack again, even when you are on the defensive."

He would have to show us. "But you must not write anything now," he said, and there was almost a plea in his voice. "The enemy must not know we intend to take the initiative and to keep it." Most of us snickered inwardly.

Later it became obvious that *(Continued on page 51)*

ACME

"General MacArthur has what it takes. If he's nominated he will be elected," says Michigan's Senator Vandenberg, below



WIDE WORLD

Why I am for MacArthur

By Arthur H. Vandenberg

U. S. SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN

Editor's Note: In publishing this article by Senator Vandenberg, Collier's does not necessarily endorse his opinions, but presents them as a matter of vital public interest. By mutual agreement, the fee for the article has been given to the American Red Cross

ALL right, Collier's, I'll answer your question. I'll tell you why I favor General Douglas MacArthur for the Republican nomination for President of the United States. It's the first time I have put it down in black and white. I have not wanted to say or do anything which might embarrass a great friend, a great soldier, a great citizen, and a very great American.

But with so much at stake, 1944 ought to be a year of plain speaking and, with a number of MacArthur critics now significantly busy trying to head him off, I think I am entitled to state why, with the greatest respect for other distinguished and available Republicans, I am for MacArthur—not only because I believe him to be the strongest candidate but, more important, because I believe he would make the strongest President in the tough days that lie ahead.

First let me clear up my own status in this affair. If circumstances have seemed to identify me prominently with a MacArthur movement, it is entirely the result of the circumstances. I speak for no organization. Most emphatically I do not speak for MacArthur. I speak only for myself. It all started as the result of a casual newspaper interview one year ago. Since then I have spent about half my time answering "MacArthur mail."

Apparently there are thousands of kindred spirits up and down the land. Doctor Gallup and other temperature-takers have spectacularly found that out, and it's an amazing phenomenon in view of the total lack of any sort of an organized MacArthur campaign.

To one and all I have said one simple thing. MacArthur can only be nominated as the result of a pure draft (which no American can refuse, no matter what he says ahead of time). It cannot come from any ordinary, preconvention, political methods. It can only come through the free decision of a free convention and in response to a spontaneous demonstration of popular faith. He can have no part in the campaign.

A Miracle is Always Possible

The politicians tell me such miracles do not happen. But I saw Mr. Justice Hughes nominated that way in 1916 and I have seen other miracles in this democracy since Pearl Harbor. Besides there is such a thing as destiny and there still is such a thing as logic.

It may not happen. But that is beside the point. You have asked me why I am for MacArthur. Here is the answer to your question. This is what I think—win, lose or draw:

First: The American people will be thinking more about the election of a commander in chief next November than about the election of a President as such. That will be their conscious or subconscious thought. If the war is over in Europe (which, pray, it may be), there will still, and even more significantly, be the war in the Pacific. I judge that President Roosevelt himself agrees with me about this, in view of his adroit and subtle suggestion that he wants to substitute a fourth-term "Win the War" slogan for his three-term New Deal trademark. When it comes to politics, you will never go far wrong by taking a leaf out of F. D. R.'s book. He intends to run primarily as commander in chief. He expects the people to vote for a commander in chief.

Well—

Need I go on? Should we not offer the people a better commander in chief—not merely for political reasons, but fundamentally for the sake of the war effort? Isn't that our paramount business? By common consent, is there any greater soldier in the world than MacArthur? Could there be a more eligible commander in chief? And won't this be even more emphatically obvious if, by next November, we are concentrating on wiping Japan from the Pacific map?

Suppose the Republicans nominate an eminent civilian without war experience, how impressive will he be as prospective commander in chief against Roosevelt's "Win the War" appeal and against "swapping horses," etc.? Must we not wholly answer the patriotic anxieties which will dominate the minds of all our people—in particular the anguished hearts of ten million fathers and mothers of ten million soldier sons and daughters? Must we not answer with a wholly competent commander in chief? How could we successfully turn mass electoral attention to the dreadfully important domestic issues, which ought to control next November's decision, unless we first get over this hump?

My correspondence suggests that many of our good people think MacArthur is so good a soldier that he ought to stay where he is. They think he is too badly needed as a field commander in the Pacific war to be drafted into the Presidency; but they only unwillingly confirm my point. If he is indispensable to us as a four-star general, then we simply give our country and the United Nations the maximum *(Continued on page 48)*

WHEN YOU COME HOME

BY WARE TORREY BUDLONG

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

She promised that when he came home from the war, everything would be just as he remembered it. She kept her promise —but something was strangely different

FRAN stood just under the bayonet and waited for the train whistle. Her hands were gripped into tense balls in her coat pockets, and she pulled them out stiffly and made her fingers relax. It was silly to have stage fright about meeting your husband. But she had it, anyway, a layer of stage fright and then happiness down underneath, happiness so hot and shining it seemed unreal.

Even if he'd changed a lot, he could still feel the same about her, couldn't he? He hadn't had much time to write love letters, but that didn't mean he'd forgotten anything. Just the same she was afraid, because it had been so long.

"Don't meet me at station," Kip had wired her. "Wait for me at the statue." He hadn't sent any love. He hadn't had to send any.

Saying goodby to Kip when he went to the war, saying hello again—they didn't belong to a station platform and a huddle of curious faces. This was the place where they'd said goodby, round the corner from the station, right under the old World War memorial. Fran had managed to walk past that place nearly every day since he'd gone away. The statue of the soldier and Kip had somehow got all mixed up together. She looked up over her shoulder now at the thrusting lunge of the bronze figure, the earnest, eager face, so incredibly young. Kip always looked eager, like that.

The train whistled unexpectedly, a thin silver shred of a whistle, far away. Fran shivered and ached with the sound. Now he was coming—home for good—home forever. Now he would know she had kept her promise.

IT WAS such a long way back, to the last night of his last leave. She had believed she couldn't sleep and miss a minute of that time. Then somehow she was asleep, and she had waked in a hot, pounding terror.

"Kip!" she had called out desperately into the dark.

Instantly she had felt his fingers firm on her shoulders. "Nightmare," he'd said. "You're all right, Fran."

"I lost you," she whispered slowly.

"Nightmare," he said again gently. "Come here, Fran."

She pressed her face against him, his skin warm under her mouth. Kip always said that wearing pajamas was an insult to marriage. Kip had a lot of ideas about marriage, most of them good.

"I dreamed you were somewhere in the woods, and I couldn't find you, Kip. It was dark, and I kept running and calling you, and I bumped into the trees. I couldn't find you, Kip."

She held on to him tightly, content for a minute to be sure he was close. Then she looked ahead into the future and turned her face harder against him. He would really be gone, next day, gone where he couldn't hear her call him.

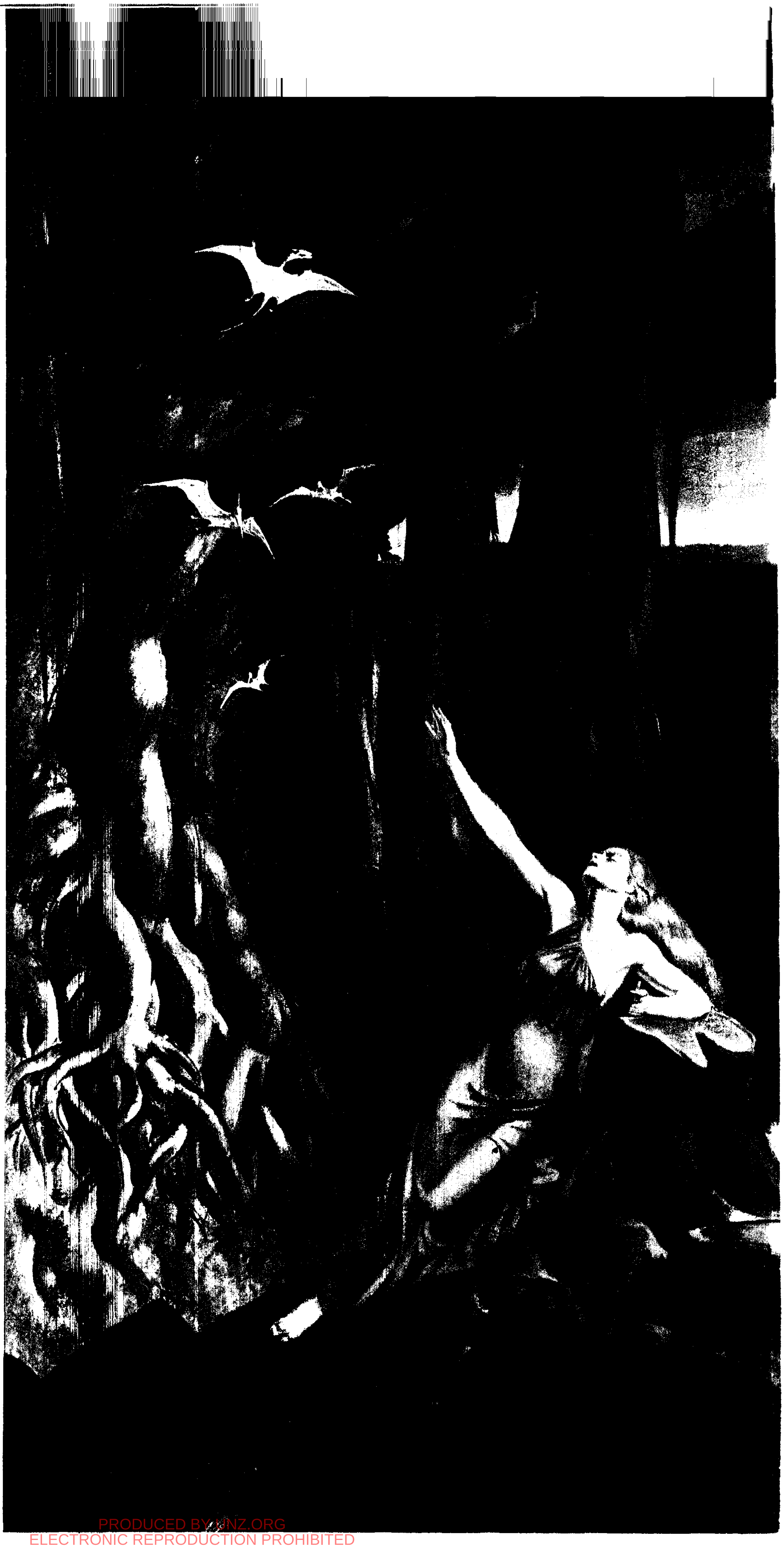
"What am I going to do?" she whispered.

"You're going to keep every damn' little piece of our life all ready for me to come back to," he told her then. "You're going to keep a firm eye on our marriage, while I do a little fighting. When it gets bad, missing you—I'll remember you're here just the same, everything is the same, all waiting for me."

"Will that help?" she had asked.

"Damn' right. Promise me, Fran?"

She hadn't answered him for an instant, and his voice had struck at her urgently: "Do you think you're



"I dreamed you were in the woods," Fran said, "and I couldn't find you. It was dark and I kept calling" the only one who has nightmares? I don't want to lose—any of *us,* Fran. Hang on to it all for me, will you?"

"I promise," she had said, and felt him relax against her.

All that time he'd been away fighting, she'd done it, she'd kept everything safe for him. He was walking right back into home, his job just the same waiting for him, the house just the same, even the old gray suède jacket he was so crazy about still hanging behind the closet door. And she was the same—maybe a little tired with all the waiting, but loving him till it beat through her in slow, warm waves.

THE train whistled again, the near-the-station whistle, bragging, here I am and get out of my way. She could hear the engine huff to the platform and stop, though she couldn't see it. Now he would be getting out. Now he would be coming through the crowd and past the stolid little stone station and across the vacant lot. There was only one curve in the road between them. She watched the curve till her eyes hurt.

When he came around that curve, she knew him inside her before her eyes knew him. She knew the way he walked, his shoulders riding along arrogantly; she knew the shine of his hair under the tilted garrison cap; she knew him as if he were moving under her fingers. Such relief and gladness shook her that she was almost afraid to be safe.

"Fran—" he said, calling out ahead to her before he could reach her. His voice released her, and she began to run toward him. He was running, too.

His fingers touched her and then he was pulling her in close, and she lay against him for an instant, letting the closeness race all through her.

He kissed her, and then she held him, too, with a savage joy that couldn't let him go.

"You're here," she said. "You're here. Here."

"How many times have I thought of this?" said Kip, his hands tightening on her. "Fran—you're sweet—"

"You're all full of new hard spots, Kip."

"Very good muscles," Kip told her. "G.I. muscles."

He looked up at the bronze boy above them. "This chap been looking after you all right?"

"He's been doing his duty. But he's been sort of unresponsive."

"He'd better be. He knows his place."

Fran looked up at the statue, and then looked directly at Kip for the first time. She hadn't really seen his face before, she'd just taken it for granted. The newness of his face startled her, the thick brown newness, and the way the bones came close under the skin. His eyes were different, too; even while he was smiling at her, his eyes didn't relax.

"You look—different—"

"Disappointed?" asked Kip.

"Silly—silly darling—"

"Now we go home?"

"Yes. Where's your bag?"

"Station. I'll get it later. Let's get connected first."

"I'm connected," she said contentedly, walking along with her hand in his.

THE road crossed a very small bridge, just at the edge of their own place, and when they reached the bridge they stopped. This was part of the ritual, too, like meeting at the statue.

"Look down, and you'll see your own land," she said, just as she'd said it the day they bought the house.

Kip looked down, staring at the ground, staring at his shoes. His expression was removed.

"What, Kip?"

"I keep expecting to see blood on my shoes," he said in a flat voice, as if he didn't care about an answer. "I want a boiling hot shower, and then a freezing cold one. I'd like to lie naked on the grass. I bet that grass smells clean."

He stepped off the bridge and onto their own front grass, reaching down to grab a handful. The little stiff pieces of green looked smaller in his brown hand.

"Nice grass," said Kip, his tone deliberately matter-of-fact.

"We've got clover," said Fran, playing safe and not answering directly. Plenty of bad things he had behind him, plenty of memories that would darken in around him suddenly, but if he wanted to tell her he'd do it.

"Clover, huh?" said Kip, smiling at her appreciatively. He stood still, looking the house over.

It was pretty much the same as when they'd bought it, four years ago. It was a shiny little house, white paint and wide windows, but Fran always swore they'd bought it for the roof. The roof was red, and it tilted up rakishly on one side, and then swooped down low on the other with a swagger.

"Everything's just the same as when you went away—" Fran said. She looked at him, hoping he would say he was glad; but he had started to walk on again.

He strode across to the front steps and she followed him, watching to see if he walked stiffly. There had been something jerky about the way he'd reached down to pull the grass, but nothing looked wrong now.

"Got the key?" he asked, reaching out a hand for it.

"It's where it always is," Fran said.

His face was blank for an instant, before he reached up over the door and got the key. He thrust the door open.

She watched him walk in, watched him cross the hall and stand in the square living room, looking around.

"Look natural?" she asked.

"Sure," he said.

"I didn't even get new curtains."

"They look okay," said Kip. He sat down in the leather chair.

THAT was when she felt the first chill of uncertainty, small and deep down. The eagerness was gone—that was it—that flashing sort of eagerness was gone from his face. She had expected he would be excited and joyous, getting home, the way he'd been when they came back from their wedding trip. And she'd expected that he would say something special to her—or touch her specially—or somehow—not be far away. Maybe he was tired.

"Want to lie down?" she asked.

"Nope," he said. "Just because I got a C.D.D. doesn't mean I'm an invalid."

"C.D.D.?"

"Certificate of Disability Discharge," he answered grimly.

"You didn't write me—exactly what happened—" she said diffidently. And that was crazy, to feel shy asking him, but so many things were new still.

"Just got some pieces of shrapnel in my guts," he told her. "It'll keep me from lifting things, and I won't be going in for sports. Otherwise, good as new."

Why did he tell her as if he were reporting to a doctor? Why did he just sit there, all the way across the room, when her fingers were aching to touch him? She walked over toward him slowly.

"All the other women in the world are as ugly as giraffes," he said unexpectedly.

"Poor giraffes," she said, feeling much better.

"When do we eat, Fran?"

"Fast," she answered, standing still, uncertain again. "Want to come out in the kitchen and watch?"

"I guess I'll just sit here," he said, rubbing the leather chair arm slowly. "I just want to believe I'm here." For an instant he looked straight at her, that deep blue look without any barrier, and her breath

(Continued on page 57)

Above: Our farmer's daughter played a joke on Pa. She took two of his big colored handkerchiefs, one red and one blue, and tied them into a halter top for herself. Her helper wears sturdy blue butcher's linen halter and shorts, has a matching middy and skirt. The New York State Institute of Agriculture at Farmingdale, Long Island, lent us the barn and the cow

Below: Cool and becoming, a halter-top dress is a help with the hot-weather housework. There are no shoulder straps to slip, no sleeves to hamper your reach. This one is red and white striped seersucker with white rickrack trim, and a huge pocket. Baby daughter, Sara (borrowed from Jean Spadea, artist), wears the original halter suit, romper style

MORE HALTERS

BY RUTH CARSON

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MARIAN STEPHENSON AND FLORIAN DE NARDE

YOU'LL be seeing a lot more of the girls, for clothes are rapidly approaching a minimum. "That naked look," the fashion magazines call it, and the pictures here and on the cover show you just what they mean. It's a Southern fashion now, that will spread everywhere with the summer.

It isn't stopping at the beach and on the dance floor, where you are accustomed to it. A war-born fashion due to fabric shortages and labor scarcity, it has set the designers to using halters in place of blouses, lowering necklines, lopping off sleeves, slimming skirts all along the line. They've saved cloth, all right, more than the government ever thought of asking. That's the way with fashion, spotting a good idea. But now, with every wholesale house from California to St. Louis to New York full of bareness, the designers are getting nervous. They're afraid it will get out of bounds. Onto the streets, they mean.

They've been stitching up low-necked, short-sleeved and sleeveless day dresses by the thousand and they know you'll wear them on city streets. So much bare-armed beauty hasn't been about since the scanty 1920s, but it's going to be okay by everyone now as then.

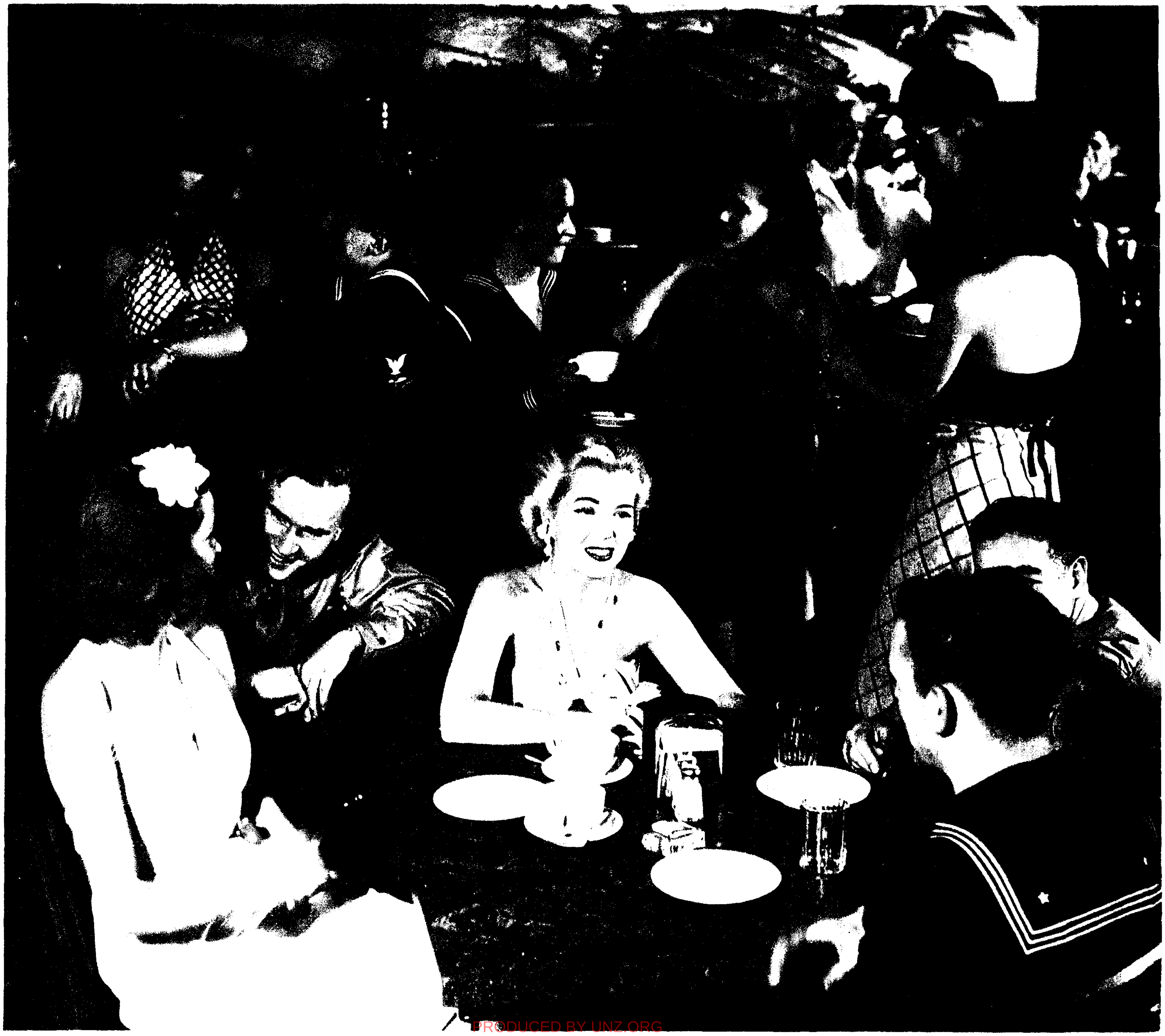
It's their best bet, the extreme bareness like that we show you here in halter tops, that has the designers worried. An old-time favorite with shorts and slacks, they have this year put it into every kind of dress. And then, to make it the best kind of war-economy, double-duty costume to be had, they've added a matching jacket. The jackets are saving of material, too . . . a tiny bolero that buttons into place, a capelet or even a scarf, but they're smart enough to make these costumes street-worthy.

Without this prop, a dress can be a party dress, graceful for showing off a pair of pretty shoulders. Or cool for housework. Or a sun dress while you garden. But when you go out on the street, put that jacket on.

The sun is another reason for bare fashions. "Rosier, healthier" is the make-up motto of the year. Our models, making up on winter-pale skins, used last summer's leg make-up for this year's backs. Next summer, speeding about your outdoor chores, your clothes will give you plenty of chance to catch your rosy health direct. But on the street, keep that jacket on.

If bareback exposure calls to your startled attention that you own angel-wing shoulder blades, skinny back or bad posture, there are things to do about that—such as exercise and second helpings. Until they take effect, that little jacket is your friend. ★★★

As you see, the boys were co-operative when we invaded one of their New York City canteens to photograph models in halter-top dresses. "Definitely pin-up" was their verdict. Dresses are in popular checks, stripes, plaids, with jacket or scarf for street wear



WAR WEDDING

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

The Story Thus Far:

JEREMY WING, a young naval lieutenant, marries Kay Moore—whom he has known only a short time—and, following a brief honeymoon, goes to sea on active duty. A few months later, his ship is torpedoed and he is picked up and sent to a hospital in Brooklyn, where some minor wounds heal quickly.

Just before he is discharged, he prepares a telegram for his wife (telling her when she can expect him at their apartment in New York). But when he reaches the apartment, late that afternoon, no one is there to welcome him.

Kay has a job in the research department of Comment, a prominent magazine. Jeremy is wondering if she can be working, when the telephone rings. He answers it. Brenda Brown—a clever girl who had been in love with him, before his marriage—is on the line. She tells him that Kay is at a party given by the Tottens (whose daughter, Betsy, had married Grant McClure, one of Jeremy's best friends); the party, she says, is in celebration of a wonderful assignment Kay has just received; she invites Jeremy to run over to the Tottens' with her, in her car.

Jeremy, in none too good a mood, accepts the invitation; and Brenda picks him up and drives him to the party. Everyone—except perhaps Ward Ingram, who had once hoped to marry Kay—is glad to see him; and Kay—who has not received his wire—gives him a joyous welcome.

Jeremy wants to know about the assignment. Kay tells him that Bert Flannery, the editor of Comment, has asked her to go to Chicago and prepare an article on the war's effects on the small towns of the Middle West and on the wives of servicemen. She says that—because Jeremy has only a two weeks' leave—she will inform Flannery that she cannot leave New York until she has had at least a week with her husband. And inform Flannery she *does*—shortly after she and Jeremy leave the party. She tells him she cannot go to Chicago, and he shows, clearly, that he is much put out.

That same night, Jeremy receives orders to report in two weeks to a Captain Herbert Lepp in Philadelphia. Wondering what the orders mean, he telephones Commander Dixon ("Chip" Dixon, whose wife, Roxane, is Kay's stepsister), who does some investigating and then informs him that Lepp, a public relations officer, will almost certainly put him to work—in New York and near it—introducing heroes at public gatherings, and making morale-building speeches!

Jeremy (who doesn't want to stay put in this country) is terribly disappointed. He realizes, though, that his being kept in New York will mean that Kay can take the assignment. At least he *thinks* it will mean that. But when Kay telephones Flannery and informs him of what has happened, Flannery tells her that he has asked a woman in Chicago to write the article!

Jeremy feels that all the joy of his home-coming is gone. "I didn't do much for you by coming back, did I?" he says disconsolately.

II

KAY was trying not to be jealous and she thought she was doing rather well. But it was no fun to be working on the copy of the article that she had expected to write, and which was now about to appear over another signature. She had to admit that the Chicago reporter who had been given the assignment when Kay herself had refused to leave New York because of Jeremy's return, hadn't done a bad job. But the article could have been so much better.

She sharpened up a phrase here and there and skillfully struck out unnecessary words. Flannery, perhaps for discipline, had told Kay to cut seven hundred words out of the piece and to get it ready for publication. Kay looked down at her wrist watch and hurried to finish the last page. The stores would be closed if she didn't get out of the office pretty soon, and there was some shopping she must do tonight. Her mind wandered away from her work, to wonder again if the woman who came in to clean up the apartment once a week had turned up today or not. The cleaning woman had been getting very temperamental lately.

This ought to do the trick. Kay quickly recounted the words and took the manuscript into Flannery's office as he had asked her to do. He was chewing at his pipe and talking to Bill Addis, the war correspondent, who always came back from foreign parts with secrets.

Kay had never met Addis and, to her surprise, Flannery took the trouble to introduce her. He ran his eye over the manuscript she laid on his desk while Addis did the same to Kay. She felt straggly and not at her best, in spite of his evident approval. It had been a long, untidy day.

"I see you have a stake in this rumpus," said Addis, looking at the service pin Kay was wearing.

"Yes, my husband's in the Navy."

"Can you keep track of him?"

If Flannery was not smiling outwardly, Kay guessed that he wore a mental grin.

"Right now I can," she answered. "He's on shore duty, and in New York most of the time."

"I'm rather sorry he's so close," said Addis, with obvious flattery.

"Not so sorry as he is," said Kay.

"A lot of fellows in this war fight their luck," remarked Addis, "even when it's good. I don't care if I ever get across again."

KAY smiled, didn't believe him, and thought that was enough for one encounter. She was leaving the office when Flannery called to her.

"Kay," he asked, "do you happen to know if Ward Ingram is still in town?"

"I saw him about two weeks ago. He didn't know then when he might have to leave."

"There's a fellow you really ought to get in touch with, Addis. He's in line for something good over there."

But Kay didn't hear whether a plan for any meeting was being made, for she closed the door. She wondered whether Flannery had told Addis anything about her or if there had been any reason for the introduction.

The two men were talking about her now.

"She's certainly something to look at."

"Smart, too," said Flannery, "and she can lure them, into the bargain. Take this Ingram I was mentioning. She could have had him if she wanted, and he's going places. But she's nuts about that husband of hers."

"Jeremy Wing," repeated Addis. "That fellow's name rings a bell. I know about him. He was out in the Pacific and gave a good account of himself."

"I guess so. But heroes are getting to be a dime a dozen," said Flannery.

"Wing was rather special, as I remember. He took over when his skipper was killed and got rid of a mean lot of Japs. There was some big fry in the bunch, which was why it counted for so much. The thing was that he only had a little ship, and it was pretty well disabled when he went to town. Then it was torpedoed, but, by that time, I guess it had pretty well paid for itself."

"They've got him telling the story on platforms now."

Addis groaned. "That's a hard racket."

"Well, you can't make some of these people believe there's a war unless they see the exhibits," Flannery said, "and Kay's got him right here where she wants him. The only thing I've got against Wing is that Kay threw over a big assignment for him. I was going to feature that girl in the magazine, and then Wing came back and it was like handling quicksilver. She didn't know what she wanted to do. She just wanted to suit him."

"That's the way I like my women."

"Sure," said Flannery, "so do I. But not my feature writers."

KAY had left the office. Stop thinking about it, she ordered herself as she went down the street. You couldn't have done anything else under the circumstances. You'd do the same thing right over again.

Her problem was definite at the moment. She went through the revolving doors of a big store and edged her way through a crowd. There was no friendliness in it. Each person seemed greedily, utterly intent on getting what he wanted and taking it away to some place where he might have friendliness or happiness hidden. The clerks looked as if they were able to resist any pressure or cajolery.

My last eight brown points for the week won't get me very far, thought Kay. But I'll buy some oysters and spend the points for cheese. I can whip up some macaroni and cheese for Sunday and, with the oysters, too, that will work out all right, for we're going out for dinner on Saturday.

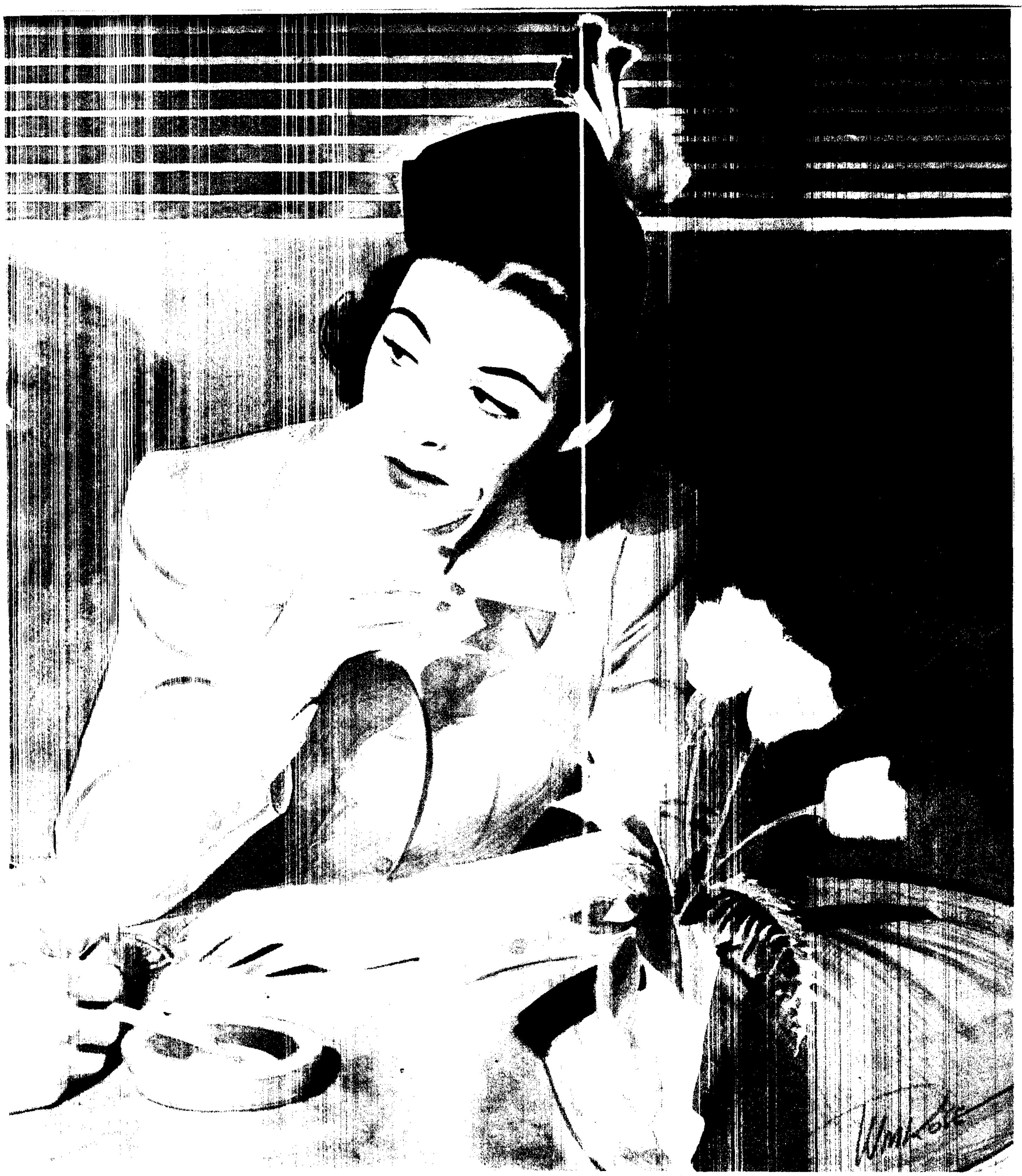
"All the oysters gone?" she protested.

"Two hours ago, miss," the clerk said fatalistically. "You know you have to be on hand early to get anything like that."

Kay stared through the glass case. Jerry had said yesterday that he was sick of chicken. He said they always served it at those rallies and public dinners where he had to represent the Navy, or tell his experiences. What do people do with pigs' feet, she wondered, regarding them. They look like fancy doorstops.

He will think I'm a rotten manager, but I couldn't get here any earlier. She circled the store, trying to figure out meals for the next day or two, unable to remember whether Jeremy liked mushrooms and not sure that she could cook them in any savory way. She stood in line to get some bananas but was too late again, so she bought oranges, cottage cheese and spent the points on two lamb chops. They weren't very big, but Jeremy could have both of them.

It was raining a little when she came out of the store, and the drizzle had a late autumn chill in it and felt refrigerated. Her arms were full of packages and she had an irritated sense of having spent money without getting anything satisfactory. She had wanted to stop somewhere tonight and buy a couple of fresh blouses



"I'm glad your marriage is so perfect," Ingram said. "Oh, it's far from perfect," Kay confided. "You know, the thing about marriage that nobody tells you beforehand is what a lot of tact it takes"

for herself, too. The laundry was slow and indifferent. That brought her mind up against the problem of Jerry's collars. Did Jerry have any clean collars left in the box on his bureau?

"Hello," said Ward Ingram, "what are you doing? A little hoarding?" He tried to take a package or two from her. The string was slipping off one of them.

"Look out!" she warned. "They'll all drop. Oh, thanks. What a friend! I'm so glad to see you!"

He looked as if he felt the same way. "Where are you headed for?"

"A bus. And then home if I ever make it."

"Maybe I can snag a taxi for you."

"No, please. I'm cutting out taxis. They run into money and get me to living above my station. I've been in Livory's, fighting for food. That's literally what goes on in shops at this time of day. And you never get what you want unless you're there when the place opens."

"You sound very domestic."

"I am."

"And frustrated."

"Even more that way."

"Well, are you all right except for hunger and frustration?"

She laughed. "Everything else is fine. I let myself in for this jam. I worked later than usual and then I thought I'd get some shopping done. Jerry's gone over to Jersey to attend a War Bond dinner where the Navy has to put in an appearance. The poor boy has to make a talk."

"Can't you take time out for a little cheer? You look as if you needed it."

"Don't tell me how I look! I know. I'm too messy to go anywhere."

Ingram said, taking her elbow and turning her, "Come on. We're only half a block from our favorite haunt."

"I suppose there isn't any reason why I shouldn't come—except that I ought to go back to the apartment to see if my intermittent cleaning woman has turned up."

"She probably hasn't, and then it will be worse. Come along now."

KAY went. It was fun to meet Ward like this and be shaken out of her small problems.

"You're always so competent, Ward."

"Don't flatter me—or fool yourself."

"Flannery asked me this afternoon if you were still in town. I said I didn't know."

"Pinch me and see if I'm in town."

"No, I won't. You might turn out to be a dream, and I don't want to wake up if you are. This is really a break. I haven't been inside this place in months."

"It's still a good joint."

They went into a cocktail room from which one door opened into the street and another into the lobby of a famous hotel. It seemed very relaxed, very cheerful and quiet. There were a dozen conversations going on at the tables with the interest that showed that people had chosen their companions for the hour. Enough of the women wore fashionable or clever clothes so that the whole effect was sophisticated. A charcoal brazier at the back heated an enormous copper pan which held hot *canapés*. The waiters were old and skillful, and looked as if they could survive troubles of their own and of their patrons.

"On a cold autumn day, this isn't bad at all," said Ward.

"It's just as good when it's sweltering in summer." Kay put her packages on a chair and slid along one of the red-leather benches behind a polished table. She thought and said aloud, "I must get Jeremy to come here. I think he'd like it."

Ward didn't answer, and she realized that he must think she never let Jerry out of her mind for a minute. It was rather like that. When anything was pleasant or beautiful or a lot of fun, she wanted to have him along. But to talk about her husband or to explain that she felt as she did wouldn't be much fun for Ward. She remembered how much Ward had liked her—loved her, so he said—and how her sudden, impetuous marriage had upset him to the point of bitter, futile protest that day.

"From your mention of Flannery, I suppose you're still working on Comment," said Ward.

"Yes. They didn't fire me, even though they thought I let them down on that research job. But let's talk about you and be more exciting. What's been happening to you? Are you all set to go over and put Europe in order?"

"I don't think they'll leave it entirely to me. But I think I'll get there. There's a lot of red tape. Things have to move slowly when there are so many fingers in the pie. And when it's such a large pie."

"That's what I tell Jeremy. He's terribly impatient at being stuck here. He hates to wait around for anything."

"He seemed to feel that way about getting married."

HER laugh was clear and amused. A man across the room looked over and smiled. A laugh seemed to sound good to him.

Kay said, "I really didn't know how characteristic of Jerry our marriage was. You see I didn't know him very well when we were married."

"Several people mentioned that at the time—to you."

"I know you did." Her glance was like a hand laid on his in friendliness. "But it worked out all right, you see. I'm even more in love now."

"I'm glad it's so perfect," he said, as if it were part of a speech.

"Oh, don't worry. It's far from perfect. You know," she told him confidentially, over the rim of the glass she occasionally touched with her lips, "the thing about marriage that nobody tells you about beforehand is what a terrible lot of tact it takes."

"Is that right?"

Kay nodded. "A lot of tact," she repeated. "I suppose I had always had the idea, like most girls, that once you were married, anything went. I mean that you could say what you pleased around your house and to your husband. It's not like that."

She thought about it and apparently he did, too.

Finally he suggested, "It will probably get that way in time—when you've been married longer."

"Maybe. I suppose the war has something to do with it, too. Men probably are different in wartime, more stirred up and sensitive. I never knew Jeremy in peacetime at all."

"You knew me in peacetime. That was the trouble. There was no glamor about me."

"Do you still think that's why I did it? I remember what you said that day when you found out that Jeremy and I were going to be married on the spot."

"Don't remind me," he begged, but she went on. The warm, quiet, exciting room was right for reminiscence and confidence, for looking over old emotions.

"You said then that I was falling for a uniform. That what made me do it was, basically, jealousy of Betsy. You told me that because she was having a war marriage, I wanted one, too."

"I felt pretty strongly that day. I felt gypped."

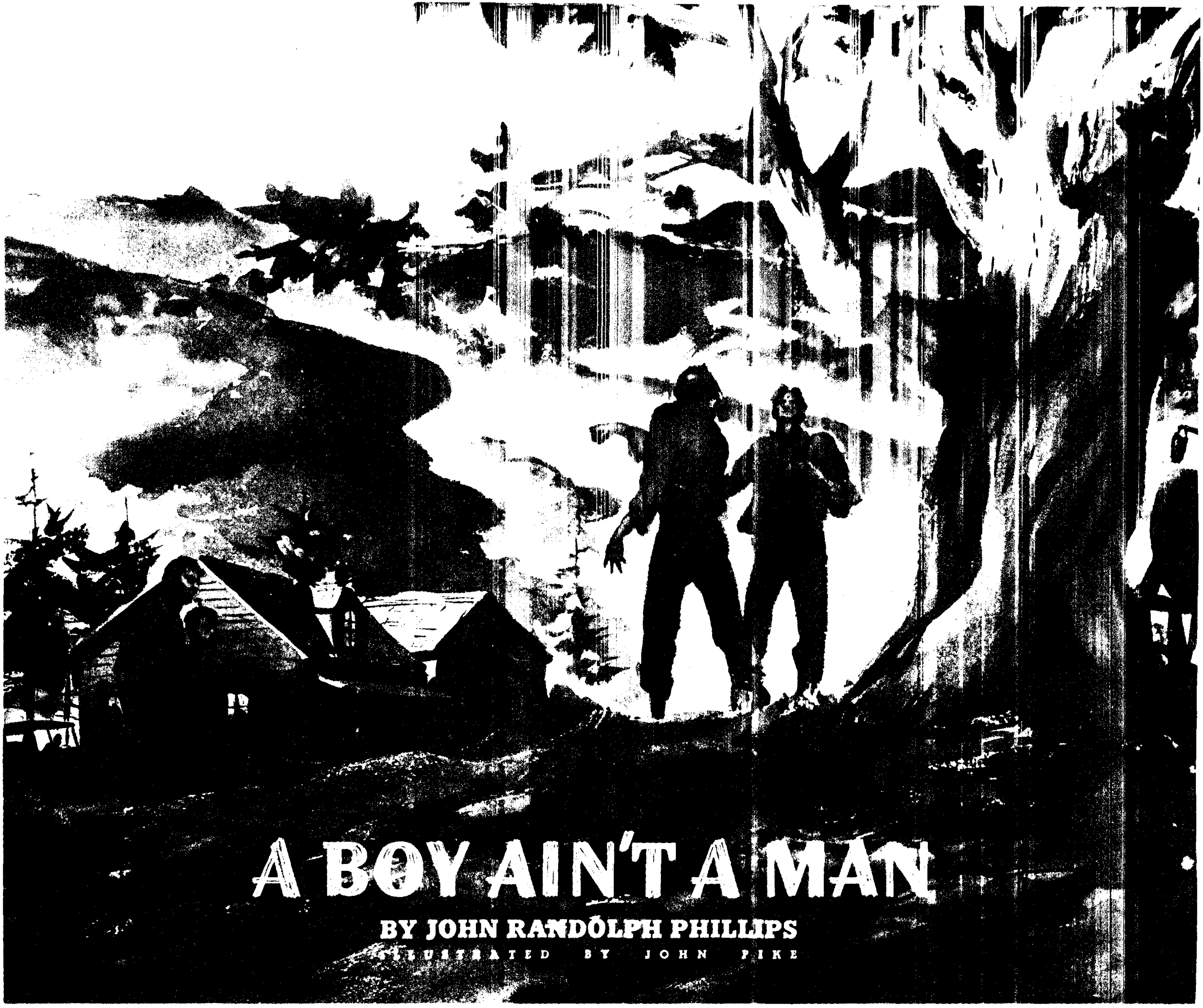
"I was pretty roughshod in announcing it, I guess. But you were wrong about why I did it."

"Let's drop the subject."

"I still haven't convinced you, though."

"Why does it matter to you what I thought then? Or think now?"

(Continued on page 30)



A BOY AIN'T A MAN

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

The Gilpin tradition insisted that a boy wasn't grown up until he could lick his pa. But the shrimp of the family had a good stout heart

I REMEMBER it as if it were yesterday—the day my father and my oldest brother Reuben fought for the second time. I can still see the Reverend Deeds, when it was all over, standing there with his blue eyes bugged out. The parson was new in the county then and I guess he thought we Gilpins were crazy. Maybe we were.

Reub and the old man had fought once before. Just before my mother died, the old man had promised her that, come hell or high water or both, he'd see that we four boys each got a high-school education. Well, in his third year at high school, Reub decided to quit. The old man said no. Reub sassed him. The old man found himself a hickory switch, and Reub jerked it out of his hand. So there was nothing left for the old man then but to tame Reub the best way he could, which was with his fists. He did a thorough job.

But that second fight was different. Reub was a man now and doing the work of a man and a half there on our big river farm. It was the slack time of the year and he'd gone over to see Daisy Henderson. He came home along in the shank of the evening and found my father and Giles and Tom and me pitching horseshoes. Without wasting words, he said, "Pa, I'm going to marry Daisy."

The old man dropped his shoe. "What makes you think so?"

Reub said, "We're getting married Saturday. Mr. Henderson is going to let me rent his upper farm. Pa, don't you start anything with me *today!*"

Now, there was no reason under the sun for my father to object to Daisy Henderson. But the way he saw it, Reub had slighted him. Reub should have consulted him first. And, over and above all else, the old man never could seem to realize that, in the natural course of events, a boy some day became a man.

"You little snipe!" my father said. "You little shirttail sprout! A boy tryin' to act like a man! Makin' arrangements with Henderson before you even mention the matter to your own daddy. You won't marry her or any other girl until I say so."

"You—you'll have to whip me then," Reub said.

They faced each other, two great big men. My father was six feet four and weighed two twenty-one. Reub was six three and weighed two hundred and five. The old man was fifty-one years old and Reub was twenty-two. Reub had the advantage of being younger; the old man, though, was bigger and tougher. It was whittley-cut between them.

It was a good, fast fight, only Parson Deeds nearly ruined it. He was driving along the main road when he saw the commotion. He was a nice young fellow who didn't mind horning in when he thought he should. His car came like a rocket down our road. The old man and Reub, dropping their hands, stared at him.

"Stop!" the preacher cried. "Shame on you both!"

"Rev'rend," my father said gently, "this is family business. I wisht you'd go on off somewhere."

THEY went at it again. The old man knocked Reub down. Then the fireworks exploded. Reub came up with both fists swinging like hammers. The old man didn't give ground—just stood there and took it until his knees failed him.

When he got his breath back and when his legs would hold him, he stood up straight and shook hands with my brother Reuben.

"Son, you're your own man now," he said. "I'll give you and Daisy that red sow and her seven pigs." He turned to the preacher. "Don't take it so hard, Rev'rend."

"I—I never saw anything like it!" the parson gasped. "Mr. Gilpin, you are a member of my church and I know the good you do in this community. I know who it was that fed the Widow Barringer last winter. But I can't— Are you hurt, man?"

They faced each other, two great big men. Reub had the advantage of being younger; the old man, though, was bigger and tougher. It was whittley-cut between them

"Course, I'm hurt," my father snapped. He looked the minister up and down. "It ain't a disgrace to fight clean and honest with your fists." Then he added half jokingly, half in earnest, "Why, look, Parson, a boy ain't a man till he's whipped his pa—and I ain't lettin' my younguns go out in the world till they're men. It's the way my daddy raised me and the way his daddy raised him."

"Oh!" said Mr. Deeds. "Oh! The Gilpin tradition, eh?"

"The Gilpins," my father continued, "are a hard breed, bullheaded and tough. Sometimes you've got to bear down on 'em, the way Reub just now bore down on me." He laughed. "Don't take it so hard, Rev'rend."

The minister's eyes stopped bugging out, but he left us still shaking his head. He started off in his car.

Then all of a sudden he leaned out and waved his hand, and I could see that he was laughing.

"A fine feller and a good fisherman," my father said. "Giles, remind me to send him a couple of cured hams tomorrer."

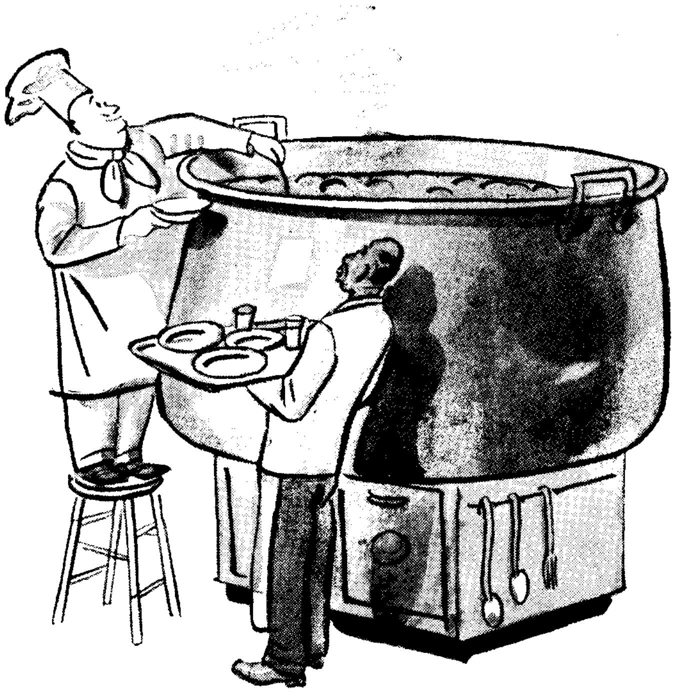
(Continued on page 60)

THOSE DINER BLUES

BY JIM MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD SARGENT

Short of help, cars and food—but with public co-operation, the railroads are feeding three or four times their normal crowds—and no one goes hungry



With hundreds of dining cars commandeered by the armed forces, and five times as many meals needed by travelers, the roads manage to satisfy everyone

ALONG about 9:30 at night, the fast-moving diner crew on the streamliner was just serving its two hundredth meal—since 5:30. The crowd was at last beginning to thin out—"thin out" in this case meaning the waiting line only stretched back a car and a half. The waiters were looking forward to a shower and a snooze in the dormitory car ahead: so were the cooks and pantrymen in the tiny galley space.

So was the tired steward, who spent most of his waking moments these days walking up and down the diner all the way from Coast to Chicago and back again. It took him about forty hours to hike between the two places—pretty fast going considering the congestion.

At this moment, a portly passenger swayed along between the tables, complained because he had to share a table with a shipyard worker and because he had to ride backward, tossed aside the menu and barked at the steward:

"A Manhattan and a T-bone steak—medium rare."

"Listen, mister!" said the steward, "you'll take goulash—and like it!"

There was no rancor in his voice or manner. He said it to a hundred passengers a day—and they grinned and liked it. After all, it was pretty good goulash.

These days, millions of rail passengers are taking goulash and loving it—or chicken. Some roads are now serving four times as much chicken as beef. After this war, poultry is going to be as popular with passengers as canned salmon was with the veterans of 1918.

Back in prewar days, American railroads served about twenty-five million meals a year on diners. Last year, the Southern Pacific alone served about eighteen million, against the four million it served in 1941. In addition, about seven million others will eat in railroad restaurants, buy box lunches or grab sandwiches from news butchers.

The roads are feeding their multimillions on a ration-point allowance that would drive a housewife nuts. Southern Pacific, for example, is allowed .93 of one point for each meal for each passenger. When coffee was rationed, the roads had to make eight ounces of the beans into a gallon of Java; they've gone back to the ten-ounce standard now.

Part of the railroads' food trouble stems from the fact that OPA won't allow them any more tonnage of rationed food than they used in "normal" years, so railroads have to solve, by ingenuity, what some other people solve by black marketing.

In the good old days, dinner in the diner used to be quite an event, lasting sometimes a couple of hours. The menus were huge and full of strange and exotic dishes, and the wine list was a yard long. After plowing through soup, salad, steak, vegetables, pie, ice cream and demitasse, the surfeited diner used to sit in semi-stupefaction, sipping a brandy and smoking a cigar that annoyed all the other diners. No one dared tell him to get out and give other passengers a chance.

You're Grateful for What You Get

But today on crack trains like the City of San Francisco, Steward "Wild Bill" Kurthy, who's been handling Southern Pacific diners for twenty years, bluntly asks millionaires and major generals, aircraft builders and admirals to "Hurry up; we got a lot more people to feed yet. Let's have this table, please!" Funny part is, nobody minds. Half of them apologize for being so slow.

Harry A. Butler, head of the system's dining-car department, agrees that although five times as many people are eating aboard his trains as normally, there are fewer complaints. There were a lot of kicks when the rush first started, mainly from old-timers grown accustomed to taking it slowly and easily, but they've mostly died out. Some of the veterans even eat box lunches—and *like them.*

"One good thing the war rush has done is simplify menus," adds Wild Bill. "We used to have a dozen main courses and scores of extras. Now we have just three choices, which still is two more than most people get at home."

Diners always were the cars nobody loved. The roads always lost money on them. A majority of travelers thought the prices were too high and, on rough-riding trains, never knew whether they'd spear their own steak or their neighbor's chicken, or where the soup and coffee would land going around curves.

In the old days, trains made "meal stops" of 20 to 30 minutes, three times a day, while passengers rushed a quick lunch near the depot. Demands for better speed cut these out, and you either had to eat in the diner or carry a lunch. Competition improved diners, foods and service steadily.

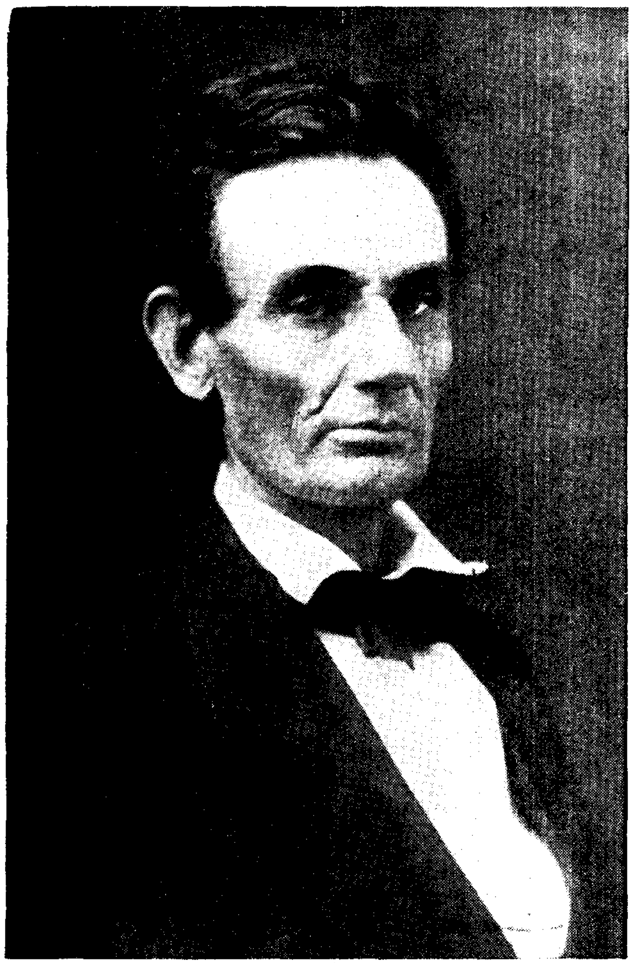
The cars came in various sizes. There were combination cars with a berth section, a dining section with a tiny galley, and then a club-observation end. Only eight or ten people could eat at once. At the other extreme, were articulated units, three cars long—coffee shop, oversized diner and a galley between—manned by twenty-six men, and able to feed seventy or eighty passengers at once.

The supercolossal diner of them all was one built by Pullman for Morales y Machado, president of Cuba. He ordered it shortly before he was tossed out on his ear, and the new administration, *(Continued on page 66)*

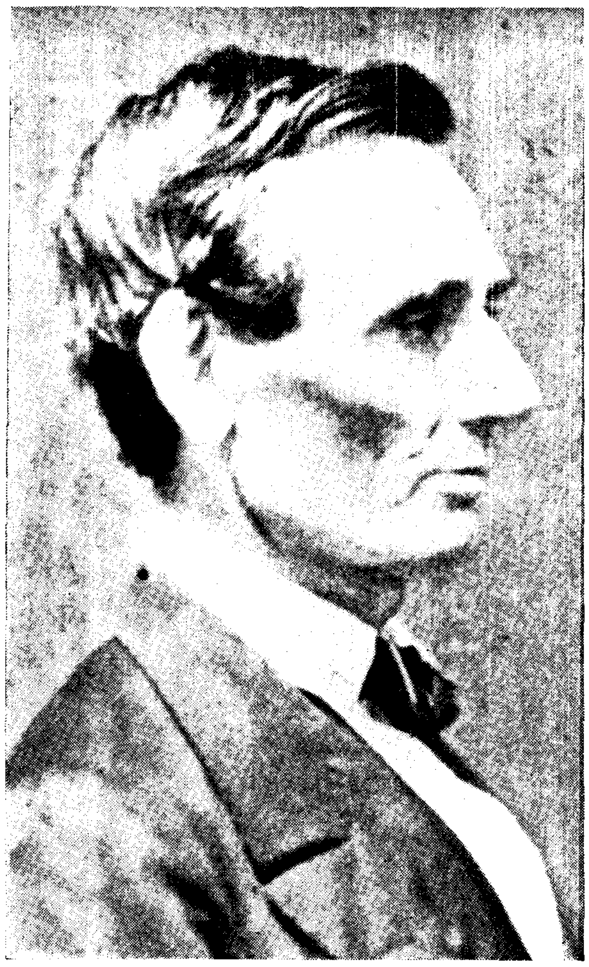
Although dining on the railroad has its mad moments in wartime, travelers and crew try to make the best of it

●

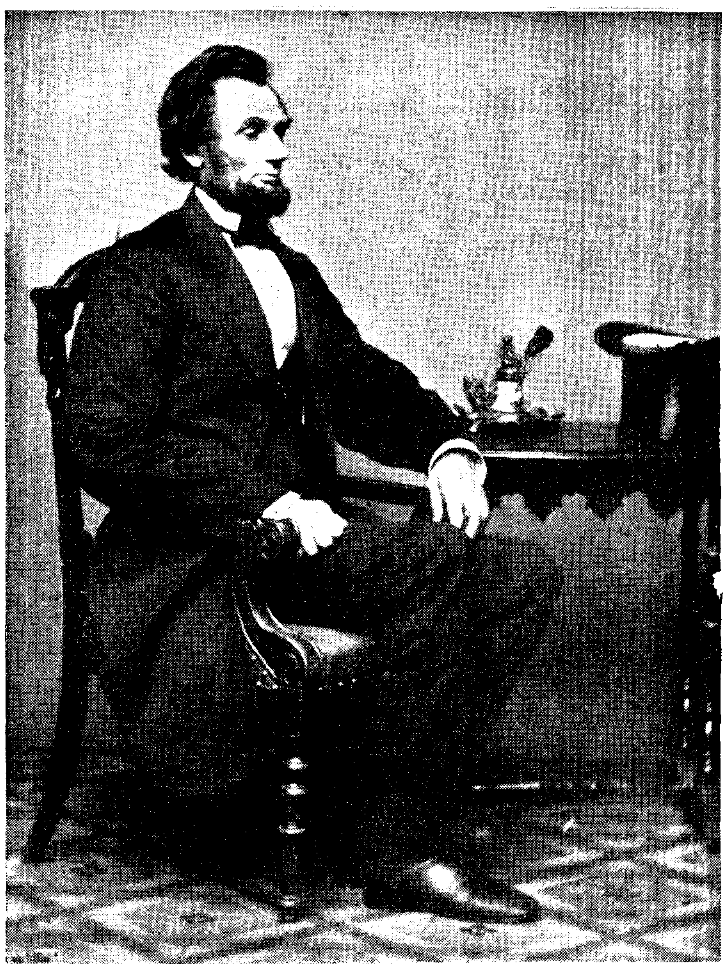
Gulp and get out has become a rule for one and all on our best diners



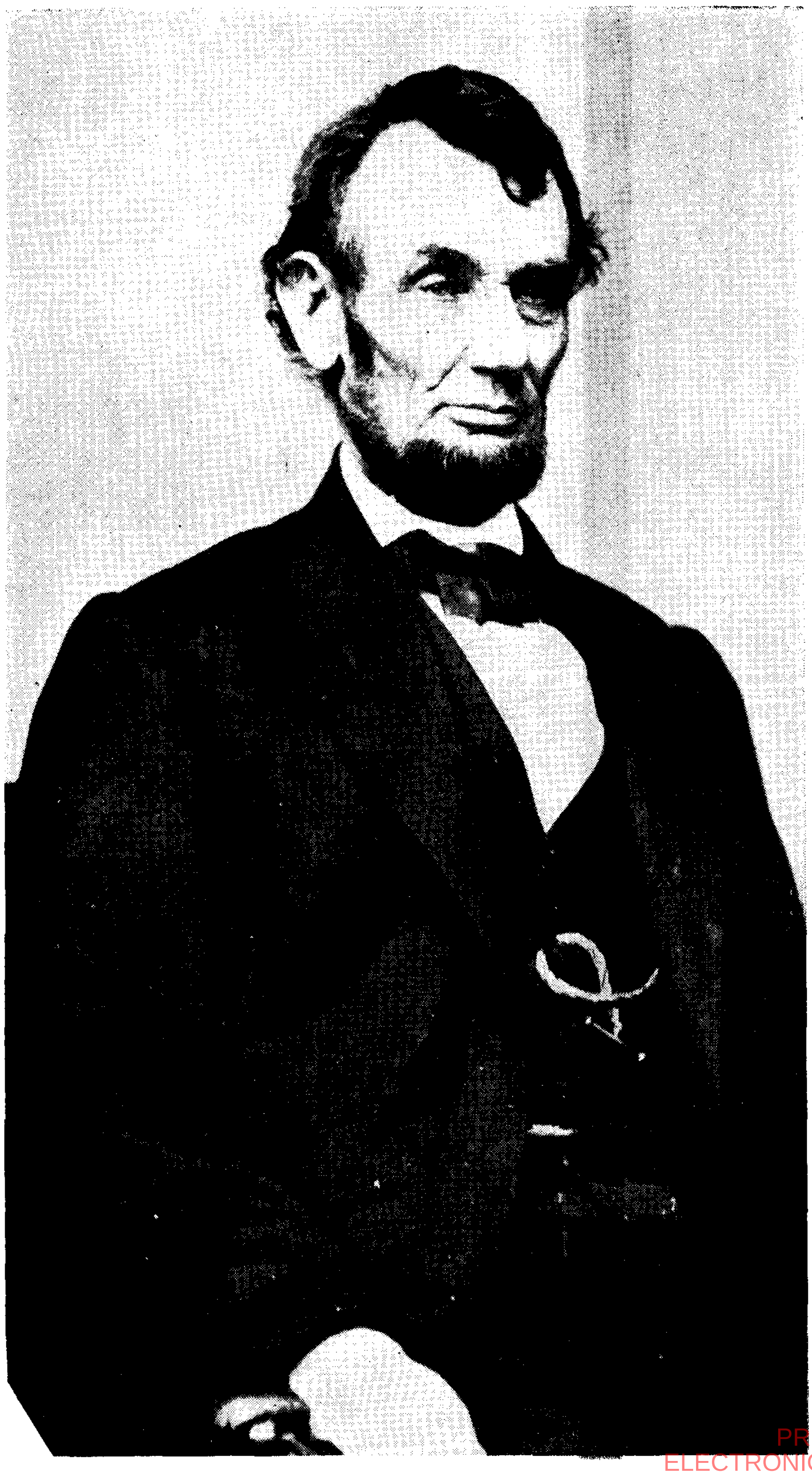
One of the outstanding portraits of Lincoln the lawyer—from a photograph made in Chicago by S. M. Fassett in October, 1859, a little more than a year before he was elected President



A rare, unpublished photograph believed to have been made in Springfield, Ill., just after Lincoln was nominated. The original plate is in the Tarbell Collection at Allegheny College



This fine portrait study was made by Mathew Brady, famous Civil War photographer, on February 23, 1861, the day Lincoln arrived in Washington to be inaugurated as President. Inauguration ceremonies were held nine days later, March 4



This is the well-known portrait that appears on the five-dollar bills. It was taken by Mathew Brady on February 9, 1864

The Face of Lincoln

BY CARL SANDBURG

ARTISTS and sculptors, many painters and illustrators, common people of whom the Lord made many, have spoken of the fascination and the profound involvements to be seen in the face and physical form of Abraham Lincoln. The exterior man moved with some of the mystery of the interior man. Among contemporaries of Lincoln impressed by this memorable exterior was Gustave Koerner of Belleville, Illinois, who in March of 1861 noted the White House occupant as "neglected and unkempt," adding: "Something about the man, the face, is unfathomable."

Having likeness to this was the comment in the same month from Henry Laurens Dawes, an able congressman from Massachusetts, who said early in the administration, "There is something in his face which I cannot understand. He is great. We can safely trust the Union to him," and years later: "I could never quite fathom his thoughts but it grew upon me that he was wiser than the men around him. He never altogether lost to me the look with which he met the curious and, for the moment, not very kind gaze of the House of Representatives on that first morning after what they deemed a pusillanimous creep into Washington. It was a weary look of one struggling to be cheerful under a burden of trouble." To Dawes and others the face of Lincoln indexed a cyclopedia of anxieties.

William H. Herndon, for sixteen years sharing the same office as junior law partner of Lincoln, noted of Lincoln's general structure. "The whole man, body and mind, work slowly, as if it needed oiling." And the fa of Lincoln. When lights sprang into the gr eyes and fires of emotion flooded out over t scarred fissures, then "Sometimes it appeared if Lincoln's soul was fresh from its Creator

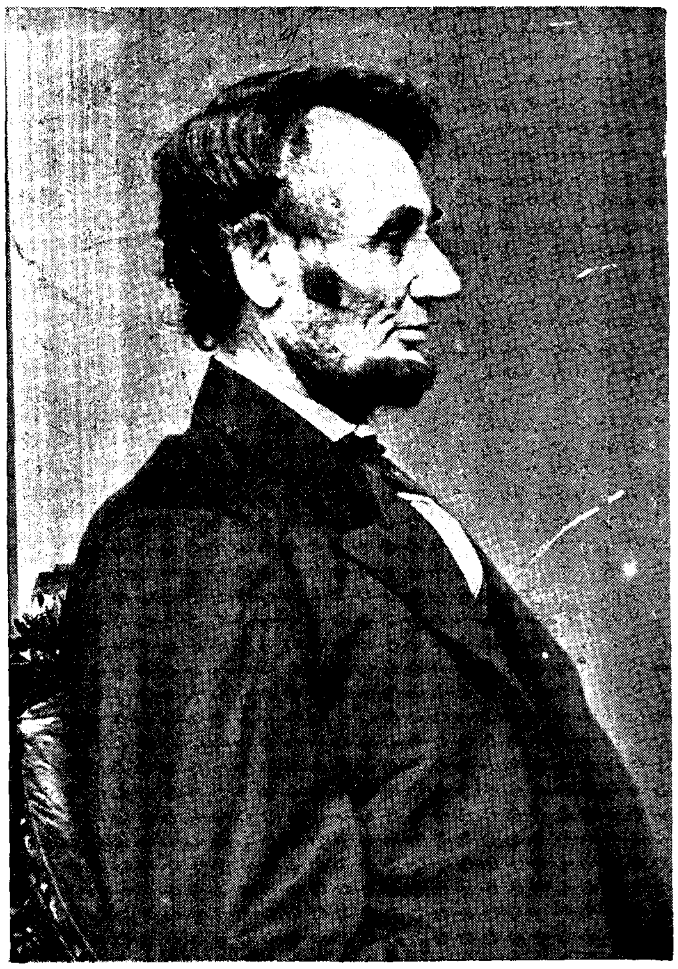
One definite habit of Lincoln was to spe as though he was not so well-favored as looks, more especially as to his face. On peated occasions he remarked to some wom or to an audience, "In the matter of looks have the advantage," meaning they had to lo at him while he couldn't see himself. To Illinois crowd in 1858 he said: "Nobody h ever expected me to be President. In my po lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that a cabbages were sprouting out."

Dropping in at a meeting of Republican ed tors in Decatur one time, he said he was a so of interloper, and told of a woman on hors back meeting a man riding a horse on a narro trail or pass. The woman stopped her hors looked the man over. "Well, for the lan sake!" she broke out. "You are the homeli man I ever saw!" The man replied, "Y ma'am, but I can't help that," and the wom again, "No, I suppose not, but you might st at home."

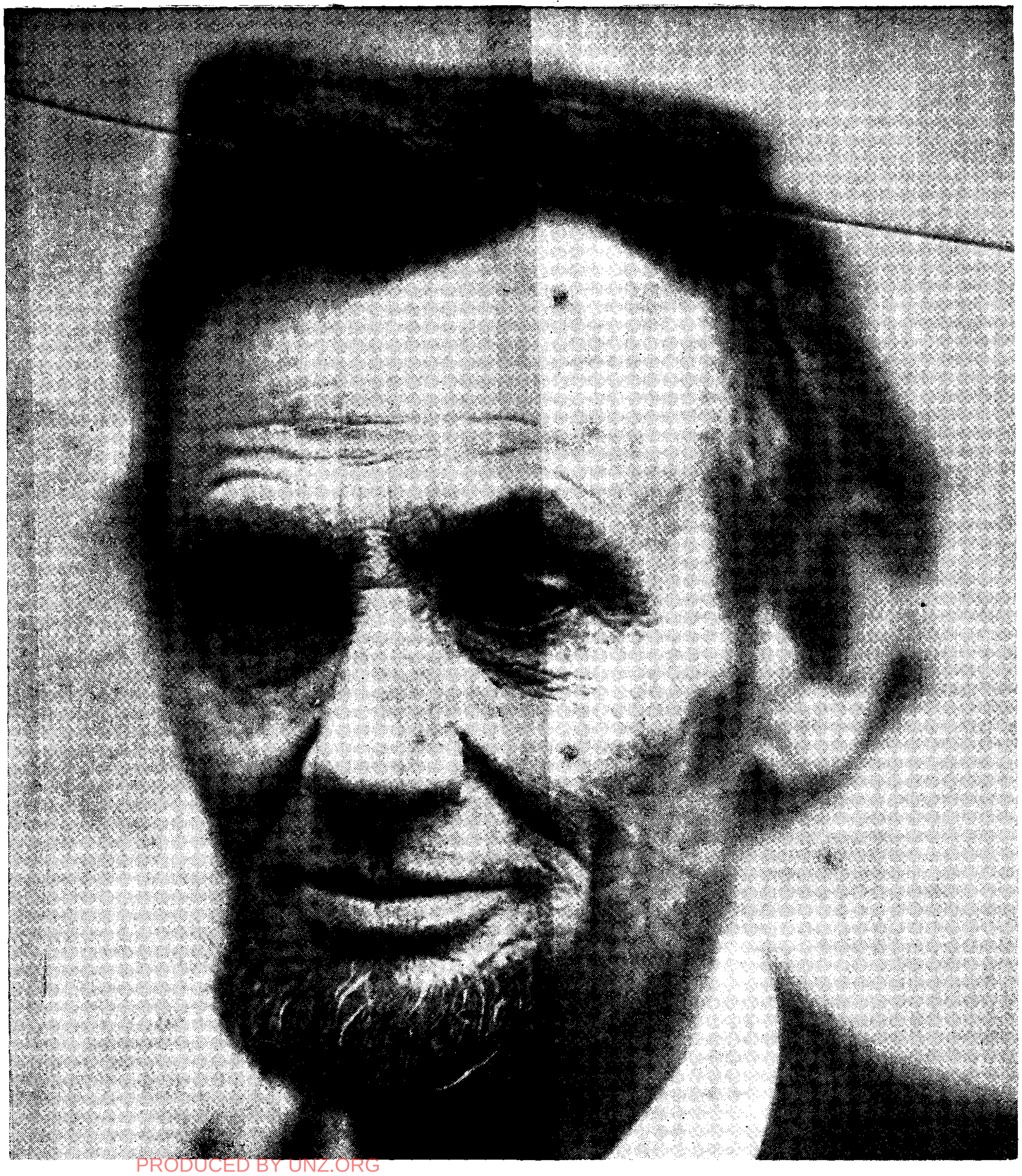
One odd piece of American history a folklore reports a girl twelve years old Westfield, New York, writing to Lincoln th he would look better if he wore whiskers. S gave her name, age, address, and asked Li coln if he had no time to answer her letter allow his little girl to reply for him. The cou try heard, through the press, that Lincoln, route to Washington, finished a speech at We field by asking Grace Bedell to come forwar Then he shook hands with her, kissed h touched his beard, and said, "You see, I these whiskers grow for you, Grace."

President Lincoln posed for this portrait on November 15, 1863, four days before he made his immortal speech at Gettysburg. The photographer was Alexander Gardner

Mathew Brady took this photograph of Lincoln and his son Thomas, or Tad, on February 9, 1864. The book on the President's knee is a photograph album belonging to Brady and used as one of the props in his studio



On the same day that Brady photographed Lincoln and Tad he also took a picture of the President alone, one of the four celebrated portraits known as "the Brady profiles." All show the right side of the face



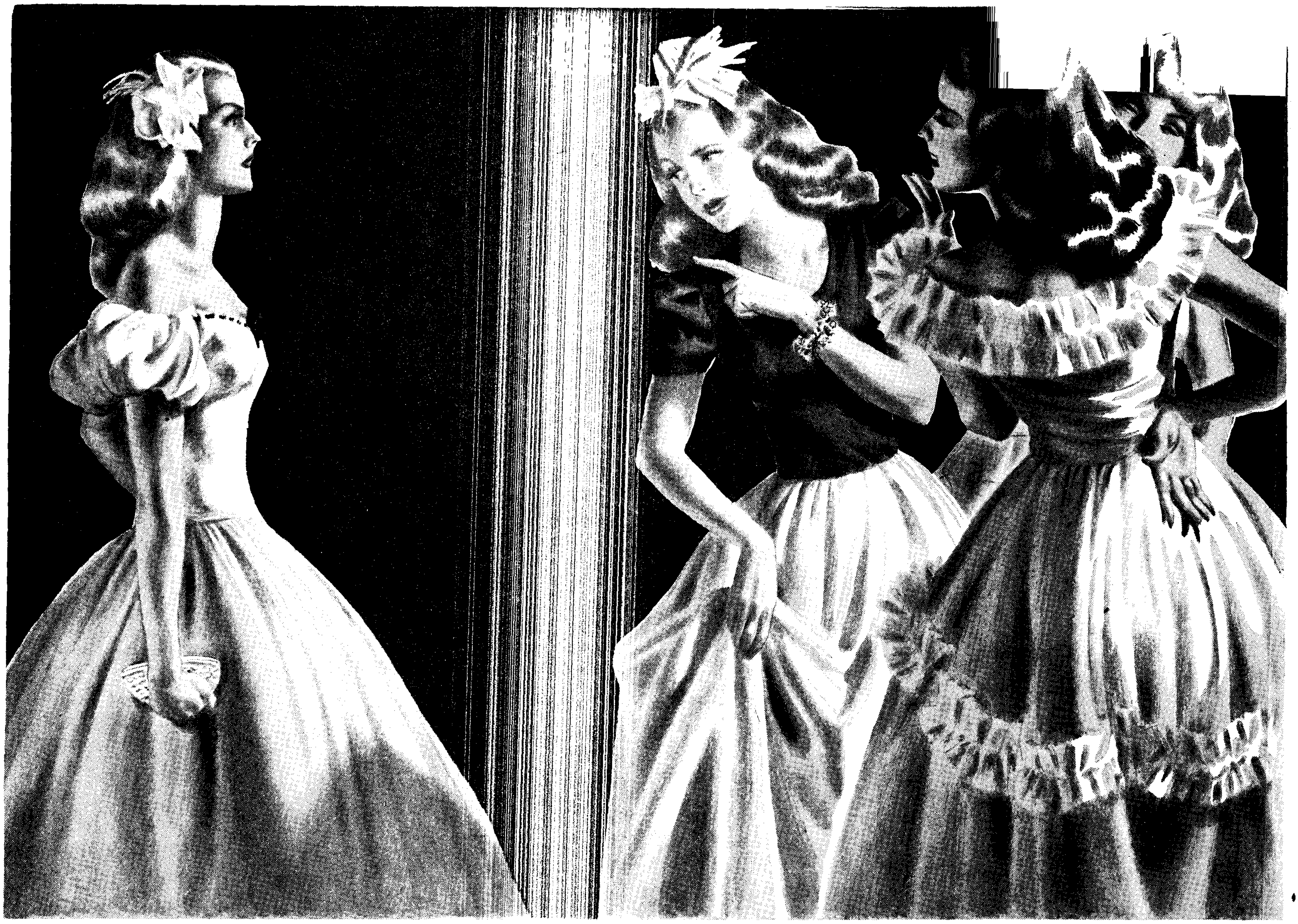
'he last photograph made of Abraham Lincoln n life. It was taken by Alexander Gardner in Vashington on Monday, April 10, 1865, one lay after General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, and four days before the President vas assassinated by John Wilkes Booth

* * *

John G. Nicolay, the faithful and scrupulous rivate secretary, set forth as well-known pecuiarities of Lincoln's form and features: "Large ead, with high crown of skull; thick, bushy hair; arge and deep eye-caverns; heavy eyebrows, a arge nose; large ears; large mouth; thin upper nd somewhat thick under lip; very high and rominent cheekbones; cheeks thin and sunken; trongly developed jawbones; chin slightly upurned; a thin but sinewy neck, rather long; long rms; large hands; chest thin and narrow as ompared with his great height; legs of more han proportionate length, and large feet."

One of the keenest and most important studies f the Lincoln face is by the same Nicolay, who raveled from Springfield to Washington with incoln and stayed to the end. "The question of ooks depended in Lincoln's case very much upon is moods," wrote Nicolay. "The large framevork of his features was greatly modified by the motions which controlled them. The most deliate touch of the painter often wholly changes he expression of a portrait; his inability to find hat one needed master touch causes the everecurring wreck of an artist's fondest hopes. In countenance of strong lines and rugged masses ike Lincoln's, the lift of an eyebrow, the curve f a lip, the flash of an eye, the movements of rominent muscles created a much wider facial lay than in rounded immobile countenances.

"Lincoln's features were the despair of every rtist who undertook his portrait. The writer saw early a dozen, one after another, soon after he first nomination to the Presidency, attempt he task. They put into their pictures the large ugged features, the strong prominent lines; they nade measurements to obtain exact proporions; they 'petrified' some single look, but he picture remained hard and cold. Even beore these paintings were finished it was plain o see that they were (*Continued on page 52*)



"You'd better not let Mrs. Wilson hear you're leading her innocent boy astray," said Marilyn, "or she'll pin back your ears for you"

THE CRAZY McCAFFREYS

BY M. J. GAFFNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Her family came from the wrong side of the tracks—she didn't seem to have a chance—but when the news came through about Brother Gus, they had to move the tracks

MARY McCAFFREY did not know exactly when it was she began to suspect her family was different from other people. It might have been the time in fifth grade when she heard Marilyn Craw and Alice Phelps whispering about her sister Julia, or it might have been much earlier when she had been an angel in the Christmas tableau at St. Clement's, and her brother Gus had been the child St. Ignatius. At least, he had been the child St. Ignatius until he was caught in the littered church basement sitting on a decapitated statue of St. Philomena and smoking a cigarette butt.

But they were different—that, Mary was sure of. They were better looking than any of the other families on Woodchuck Hill, and they were more fun. They also had worse tempers and got in more jams and bellowed at one another and the world more loudly than anyone else.

Mary was not as much McCaffrey as Gus or Julia or Vincent or even little Eddie. She seldom got angry, and, if she did, she went off by herself and cried until it was all over. At the same time, she was not as good looking as the rest of them; she did not have their bright blue eyes, their ruddy cheeks, their black curly hair that crackled like a Fourth of July sparkler when a comb was run through it. Instead, she was very small, with brown, copper hair that curled up faintly at the ends, and her eyes were gray-green, and her skin was pale gold with not much color underneath.

Mary differed from the others, too, in liking school—and her teachers and her classmates, especially Harv Wilson. Harv was the son of Mr. Wilson, the superintendent of schools. He was tall for his age and he had brown eyes and brown wavy hair, and he was the brightest boy in arithmetic that Miss Harrington said she had ever seen. Mary was not much good at arithmetic. But Harv would always whisper the right answer or slip his paper to her, and, because he was Harvey Wilson, his teacher was hesitant about reprimanding him.

Although they had continued in school together, Harvey had not invited Mary to his fourteenth birthday party. Or perhaps it had been Mrs. Wilson who had put her foot down on that. Mary always suspected it was Mrs. Wilson; in her eyes, Harvey or his father could do no wrong.

Mr. Wilson was a great naturalist; once or twice he had taken Harvey's class on a field expedition, and after they had walked around Blueberry Pond, they had stopped at Henderson's for hot dogs and pop and candy bars.

Mary had never forgotten the nature hike, seeing a praying mantis on a decayed stump about to devour its mate, picking viper's bugloss and Canadian hawkweed for their general science notebooks, watching two butter-hued finches balance like acrobats on a tall, thin weed.

That was why it had hurt so much not being invited to the party.

"Those Wilsons are strictly stinkers," Julia had tried to comfort her. "I'd be darned if I'd want to go to one of their dead old parties."

Mary miserably lifted her head from the pillow; she and Julia shared the same room. "Practically everybody's going," she said. "They're going to see the Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland picture first, and then they're going back to Wilson's. For games and refreshments," she added.

The next day she discovered why she had probably not been invited. Her brother Vince was in another mess. Vince was only twelve, but he had been in Children's Court once for fooling with the switch up at the freight yards. Now, it seemed, he had snitched a pocketbook from his art teacher, Miss Floris Van Arnum. The pocketbook had had seventeen dollars in it and Miss Van Arnum's driver's license. Vince had extracted the bills from the purse and then thrown the purse onto the roof of Ike Rumpf's little grocery store next to the school. It was this that had been his undoing, for Meyer Rumpf, age five and acquainted with Vince, had observed his action from the kitchen window.

Vince had been brought to Mr. Wilson; the harried superintendent had delivered an uplifting and moral lecture on the seriousness of Vince's misconduct. Vince had listened coldly and impassively, but with small repentance. The superintendent had finally been obliged to turn him over again to Children's Court.

Matt McCaffrey was furious at his son. "I'll have no son of mine a thief," he shouted, his great, red face getting redder and redder. Then he got out the strap and took down Vince's corduroy trousers, and Vince had screamed so loudly that Miss

FOUR ROSES
Fine American Whiskey

When it's not a fit night out for man or beast

When wintry winds whistle and the sleet hisses against the window pane—that's grand!

For never was a night made more to order for you to enjoy a deep-flavored, heart-warming Four-Roses-and-soda before a cheery open fire!

Maybe tonight will be such a night—maybe it won't.

But even if the weatherman *doesn't* cooperate, we can think of only one reason why you should postpone any longer the keen enjoyment to be found in the most glorious drink that ever tinkled in a highball glass.

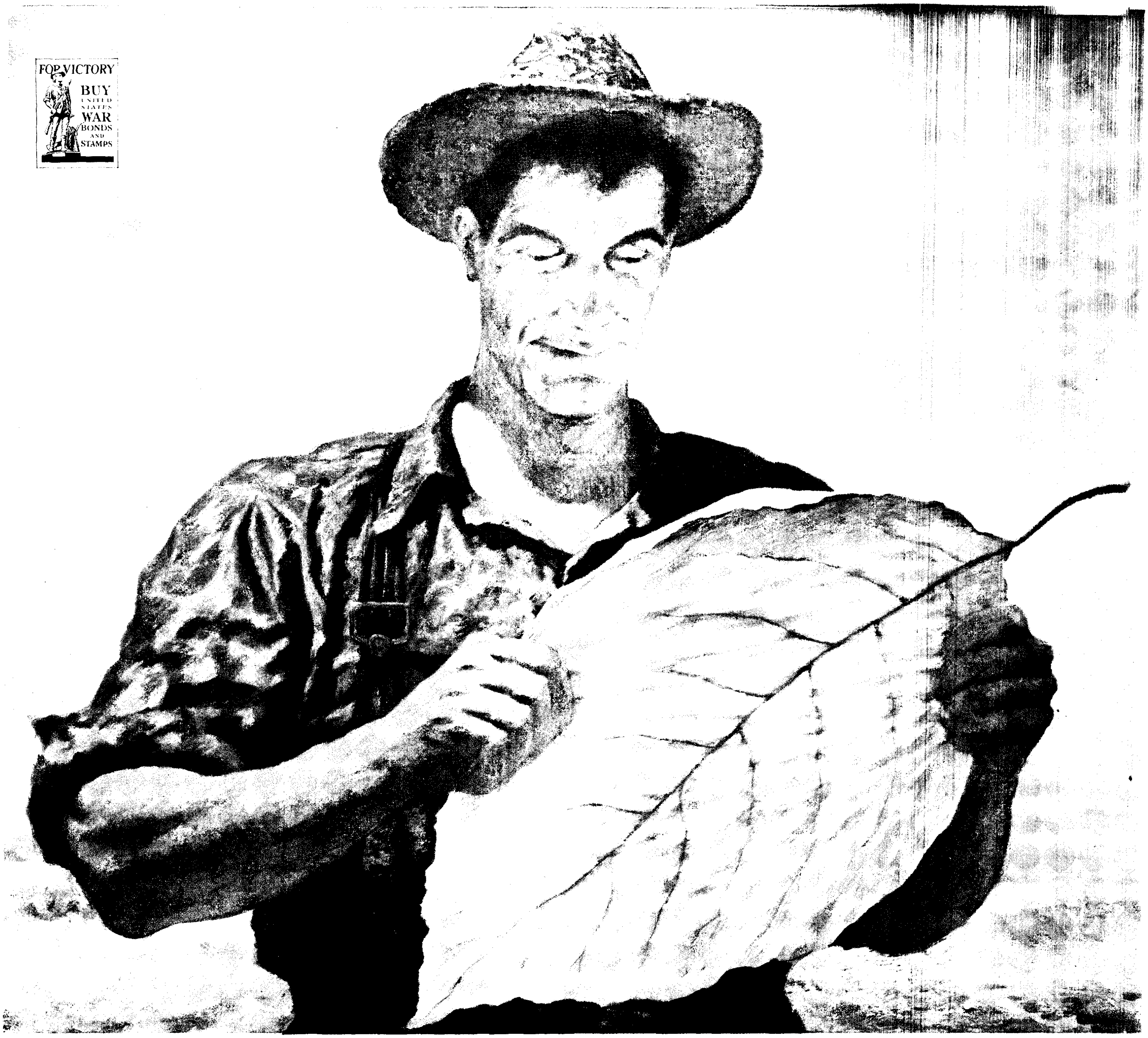
That reason is the possibility that your dealer may temporarily be out of Four Roses. But if he is, please be patient and try again. He'll have some for you, soon.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



“FINE TOBACCO—I’ll smoke it later in LUCKIES”

With men who know tobacco best it’s LUCKIES 2 to 1

L.S./M.F.T.

Copyright 1944, The American Tobacco Company

Clark across the street had called up the police to interfere because she believed that Matt was murdering the boy.

"You're just yellow," Gus said to Vince. "I can take a worse whaling than that any day and keep my trap shut every minute."

It was Gus' words alone that rankled with Vince. Gus was his adored idol. If Gus had told him to go jump in a pool of acid, he would have done so without hesitation.

"What did you want the money for?" Julia asked Vince.

Vince looked at Gus and cleared his throat to make his voice deeper. "To put on a nag," he said. "A good old hayburner."

Gus, who periodically went through gambling cycles, was at the moment engrossed in trying to pick winning horses at such faraway tracks as Rockingham, Detroit, Jamaica.

"You make me sick, Gus," Mary said with surprising vehemence. "You start Vince off on everything and then you bawl him out for yelling when he gets thrashed."

"You're right, Mary," Mrs. McCaffrey said, "and all our troubles wouldn't be happening if Gus were still serving on the altar."

"I served this morning," Eddie said. "At benediction I swung all the incense over toward old Miss Clark. Her doctor said that's what makes her sneeze and everything."

"You shouldn't do that, Eddie my boy," Matt McCaffrey said, but he was smiling. There was no love lost between Matt and the interfering Miss Clark. "You know that's the worst thing in the world for her asthma."

"Gosh, Ma," Gus said, "I'd like to serve on the altar, all right, but I'm eighteen and I'm bigger than any of the priests at St. Clement's now."

It was these words of Gus' that the family five years later remembered very well.

THERE was one thing Mary had always resolved: She would finish high school. Nothing, no one would stop her from that. She woudn't be like Gus and Julia. There'd never come a day when her name would be on the absence slip and after Mary McCaffrey the ominous, indisputable word "Dropped." Both Gus and Julia had been dropped; Gus because he had been habitually truant; Julia because she had sworn at her music teacher.

Julia had a beautiful singing voice. It was low and so rich it would tear at your heart. At home when she would sing Come Back to Erin, or I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen, Matt McCaffrey would sit on the sagging old sofa, his right foot in its thick wool sock (Matt would never wear a shoe in the house) keeping time to the music, and the tears streaming down his face.

Julia, of course, had been in Chorus at school. It had been the only period of the day that she had really enjoyed. In her junior year, Chorus put on Iolanthe, and Julia was selected for the role of the Fairy Queen. She had been so happy at Miss McKinley's choosing her that she had gone around singing O Foolish Fay until all the McCaffreys knew it by heart.

Then Gus got in the auto accident; Gus was driving Charley McKinley's car over to the Crystal Pavilion at Crystal Lake. Charley was Miss McKinley's nephew; he was a wild boy who drank too much, but Miss McKinley would never believe it. Charley's car was smashed in the accident, and Charley himself broke an arm and a leg and four ribs. But Gus, with the usual McCaffrey luck, went unscathed.

Miss McKinley was bitter about the whole affair; she came to regard Gus and Julia and all the McCaffreys as symbols of evil, and of a corruption that had tainted Charley. She began to nag at Julia.

"For heaven's sakes, Julia, don't hold your hands like a bricklayer when you're coming out of the fairy grotto!" (This had not been a fortunate comparison, as Matt McCaffrey was a bricklayer.) Or: "Julia, stop that nasty flirting with Marshall Bozony." (Marshall was the Lord Chancellor.) "I should think you could forget your outside activities at least while you're in school."

Finally, Julia had exploded—with a well-rounded oath and two or three adjectives to convey the general idea that Miss McKinley was a spiteful and nasty-minded old spinster.

SENIOR BALL was the high light, the reward, the culmination of four years' work at Union High. Mary was going with Gus which was not as bad as it sounded, for Gus was the handsomest boy in town, and, despite his unsavory reputation, fearfully admired by even the elite young ladies of the senior class. Gus was a sharp dresser, and he was lavish with his money, for he had a good job in Al Bencze's poolroom. But more comforting than that was the fact that Harv Wilson was taking his cousin to the ball, a stratagem certainly devised by Mrs. Wilson, for his cousin Adele Hollister was a plain and unattractive girl with the Wilson proficiency in mathematics.

"Now how do you like the dress?" Julia was demanding. "It's all taken in where it was too big around the waist."

It was the night of Senior Ball. Gus was in the bathroom. They could hear him singing and flopping about in the tub, which was so short he had to fold himself up to fit in it at all.

Gregory d'Alessio

"Keep throwing your stuff behind to distract them! They say these Americans are great souvenir hunters!"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Oh, it's so beautiful!" Mary said. "I just sat all afternoon and looked at it. It's the most beautiful dress there ever was."

"You might better have been doing your nails," Julia said practically; "although it is a pretty slick number." She gazed at the dress with evident approval; Julia had bought it for Mary last week in Albany. "I bet that Adele Hollister will wear a bunchy pink taffeta," she went on, "with puffed sleeves and a lot of rosebuds. Will you make her look like a blimp!"

"Adele *is* wearing a pink taffeta," Mary said, getting into her own dress, white chiffon, off the shoulders, very tight at the waist, and billowing into ocean foam from her hips down.

"You got class in that," Julia said. "I thought of having you wear my ruby necklace to give it a little color, but it looks better just you."

"I wish you were coming, Julia," Mary said.

Julia laughed. "I'd create quite a sensation at a Senior Ball, wouldn't I? What would have me wear? My black dress?"

Bare midriffs were in that year, and Julia had bought a naked black evening gown to wear to work. Julia played the piano and sang at Romano's. Romano's wasn't a night club exactly; Rockford wasn't big enough for a night club. It was just that drinking people went to Romano's, and they liked to hear Julia sing.

"You could have gone to a Senior Ball once with Jerry Gorman," Mary said.

"I could have, you know," Julia said. "Jerry, the honest mailman. Flatfoot Gorman with the floy-floy." (That was the year for that song; it was the song Eddie was always asking Julia to sing.)

Mary felt a little sick to her stomach when Julia made fun of Jerry Gorman—because Jerry, even with his flat feet, was not a person to make fun of.

MISS HILLS, the assistant principal, met everyone at the gym door, and as Miss Hills was the only teacher Gus had ever got along with in high school, things went off fine.

"You look very sweet, Mary," Miss Hills said.

Mary said, "Thank you."

Gus looked at Miss Hills boldly and said, "You don't look so bad yourself, Miss Hills. Will you maybe save me a dance?"

The music was by Gordie Kenyon and his Swingsters, and it alone had cost the senior class two hundred and fifty dollars.

"I can't keep my feet still," Mary said excitedly.

Gus was a good dancer, and he and Mary had worked out a lot of steps together. Pretty soon Alice Phelps and Nancy Crawford were asking Mary to exchange dances, and Mary agreed, and Gus said he didn't care and that he'd just as soon give the little debs a twirl for their money.

Gus and Mary had just finished a waltz when Harv Wilson came over to them. Waltzes were their best, because Matt McCaffrey had won three cups for waltzing when he had worked in Troy.

"Hello, Gus, I haven't seen you in a long time," Harv said, and he held out his hand, and the two boys shook hands. Then he turned and said, "Mary, may I have the next dance with you?"

Mary could feel the happiness spurting up in her, but she did not dare speak, for fear her voice would quaver. "Why, I'd love to," she said at last, and the Swingsters started playing Are Ya Havin' Any Fun.

For a while they did not say anything because Mary was getting used to Harvey's way of dancing, which was jitterbug, of course, but very regularly, exactly as if he had carried over his mathematical precision into the field of dancing.

"It's a lovely dance, isn't it?" Mary said, and she looked up at Harvey and smiled, and her cheeks were suddenly flame under the pale gold skin.

Harv smiled back and his Adam's-apple joggled a little in his thin, young neck. "Gosh, you look pretty, Mary," he said, and then, embarrassed at paying this compliment, he looked toward the punch bowl. "Want to get some punch?"

THEY each got a paper cup of orange punch and a little cupcake that the senior girls in the home economics department had made with U. H. in uneven red letters on the white frosting.

"These are nicer than cake, aren't they?" Mary said. Harvey said yes, he guessed they were nicer than cake.

They were walking out in the hall eating their cupcakes, and now they were passing by Mrs. Baird's Latin room. The door was open.

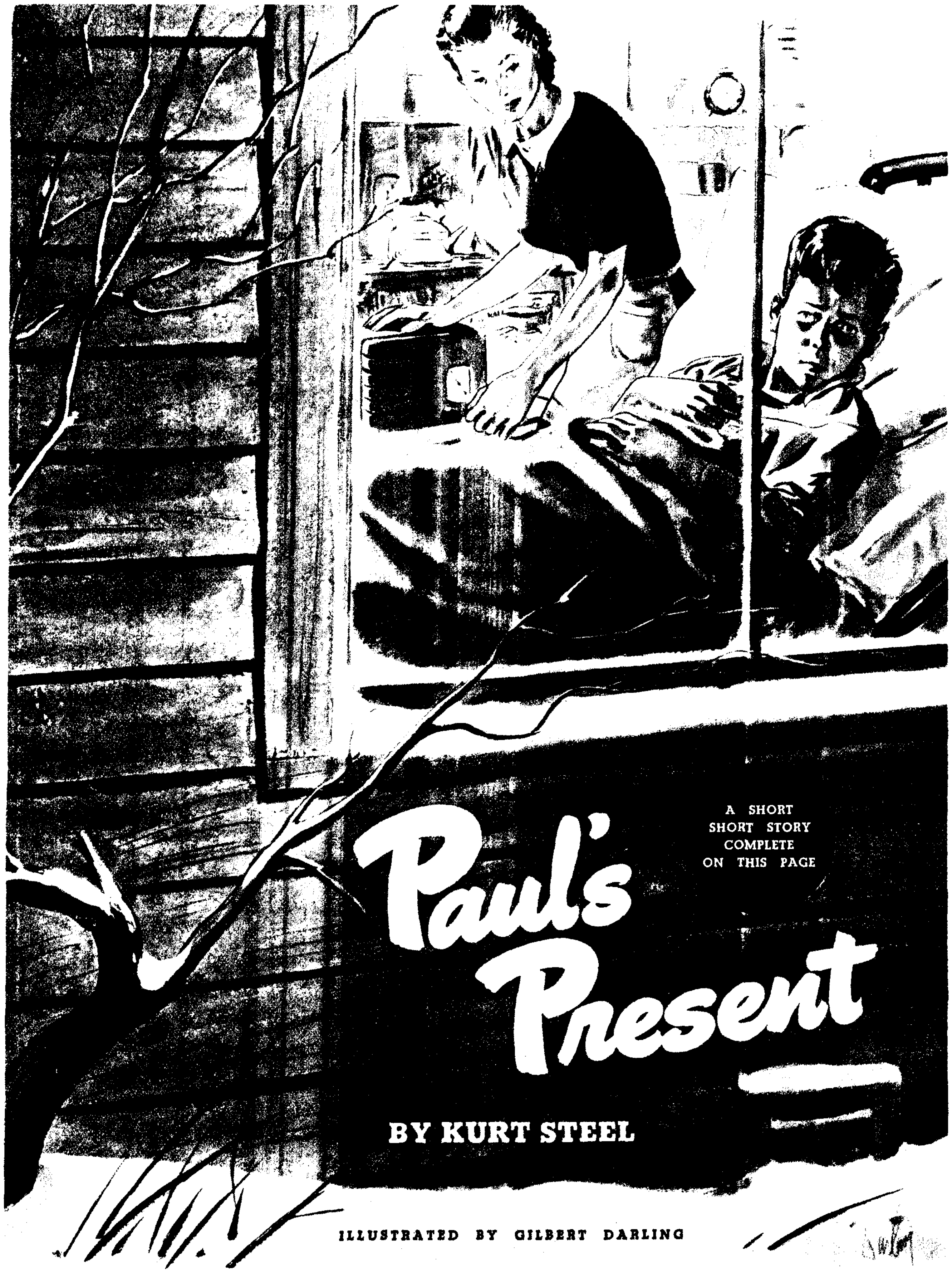
"Come in a minute, Mary," Harv said in an unsteady voice.

They walked in, and Mary looked around, at the bust of Caesar, imperial in the pale light coming in from Marion Place, at Virgil with a crown of laurel on his head, at the model of a Roman trireme, and at the bas-relief of the Colosseum made from wet newspapers.

"It seems a long way away from the dance," Mary whispered, although they could hear the music and even the hum of voices from the gym.

"Yes, it does," Harv said, then he kissed Mary. It was an awkward kiss that landed somewhere between her nostril and upper lip, but she was flooded with rapture.

(Continued on page 74)



"Let's see," his mother said. "It's eight-fifteen. Ought to be some music over WSAE." Paul couldn't answer. He turned his head to look out the window

A SHORT
SHORT STORY
COMPLETE
ON THIS PAGE

Paul's Present

BY KURT STEEL

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

AFTER she had washed the supper dishes, Paul's mother came and stood beside his bed. The bed was in the kitchen, because the range kept that room warm. His mother said, "I guess I'll run over to the Reillys' a minute, son." She smiled. "I thought maybe we'd borrow their radio for a little while tonight. How would you like that?"

Paul felt the letter in his bathrobe pocket. He caught his mother's hand quickly. "You're tired, Mom."

"Well I just thought it'd be nice."

He said, "You know you used to always go tight asleep listening to our radio. Better go to bed, Mom."

She sat on the bed and leaned close to him. She said softly, "I guess you thought I'd forgot it was your birthday, son."

Paul put his hand on the letter lest she hear it crackle. He said, "Aw, I'd almost forgot myself."

"Eleven," she said. "Think of you being eleven."

"Stay here, Mom," he pleaded. He was afraid now. He should have shown her the letter as soon as she came home from the laundry where she worked.

She bent so her forehead touched the pillow at his ear. "I love you so much, son. I wanted to get you a lovely present. You know that."

"But, Mom," Paul protested. "The bed was my birthday present. Away last fall." His hand touched the mechanism that raised and lowered him so he could sit and look out the window. "I didn't expect anything today. Honest, Mom. Gee, a bed like this!"

His mother stood up. She said brightly, "But maybe there'll be a birthday surprise anyway, before the day's over. Now, I'll be right back." She threw her shawl over her head. "We'll sit here and have some programs before we go to sleep." She laughed. The tired, worried lines in her face seemed to smooth away. "You just wait, son."

Paul watched her run across the snow to the house next door. A lump came into his throat. He took the letter from his pocket. The envelope said P. Hackett, so when the postman came to the kitchen window and handed it in, Paul had opened it. Not until he had unfolded the sheet of paper inside did he realize that the envelope meant his mother, Phyllis Hackett.

At first he had been puzzled because the paper was like a page from the tablet on which he did his school work. Then he saw it really was a page from his tablet, and he recognized his mother's handwriting. It was a letter from his mother to a radio station in the state capital. By that time Paul was reading the letter and couldn't stop:

"Gentlemen: My son will be eleven years old on the twenty-sixth of this month. Seeing how you read birthday greetings on the Family Circle Hour, at eight-thirty every night, I wonder if you will read his name over the air on his birthday and give him birthday greetings. He has been in a cast for eleven months, but he never complains and he keeps right up with his school work. I wish you would say it like this: 'Paul Hackett of Puritan City is eleven years old today, congratulations to you, Paul, for being a brave and cheerful boy who deserves the very best luck and many happy returns.'

"Yours very truly, PHYLLIS HACKETT"

The radio station had returned the letter. Across the top was written in heavy blue pencil. "We regret that birthday greetings on the Family Circle Hour are being discontinued as of the twenty-fifth. Sorry."

Paul saw his mother come out of the Reillys' back door and start across the snowy yard. She looked small and frail and she walked slowly, carrying the radio like a heavy suitcase.

Paul thrust the letter back into his pocket. His cheeks burned and there was a tightness about his breathing. When she came in, he said, "You oughtn't carry that. It's too heavy for you, Mom."

His mother put the radio down on the kitchen table. She plugged the cord into the double socket where she attached her iron. "It takes a while to heat up," she said briskly. She looked at the alarm clock. "Now, let's see. It's eight-fifteen." She was very busy about the dials. "Ought to be some music over WSAE. Let's see. That's ten-eighty, isn't it?"

Paul couldn't answer. He turned his head to look out the window.

His mother sat down beside the bed. Paul felt her hand on the cover. He groped for it, took it in his own.

"Mom," he said.

"Yes, son."

He bit his lip. "This is the nicest thing you could've done, Mom."

She gave a quick laugh. "You wait, now."

From the radio came the music of a guitar and a quartet singing Home on the Range.

Paul felt wretched and disloyal. "Mom," he said desperately.

"What, dear?"

Presently he said, "Nothing Mom."

THE quartet sang Swing Low, Sweet Chariot. Then an organ played, slow and peaceful, the way you could hear it of a summer evening from the Methodist church on the other side of the tracks.

There was news, then a chime, and it was eight-thirty.

Paul felt the tightness creep up into his throat.

"And now," the announcer said cheerily, "now, Mother and Dad, and all the folks, pull up your chairs and join the Family Circle."

Paul was holding his breath. He stared out at the darkness. His mother's hand was tight in his.

"First," the announcer was saying, "we've got some anniversaries to notice, folks."

The plans had been changed! They were going to read birthday greetings after all!

"We weren't going to do this sort of thing after last night," the announcer was saying, "but so many of you folks—"

But the letter came back Paul thought in panic. They had sent her letter back before they changed their minds.

Only, maybe somebody made a note, just in case. Please, God, somebody at the radio station made a note.

He listened while the names were read: Fred Martin of Elleston . . . Mr. and Mrs. E. Houk of Colestown, their tenth wedding . . . June Smith of Puritan City . . . Mr. and Mrs. Walter Eagan . . .

The list came to an end.

But there might be more names before the program was over. Didn't they sometimes have names at the beginning and the end both? Paul was trembling.

There was a hymn, a chapter from Luke, the Thought for Tomorrow. And then it was over.

Paul felt the tears running down his cheeks. Slowly he turned to look at his mother.

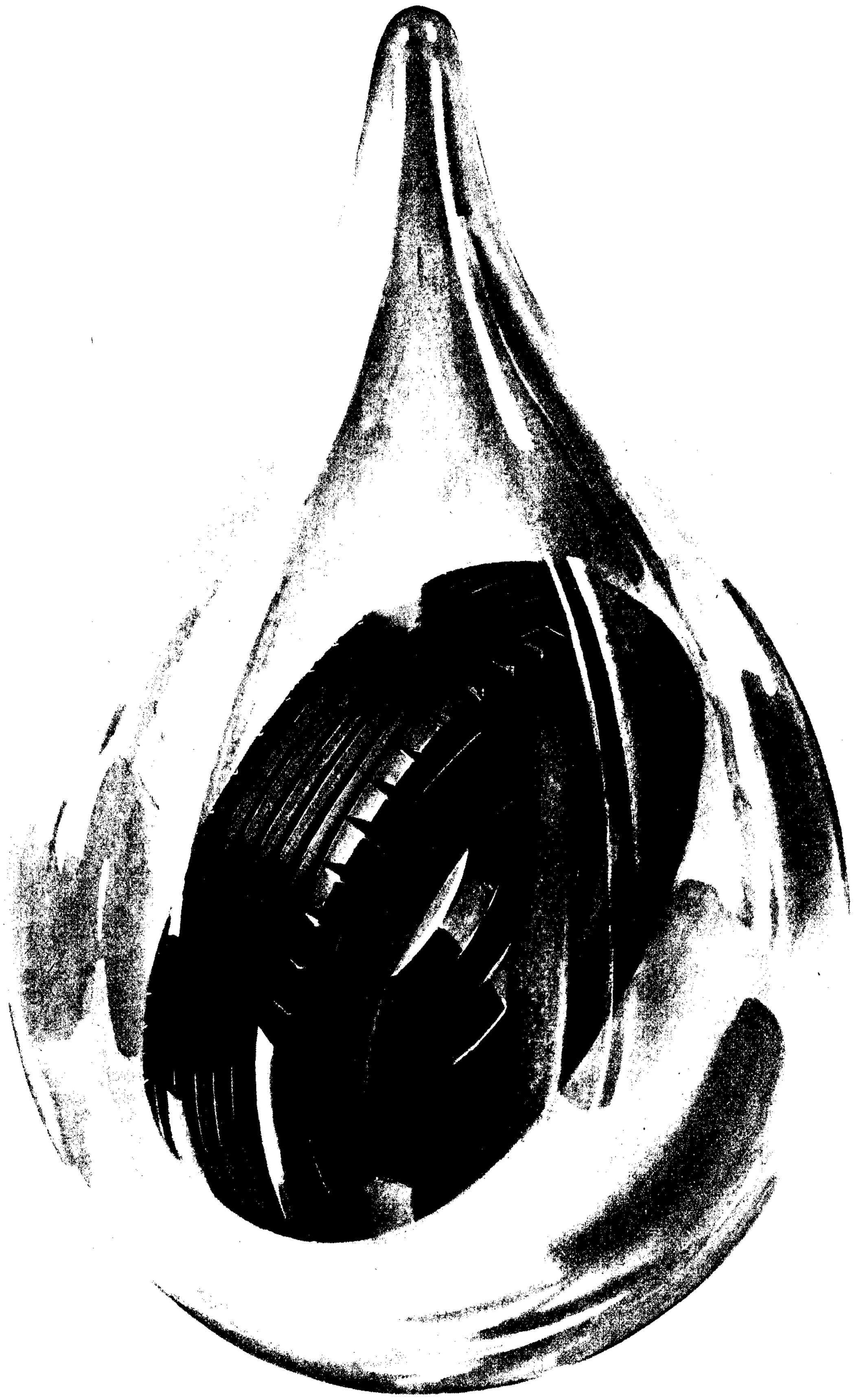
She was asleep. She was smiling in her sleep.

He shook her arm. "Mom," he said loudly, "Mom, did you hear it? Did you hear what they said, Mom? About me?"

Her eyes flew open. She sat up. "Why, no, son. About you? Gracious sakes, imagine. What did they say?"

"They said, 'Paul Hackett of Puritan City is eleven years old today, congratulations to him for being a brave and cheerful boy who deserves—' Oh, Mom." And he was in her arms, his face against her shoulder, and above him his mother was smiling and her eyes were bright with love and pride.

"Now I wonder," she said. "I wonder how they ever knew to say that."



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Name..*Age*..........
Home Address..
City..*State*..........
Present Position..............................*Working Hours*..............

War Wedding

Continued from page 19

"I don't know. Maybe because I felt that I wasn't quite fair to you then. Ward, I wish you were awfully happy. Extra special joyous, and all set emotionally. Why don't you marry Brenda Brown?"

"Brenda? Oh, no," he said without much emphasis. "Why should I marry her?"

"It seems to me it would be perfect. She's beautiful, and experienced socially, and comes from an extremely good family, and she has a lot to offer any man."

"I didn't know you thought so well of her."

"I've been quite impressed lately. And Jeremy thinks she's tops."

Ingram gave her a swift glance. Inquiry and shrewdness were in it, but he saw that she wasn't prepared for or expecting questions. She was thinking quite definitely of Brenda, not of herself.

"Brenda's all right," he agreed. "She's a smart girl, but she's not up my street."

"Maybe you just haven't ever thought about it."

"No, I have. Most men do, when they meet Brenda. But she's a little too ambitious for me."

"But so are you ambitious. You want to go places and be important—and useful."

"But I don't want to be taken places—or used."

"Do you think she's like that?"

"Maybe I haven't got her figured out as well as your husband has."

SHE suddenly looked straight at him, frowning as if that remark hit her. "Jeremy just thinks she's a lot of fun. He's awfully generous about people. And he's really known her for a long time. He knew her out in Chicago."

"She told me that," said Ingram. "She knew his family. Brenda gets about. I don't think anyone has to worry about her. If she wants a thing, she'll go after it."

"Maybe she'll want you one of these days. What then?"

"She won't."

"Ward, the trouble with you is that you're really cold-blooded."

"Is that it?"

"Oh"—she sighed—"I can't seem to be tactful even with you."

"And you're not married to me."

She seemed aware that the conversation was beginning to hurt. She put the glass down and shook her head as the waiter came over.

"No—that's all I want, thank you. I must go back and see what's happening at home. This has been great fun. I feel all warm and expansive. Thanks for the kidnaping."

Ingram said, buttoning up his raincoat and reaching for a lion's share of her bundles, "You'll let me take you home, won't you?"

She hesitated just a second and then spoke with extra quickness, as if it had needed no thought. "I'd really rather take a bus, Ward."

"Just as you say."

On the way to the corner, she turned her face toward him. She was nearly as tall as Ingram. The cross street was dark now, and the light that came from a display window here and there glistened curiously on her lips and eyes, as if it, too, sought the features that the man beside her could not forget.

"Don't go away without getting in touch with me. I'd like to say goodby," she said.

"You said goodby to me—some time ago."

"I didn't want it to be that way. But I suppose you are the one who has to decide whether you can be our friend or not, Jeremy's and mine."

"I don't believe that would work out to anyone's taste. I don't want in the least to be a godfather, or to be asked to Sunday dinner."

"Don't make fun of me."

"I'm not. If there's any fun being made, it's of me."

There was a little knot of people waiting for the bus at the corner. Kay took her packages and then didn't have a hand free to offer him. She felt his hand press her arm a little more tightly than was necessary. And, trying to keep her balance as the top-heavy bus started to swerve down the street, she felt as she had when she came out of the store, that she hadn't done as well as she might have done with opportunity. There were so many things she might have said to Ward.

If Jerry hadn't come along, she might have married Ward Ingram. She remembered how frank Mrs. Totten had been about that.

She had told Kay once, "I wish that Ward Ingram had fixed his desires on my Betsy, but he seems to be concentrating on you. He's a very smart young man, and the smarter because he knows that falling in love will be a whole lot better for him and his career in the end than marrying a little money."

Suppose I had married him, thought Kay. But now that marriage was part of her life, and not guesswork, she couldn't imagine it. She tried to make Ward Ingram's possible wife be herself, just for contrast. It didn't work. She didn't want to see the idea through, even in her imagination. It was more fun to hurry toward the apartment that now was home, thinking of the things she would do first, and second, and of the fact that this night, like the others, was their own. This would be another night when she or Jeremy would say, "I've never been so happy," and it would be true for both of them.

Jeremy came home earlier than had seemed possible. Kay was on the last lap of mopping up the linoleum in the kitchenette when he came in and found her doing it.

"Hello," he said. "What's the idea of doing that at this time of night?"

"The cleaning woman didn't show up." She leaned on the mop handle, took his kiss and said, "How did it go?"

"What?" he asked, and so she guessed that he didn't want to talk about it. She finished the floor with a quick rub.

"Want some help?"

"No, thanks."

"Why do women like to do that sort of thing?" he inquired.

"Do they? What women?"

"I guess all women are naturally domestic."

"Guess again, sailor," said Kay.

"You are. You get a kick out of fussing around this place."

"Of course, I do. But I happen to have another job, too, you may remember. This homestead isn't my only preoccupation."

"Don't worry, it's going to be, one of these days. As a matter of fact, you could quit that job right now. I wish you would."

"You know that would be crazy."

"No, I don't think so."

HE WENT restlessly into the living room and Kay put away the mop, washed her hands and followed.

"Was it a tough assignment tonight?" she asked.

The question rubbed him the wrong way.

"No, it wasn't tough," he said. "It was all right."

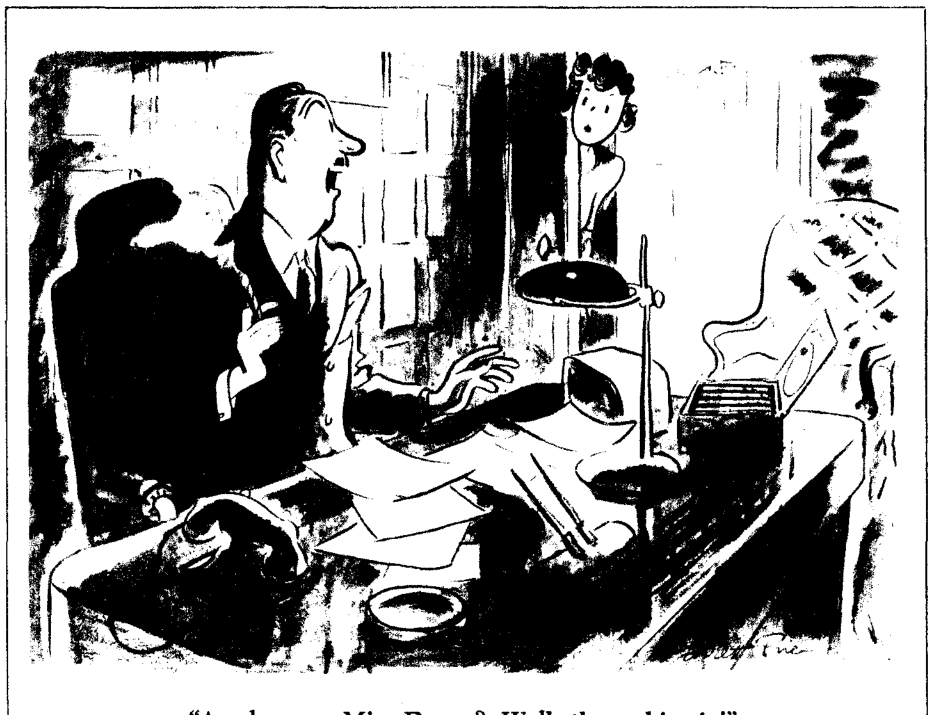
"You don't look as if you enjoyed it." I should drop the subject, she thought, as she spoke. But it was too late.

"It doesn't matter whether I enjoy it or not. I didn't sign up with the Navy for fun. If this is what they want me to do, all right, I'll do it. It's a naval post, and I've been assigned to it. Nobody is asking me whether I am getting any fun out of it. That's not the point. I'm not in this war for a good time."

"Darling, you've made one speech tonight. Is this the same one or another?"

"I wasn't making a speech," he said. "I was trying to make you understand how I feel about what I'm doing."

Kay guessed instinctively that there had been events or words connected with this evening's program which had hurt or affronted him. She was right about that. Jeremy was familiar with the pattern of these public events now. Once in a while he even found them a little stirring. But not tonight. The chairman had not only been pompous but dogmatic. Every introduction had been an obvious attempt for him to air his vanity, to release a personal opinion. He had lorded it over



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And You Yearn To Bill and Coo
Get Hep, Sargie! Ask Your Dentist
What a Guy Like You Should Do!
FROM CO. F
I'LL SHOW THOSE GUYS WHO'S HEP— AND WHY! I'LL TEAR THE EARS OFF 'EM!
SUIT YOURSELF, SARGE! BUT IS THAT GONNA GET ROSIE BACK FOR YOU? NOW IF YOU DID LIKE THAT VALENTINE SAYS...
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DID YOU SAY YOU AND ROSIE ARE GONNA GET HITCHED, SARGE?
YOU HEARD ME! AN' SEEIN' AS COMPANY F FIXED IT FOR ME— EVERY ONE OF YOU GUYS IS GONNA HAFTA STAND UP FOR US!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

the local people on the platform, and they had taken it submissively, which annoyed Jeremy.

He hadn't liked anything about the fellow who was running this show, but the thing that really got under Jerry's skin was that the chairman also thought he knew how to run the war.

"We must be prepared for sacrifice," he had shouted at the audience. "We must expect what is sure to come—terrible casualties!"

His face had become beet-red with oratory and the effect of hot coffee and sugar. He looked fat and sounded noisy to Jeremy.

"But our boys can take it," the chairman had roared. "They stand out there on the battle lines and say boldly, 'Bring on the enemy! We'll show them what American boys are made of!' "

IT WAS so unreal, so unlike the facts. Jeremy, sitting there, handsome, erect, felt like a sample of all that falseness. He kept thinking of how different the reality was from all this chest-pounding—of a fellow called Sniffy who used to say, in a sort of whine, "I never asked for this, did I?" until it got to be kind of a theme song with him. Sniffy had guts, too.

Jeremy thought of the man who killed a Jap one day and couldn't get over it because the way the Jap folded up reminded him of a doll he used to have when he was a kid. He thought of the way the flesh used to quiver or jerk in some faces, and the dirty phrases which gave them a kind of grim comfort. Those ideas kept coming into his head all the time the chairman was making a big fellow of himself.

Jeremy hated being introduced as a hero. He didn't listen if he could help it but just waited for the singsong of his name at the end of the ballyhoo. Once in a while he heard the recitation of the places where he had been, and it didn't seem to be true; at least, not in the way the audiences took it. You saw just a little corner of trouble when you were in a naval campaign like that. You had nothing to do with the outcome. These people knew more about the over-all battle than he had at the time. He didn't have much to tell them, and he was perfectly frank about it.

The worst of it was that they liked that about him and played it up as modesty. If he told the truth—that there wasn't much to his experiences—they didn't believe him. Of course, the other fellows on the platform—the ones he had to take around with him for exhibits—did have more to say.

One of them, a jg, who used to be a good man, was beginning to like these public appearances altogether too well. Jerry could see a change in him, but it wasn't the kind of thing that was tangible enough to put into a report. He had tried to kid the fellow about it tonight, saying, "You're beginning to take this racket seriously."

"It is serious," said the jg. "I want to put this thing over and make these people realize what's going on."

But you couldn't make them realize it. First of all, before you could realize anything about war, you had to be on a schedule arranged for life and death. Then you had to be scared, whether you showed it or not. Nobody was scared in a hall or theater, with a big chicken dinner inside them. The people on the platform were here because it was a way of getting their names in the paper and because they'd be asked to rise and take a bow, or could speak before the mike, or because someone, who was their boss, had ordered them to come.

Jerry would pan the people before him mentally, and then start making excuses for them. They were shelling out their money, anyhow. There were plenty of decent people in this crowd, and a good many of them had relatives who were on the spot somewhere. That was why they came to meetings, to see and hear bits of news.

But that didn't help Jerry much. It was all right to say, if they had to, that wars were won on the home front. But it wasn't true, Jerry would think fiercely, under that steady heroic look he couldn't help wearing. Wars were fought by armies and ships, by skippers taking ships where they had to, by keeping the seas clean of submarines and mines, by a lot of seasick boys, standing their watches even if they had to do it lying down.

There weren't enough of them, or the thing would be over. And yet they kept an able-bodied fellow like himself going around like a damn' ladies' lecturer when anybody on crutches could have done the same thing. He knew what the excuse was. He had been told when he talked to Captain Herbert Lepp.

"The public needs to see some of our men. Not just commissioned officers like yourself. We're going to show them sailors who have been in the places they've read about, let these boys say it in their own way. But they're still in the Navy. They've got to remember that they're under discipline. That's where you come in. Wherever you go, see that the men under you represent the Navy, and remember that you're serving the Navy. Make them feel that."

Jeremy had said, "Yes, sir."

"It will be good experience for you. You'll meet the public in a way you couldn't do otherwise."

"Yes, sir," he said, but he thought bitterly, I didn't go into the Navy to meet the public.

"You're married, Lieutenant Wing, aren't you?" asked Captain Lepp.

"Yes, sir."

"Is your wife living in this district?"

"Yes, sir. Right in New York."

"I guess I did know that. Well, you're one fellow who's getting a break in this war."

Of course he was. Jeremy knew that. Not to have to leave Kay, to realize that at the end of the day, or at the end of every few days anyhow, he would be back with her, was more than a break. But sometimes he couldn't help wondering if Kay wasn't a little ashamed of him.

KAY could drive such notions out of his mind but she couldn't keep them out. Tonight when he had introduced the two sailors with him, briefly, formally, almost bitterly, the applause for himself had been terrific, and he had been ashamed because it seemed to him they were clapping for an actor.

Someone had come up afterward and asked him if he knew John Daggett. Of course he knew "Dagg." If what this woman, who claimed to be his aunt, said was true, Daggett had his own ship now. That was what burned him up tonight. Buckner and Daggett had graduated with Jeremy on the Prairie State. Now Buckner was dead, and Daggett had a ship, while Jeremy was just a monkey on a stick. Kay didn't know what he had heard tonight, and Jeremy had no intention of telling her about Daggett or about being a sorehead.

She did not know, either, how it had made him feel when he came in and found her mopping up the kitchen floor and looking tired and untidy. That was one more thing he laid at his own door. He had married a girl and she had to scrub. She worked in an office all day and then came home and washed the floor at ten o'clock at night. What did she do it for? She didn't have to work like that. Other girls lived on their husbands' pay. Maybe not in an apartment that was as expensive as this and maybe they didn't save any money, but they got by.

He didn't want Kay to live in any cheap

dump. She deserved the best. Looking at Kay with the mop in her hand, Jeremy had felt guilty. He had thought of his mother. She certainly had never done any scrubbing. She'd never done any housework except to oversee parties, at least while he was growing up. Even after the crash, his mother still had the big house and a servant or two around.

How was he going to take care of Kay when he got out of the Navy? He hadn't been earning any more money in civilian life than he was getting now. He was shutting these worries and cynicisms close into himself. That was why she felt the shell harden and realized that he didn't want her to try to laugh him out of his mood tonight.

"THAT'S the way to look at it," she agreed, picking up his remark about his duty. "It's an assignment, and you just have to go ahead with it."

"Of course, I have applied for a change of duty."

"I know. You told me."

"But there's no telling when I'll get it."

"There's such a terrible lot of red tape," Kay said. "That's what Ward Ingram is up against, too. I ran into him tonight and he still hasn't been sent across."

"How does he take that?"

"He's pretty confident. He never makes much of a fuss about things."

"Where did you see him?"

"I was staggering down the street with the groceries, and he helped me carry them. We went into the French Bar for a drink and talked things over for a little while. We ought to go there sometimes, Jerry. It's nice and bright and civilized."

"You might not have such a good time with me."

"Oh, Jerry—are you jealous?"

"Of course, I'm jealous. I married you to keep you to myself, and already you go off drinking with other men."

"Let's have a scene," she said with anticipation, "a good violent scene. We've been married long enough now."

He pulled her down beside him on the yellow sofa, but he was not violent. At the first touch of her, he was tender and grateful. This was no boredom or waste of a man's time. This was his right, to be with his love and his wife.

"You're very protective," she sighed.

"You need protection."

"I need a new cleaning woman even more and I think the breed is extinct."

"Well, you can't be allowed to scrub floors at night."

"I'll have to if I can't get anybody. I'll just have to organize it. Plenty of women are juggling families and jobs today and making a success of it."

"Why don't you give up that job?"

She said lazily, "No, I like it. And the money's useful."

"If I had a lot of money, you'd give it up."

"I wonder if I would—if I'm just a mercenary."

"All girls are."

"What did you say?" she asked, pulling herself up straight.

"I mean it. That's why girls work, and it's fair enough. They work until some man comes along to take care of them. Then he's the mercenary."

"They work because they like to be independent, too—for another reason."

"Do you want to be independent?"

"I would if I weren't so much in love."

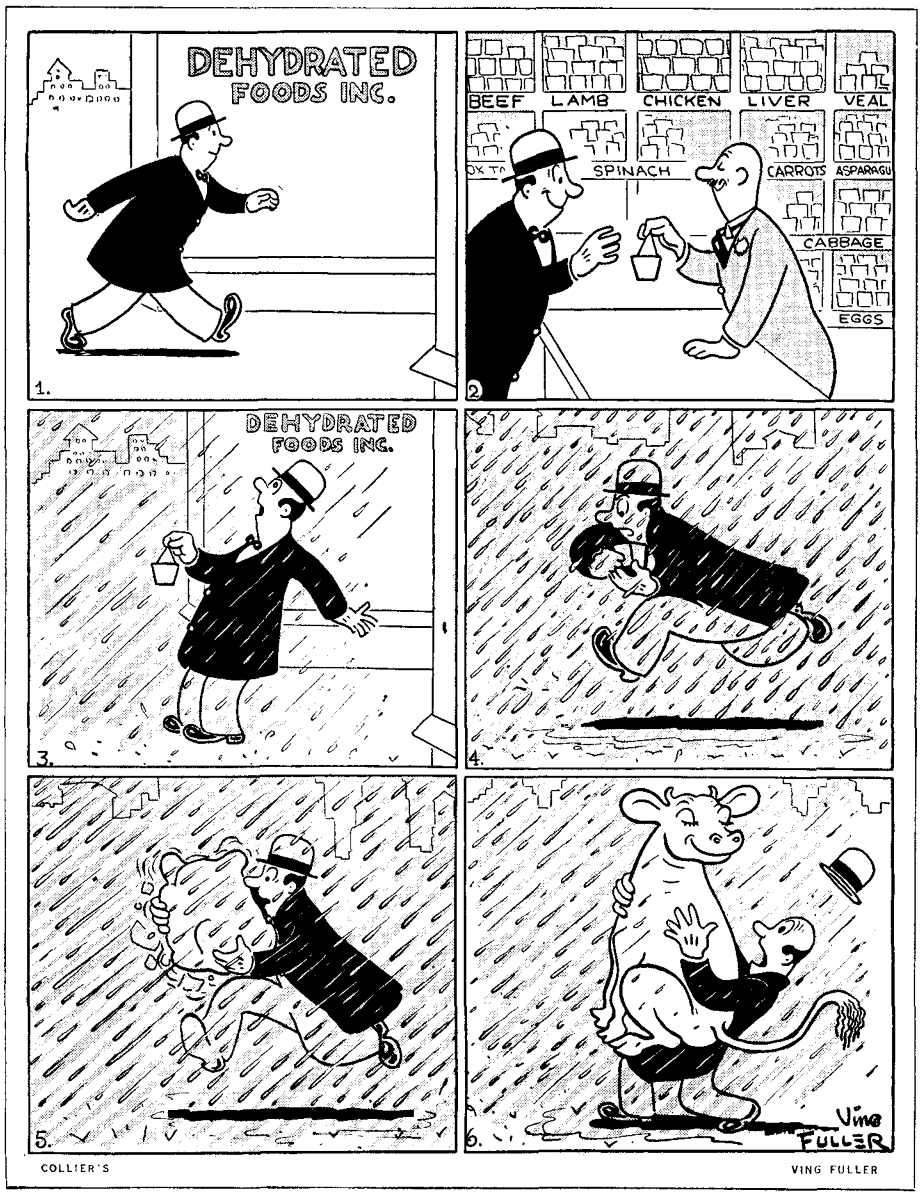
"Well, there you are."

"No. I'm not there. That isn't all there is to it. What you don't realize is that I like my job."

"What's there to like about it? Rummaging out a lot of gossip and stuff that's old almost before it's printed."

"It isn't all that! Why, if I'd done that one article they asked me to do—"

"Let's not go over that again," said



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Jerry. "I know. You gave up the opportunity of a lifetime when you married me."

"I've never said any such nonsense."

"Maybe you haven't said it, but how you've managed to rub it in! You certainly keep me in the doghouse."

This time Kay didn't suggest gaily that they have a scene. They were too close to trouble for her to make jokes about it. She got up, trying to do it in an even-tempered way, pretending to serenity. Jeremy made no attempt to stop her. Kay turned on the radio, hoping to bring company into the room, some third person who would ease the strain or news of some event that would change the subject. But dance music was coming from all directions. It didn't seem suitable, and she snapped off the current.

"I think maybe I'll go to bed," she said, "unless you'd like something to eat. There are a couple of lamb chops."

"I don't want anything. I had a big dinner. And it was very good, as a matter of fact."

That last statement seemed to prove that he had no quarrel with anything. Kay shut the bedroom door, but that was no barrier to him or to herself. They were only more conscious of each other, ridden by blame of themselves and self-justification. It couldn't last, of course.

Jeremy came in after a little while and sat on the edge of her bed, pushing her hair back behind her ears.

"What did you think you ever saw in me?" he asked, in a kind of oblique apology.

"A nice fellow to live with. But I haven't quite got the knack of it yet."

"You look like a little girl tonight. Did you have any dinner yourself?"

She shook her head.

"No wonder you're all upset."

"I'm not upset."

"I'm going to get you something to eat."

"I'll come and help."

"Stay where you are. Do what you're told and try to be a lady."

She heard him whistle and cheerfully curse as he prepared the tray for her. It was fun. It was something to remember, eating that night meal, being hungry, watching Jerry smoke, taking part of his highball. The sense of quarrel vanished.

IT WAS later, when the night was deep and silent, that Jeremy began thinking about Daggett again. Kay lay quiet in her bed, as if asleep, but she was realizing that they hadn't settled anything.

Jeremy didn't have any respect for her job. That began to hurt again. He said she only worked for money, and that wasn't fair. She did want the money and they would need what they were saving if the war ended suddenly. Jeremy didn't want to go back into the office at Simmons Brothers and he would need a little time to look around.

But even if we didn't need the money, I'd like what I am doing, Kay argued with herself. I always want to do something to take care of myself. She tried to figure out why independence was so necessary, but weariness blurred her reasoning. It was partly because she loved Jeremy so much. It made loving him more of a gift, not a sale. It was partly because if you could do a thing, you were cheating if you didn't do it. And Flannery knows I'm good at my job, she thought. Ward thinks so, too. He believes I ought to do something, money or not. . . .

Ingram had proved that in discussion during the last few hours. His unexpected encounter with Kay had left him disturbed emotionally but it had not depressed him. As their talk had repeated itself in his mind, he had found, in what she said, a lack of certainty that seemed to indicate that she was not completely happy. Perhaps she was beginning to feel, in spite of her infatuation for Jeremy Wing, that she had been in too much of a hurry. At least, she had not forgotten what Ward had told her on the day of the wedding, and he believed she would think of it more often as time went on.

He was dining at his club and thinking of the situation from every angle when Ray Frazer joined him.

"Want company?" asked Frazer.

Ward was always glad to have Frazer's company. Most people were greatly flattered by it. He was one of the most imaginative magazine editors in New York and, under his relaxed manner, plans were always stirring. Frazer never looked or talked like a gossip, but he was apt to know what was going on in his own world and the many others that it touched. Tonight he talked of what Ingram's opportunities would be when he got abroad.

"I'm going to ask one of our men over there to get in touch with you. Perhaps you can do us an article now and then."

"I'm not much of a writer."

"No, but you'd have the facts. We can always rewrite if you like or would let us. You aren't tied up with any other magazine, are you? Comment wouldn't give you much scope probably, now that Flannery's leaving."

"I didn't know that. He is?"

"Yes, he's going to get out of the magazine business. He's had an offer he can't refuse."

"What will happen to Comment?"

"Hard to say. It will change its tempo pretty completely, that's certain."

Ingram said thoughtfully, "There's a girl on that staff who's good. She writes well, has a sense of what's important. I know Flannery thinks very highly of her."

Frazer hitched up his chair. It was his only sign of greater interest. He drawled, "What's her name? I'm looking for a good woman editor. And I mean looking. Do you know her personally?"

Yes, said Ward, he knew her personally. He described Kay.

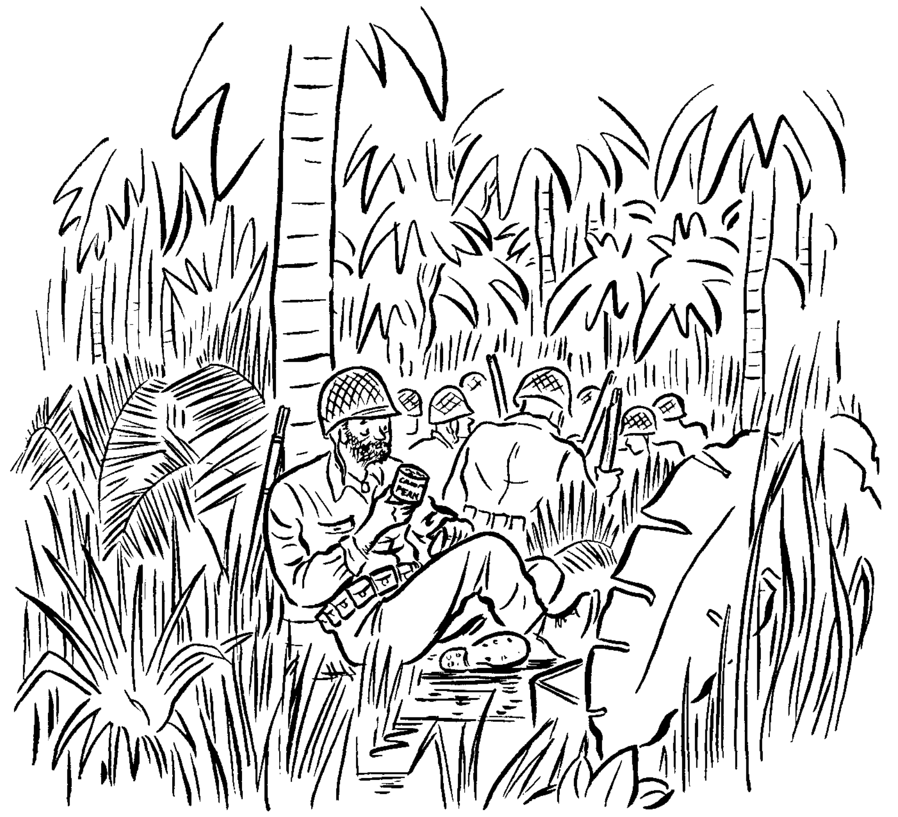
IN THE morning Kay and Jeremy were very careful with each other.

"Don't bother about those collars for me, Kay."

"I'm terribly sorry. It wasn't that I forgot, but it was so late and so rainy. Haven't you any clean ones at all?"

"It's all right. I'll change in the shop when I buy some."

"I hate to have you do that."



"... peanuts of distinction—for dinners, buffet luncheons, card parties, picnics, children's parties, etc."

COLLIER'S DAVE HUFFINE

"I've done it before. I had better push off if I'm going to get that train to Philadelphia. I'll write up my report and see if I can get a line on anything. I'll be back by six o'clock tonight."

"Don't forget we're going to Brenda's for dinner."

"That's tonight, is it?" He sounded pleased. "She's a great girl, that Brenda. When she isn't running marriages for people, she's giving parties."

"She dovetails them. She knows where to get food—and help, too."

"THAT girl is going places," remarked Jeremy. "She knows what she's after and apparently she gets it."

"Ward thinks she's too ambitious. I told him yesterday that he ought to marry Brenda."

"I'll bet she'd have something to say about that. What would she marry him for?"

"For a husband."

"She ought to be able to get pretty nearly anyone she wants," Jeremy said. "Not Ward."

"You like to keep him hanging, don't you? Maybe she's turned him down."

"You certainly are all out for Brenda."

"Well, I like the way she paddles her own canoe."

"I didn't think you thought so much of independence in women."

He grinned at her. "You can't fight with me. I've got to go or miss that train. Here I am, back again. Kay, do you know that you're the most popular girl in the world with one sailor?"

That thought stayed with her. It was the backdrop for everything, even for the news that pervaded the Comment office. This was a day full of events and excitement.

There were victories on every front, and their wings cast black shadows of death and destruction, and built up new names to advertise and honor. Measured up against all that was going on, in public and private violence, the adjustment of a girl and a man who were greatly in love and temporarily out of danger did not seem of much importance. Kay told herself that. Yet all day her thoughts struggled out of control, wondering what Jeremy was doing, how he felt today and what he was thinking about herself.

It was a short working day. This afternoon, when she had less need for them, she had several hours that were free. She went to the hairdresser first, contemplating the idea of having her hair done quite differently, so as to give Jeremy a surprise. But, in the end, she had it put back into the sweeping upward curves she was sure he admired.

There was another thing she had been putting off for days and now she had time for it. She wanted to see her stepsister, Roxane Dixon. Roxane's husband had gone back to active sea duty weeks ago, but Roxane had been held in New York because of the illness of one of the children. She had stayed on at the Prescott Hotel, and Kay went there now.

There had been times in the past years when Roxane, as a naval officer's wife, living first in China and then in Honolulu, had several servants to take care of her children and to run her errands and to cook for her. Occasionally, she had lived rather grandly for short stretches of time, as photographs and casual remarks proved. But neither luxury nor discomfort seemed to make any special impression on Roxane.

The Prescott Hotel was commonplace and cheap, and Roxane had two small rooms which were, as usual, in a kind of competent muddle of family living. Clothes had been washed and were drying on the radiators. The two little girls, Celia and Sally, were working on a big picture puzzle that was slowly becoming a map.

SALLY was still pale. It had been her operation for appendicitis that kept them in New York. A couple of suitcases and a trunk had not been completely unpacked and stood open. Roxane was doing some sewing for the Red Cross, for she always did that wherever she was, but as Kay knocked and came in without waiting for permission, she dropped her work in excitement.

"I was just thinking about you, Kay. I've been trying to reach you but you weren't home. I've got some wonderful news!"

"We're going away," said Celia, so as to be the first to tell.

"The doctor says I'm well," said Sally proudly.

"You've heard from Chip, then?"

"He's in Norfolk and he thinks he may be there for quite a while. Weeks and maybe months. They want him to take charge of fitting out some ships, I think. So we're going right down there tomorrow to be with him."

"Can you find a place to stay? It's terribly crowded, Betsy says."

"Chip says he's sure he can find something. People are moving out all the time, as well as coming in. There's always a place."

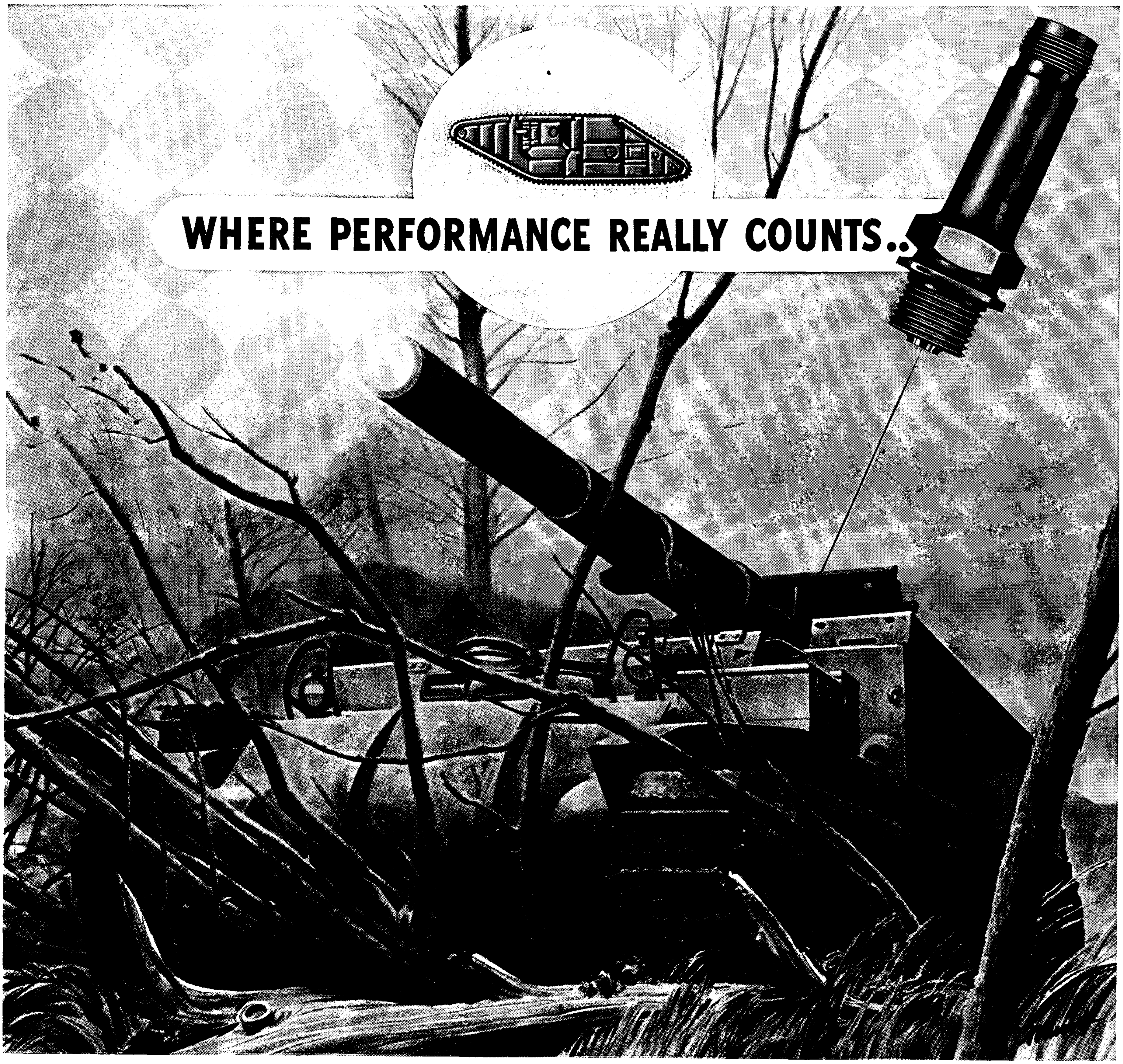
Kay could see that Roxane wasn't worrying about the kind of place in which she might live. Her mind was on getting her family together again, and quite evidently she felt adequate to take care of any other emergencies or discomforts.

Today she wore a blouse of thin red silk. Somewhere on her travels she had bought it or been given it, and though it was faded from many washings, she would wear it until the fabric gave way. Her light hair, which Kay remembered as shining in a long bob that the boys admired, was without glow now, and she had several wrinkles sketched on her forehead and ready to be deepened, though she was not quite thirty. But there was an almost merry look of anticipation and happiness about her face tonight, as if luck was running her way.

"You're a picture of a happy woman," said Kay.

"Do you wonder? Everything has worked out so well."

"Is Sally really fit to travel? Because I could take her home with me. We haven't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The Week's Work

INTERNATIONAL

Dorothy Kilgallen

LET'S hope that those soldiers for whom Pvt. Charles D. Ritchie cooks like Chinese food. They'll get it (superiors permitting) and, in a way, we of Collier's feel responsible. It started at the Stage Door Canteen in New York where photographer Marian Stephenson took the fashion photograph on p. 17. Ritchie was there, dancing, and he, along with some 30 or 40 other servicemen, volunteered to help. We used only one Canteen photograph (Ritchie's in it, kneeling at the left), but Miss Stephenson snapped dozens.

As a thank-you, Miss Stephenson invited Ritchie to dinner, heading for a Chinatown restaurant because he had never tasted Chinese food. Ritchie, it developed, is nineteen, a "Purple Heart" soldier from the Pacific, now under observation at Halloran Hospital, following a leg wound, and he brings enthusiasm to his job as Army cook. He returned from Chinatown with recipes for such delicacies as Won Ton soup, sweet-and-sour spareribs, and Moo Goo Gai Pan.

CARTOONS look so carefree, so dashed off in a moment of whimsy, it's hard to believe that their creators are working people like the rest of us. That's how it is, though, in the experience of Garrett Price, whose latest you see on p. 30. If you watch his work, you'll notice he frequently changes his technique, switching from pen and ink to wash to crayon, changing his style in the process—to keep from going stale, he says. He sketches constantly, especially on trips to New York, so that in his files he'll always find the answers to such questions as: How does a skylight taxi look? On what date do sailors change from dark hats to white ones? What do cops wear in the rain? For relaxation, he paints serious subjects in water color.

DOROTHY KILGALLEN, the attractive author of Here Comes Mr. Dooley (p. 68), is a Broadway columnist of some note and an ex-reporter who won her first fame by circling the globe by air in less than 25 days. She is also a writer of magazine fiction and articles, and the mother of a boy and a girl, Dickie, two, and Jill, six months. On top of all this, she's a member of all the unions there are, or she thinks she must be, since she joined the Dramatists' Guild, adding its card to the two others in her purse—Newspaper Guild and Teamsters' Union, thus covering both C. I. O. and A. F. of L. She had to become a teamster because she rides around with Father Duffy's Canteen one night a week, distributing food and drink to lonely guards at antiaircraft stations. . . . A. P.

Garrett Price

Marian Stephenson

much room, but I could manage," said Kay.

"No, I think it's better for us to stay together. How's Jeremy?"

"He's all right. In Philadelphia today."

"I'm sure he's doing a lot of good," said Roxane.

"Maybe. But it isn't doing him or me any good."

"Do you mind this assignment of his? It gives you a chance to be together."

"Of course, that part of it is wonderful. But I wish I'd known how things were going to be. Then I wouldn't have gummed up my own job."

Roxane said, "Jeremy's your job from now on."

Kay laughed. She winked at Sally and said, "Do you know that your mother is an incurable romantic?"

THE little girls giggled because the words sounded like a joke. But Roxane didn't. She went on, as if the matter were on her conscience. "You couldn't have left Jerry, Kay, and you know it. Not when he'd just come back. No man would put up with that."

Kay sat down and began to help the children with the puzzle.

"If I had gone, Jerry might have more respect for my work."

"I'm sure he's awfully proud of you."

"Well, I'm not so sure," said Kay; "but he still seems to like me. Don't worry about that."

"I'm not worrying in the least," said Roxane. "I never saw two people who were more in love."

Kay did not answer that. She worked at the game as if it were all-important. Then suddenly Sally put in the last piece and it was finished.

"Now go and wash for supper, both of you," Roxane directed them. "Kay will be here when you come back."

Kay watched them go. "I hate to have you leave town," she said; "you and the kids. Of course, I'm glad you and Chip are getting the break. But it's been something to have you close by, even if I didn't see you often, honestly."

"I know, but you have so many friends."

"Not so many. I know a lot of people. I've never had any really intimate friends here, except Betsy Totten, and she's in Norfolk, too. She's Betsy McClure now—I always forget that—and a swell person. Maybe you'll meet her there. You'd like her."

"I hope your Jeremy gets sent in that direction. Then you'd come along, too."

"And what would I do about my job?"

"You don't really need that job now that you're married."

"It's funny," said Kay, "how different we are. It doesn't make sense. You date back to the days when Mother was earning her living and you don't believe in being independent. And I came along later, after Mother had married a man who was taking care of her so that she didn't have to work, and I can't seem to settle down to the same process. The wires must have got crossed."

"I can remember things you can't," Roxane remarked soberly.

"What things?"

"Dreary ones. Mother crying when she came back to wherever we were at night—sort of half talking to me about how hard it was, and how mean people could be. She had an agency for silk underwear before she started to sell insurance. She used to leave me with strangers quite a lot. That's why I couldn't ever leave my children. I remember too much."

"You never told me about that."

"I hardly ever think of it. Not unless something brings it back. Everything was grand for me after Mother married again and we had a house and she never went out to work any more."

"And you had a dozen boys hanging around."

Roxane laughed delightedly. "Did I?"

"I always felt like the ugly duckling," said Kay, "and defiant. I was determined to be a brilliant success in life just to show you."

"Well, you are. Career, husband and everything."

"The career doesn't amount to anything. Not yet. The husband's an achievement. I just wish I could feel—"

"Feel what?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. As if everything weren't dependent on the duration. But I suppose a war marriage makes anybody feel that way."

"You mean that you can't make plans?"

"You can make plenty of plans, but you don't know what's going to happen to them, or to a man when he gets out of uniform."

"But you do know Jeremy."

"Better than anyone else does," said Kay, and she sounded happy; "better than anyone ever has, I think."

The little girls had come hurrying back, very clean and eager for their supper.

"Stay and eat with us," begged Roxane.

"I couldn't. We're going to Brenda Brown's tonight. She's having dinner in her apartment, and then we'll go on somewhere else, I suppose. Make a few rounds. Brenda counts on that when she gives a party."

"I remember her. She's the beautiful one who looks as if she were made of plastics. Do you like her?"

"She's fun," said Kay, "and Jerry likes her a lot."

"Why does he? She doesn't seem his type."

"He says it's because she paddles her own canoe. So you see your brother-in-law does like his women independent."

"Does she really take care of herself?" asked Roxane.

"So far and up to a point," Kay said. "Goodby. I shall be around tomorrow with two boxes of chocolates for travelers—and I said two."

KAY had described Brenda Brown's independence carelessly but with tolerant accuracy. Brenda had always regarded earning her own living as a temporary measure. Her own originality, and her success in making a special place for herself, had never intoxicated her so much that she wanted to go on indefinitely planning weddings and entertainments for other people, no matter how well she was paid or how the business might expand.

When she started out to get a job, she had been determined not to be lost behind the counter in some shop. Other girls she knew who were up against it for money had done that, working usually with contempt in their hearts for their jobs and their patrons, and counting on their dates and occasional evenings at the Stork Club to make up to them for the drabness of their days.

Brenda didn't waste time that way. At first, she had sold clothes at Frick's and gradually she began to give advice both to girls and their mothers about trousseaux. From trousseaux to suggestions as to wedding arrangements was only a step. From being "that girl at Frick's you ought to talk to, who has a lot of good ideas," she became Brenda Brown, Wedding Consultant, within twelve months, and the management partitioned off a space on the fourth floor and put her name in gold letters on the door. That was just before the war.

Many large and small triumphs had fanned out after her first year of building up patronage. She had written a couple of gay articles for fashion magazines. She had been photographed to illustrate stories of unusual women's jobs. There was even a small book to her credit, and, though it was not an important book, several thousand people had laughed over its smart comments and exaggerated draw-

SCORES UPON SCORES OF SINKINGS—DEFEAT IN THE ATLANTIC THREATENED . . .

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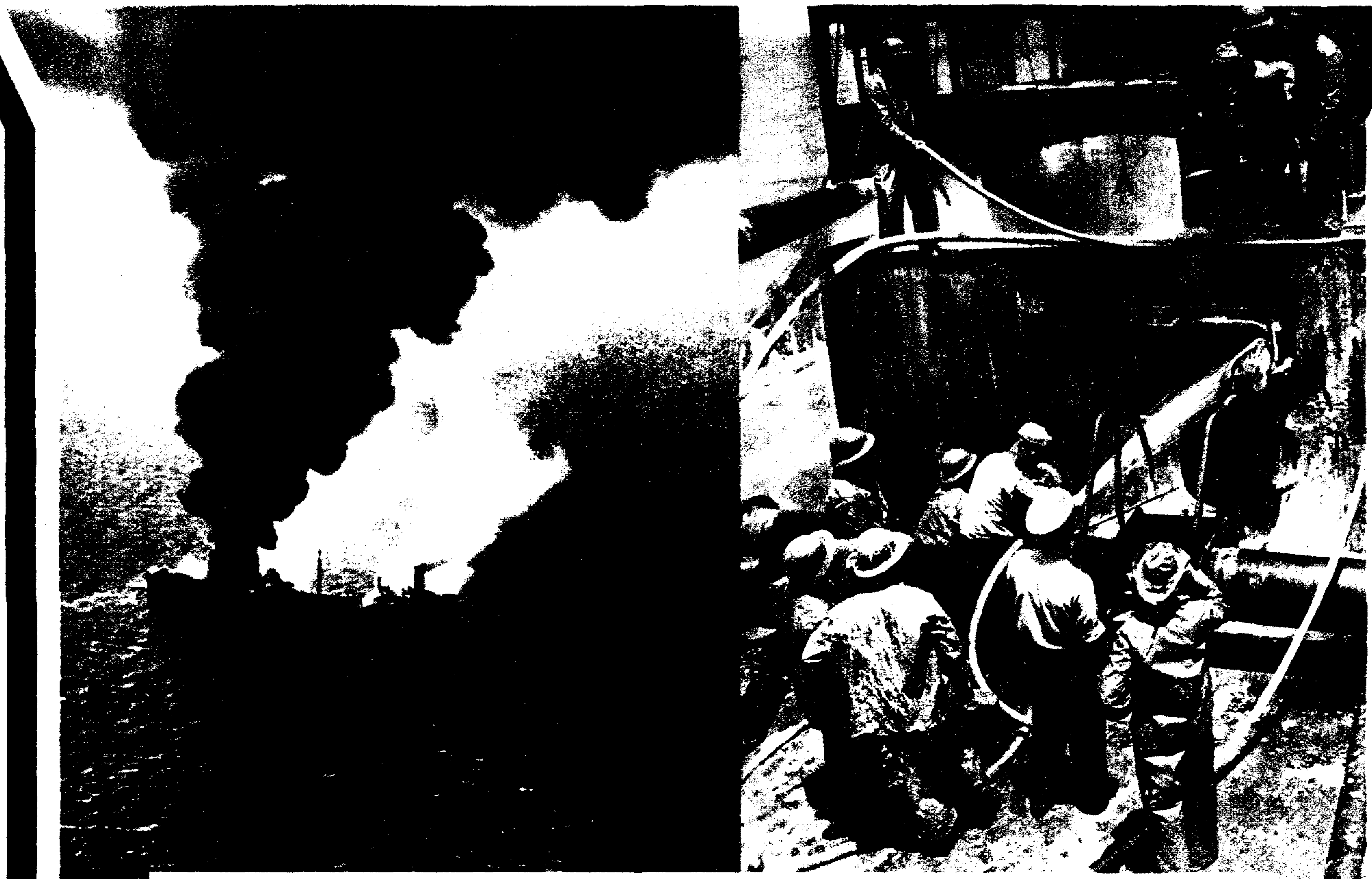

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ings for three months after its publication, and it still had a small sale as a gift for brides.

She had given talks to snobbishly selected audiences now and then, but she shied off from most invitations to speak, for she felt it might lead to caricature and might make her appear too old. She knew that some of her success came from being young and chic herself and looking the part of a beautiful prospective bride.

Once she had talked to the board of directors at Frick's and she knew that it was not only because her department showed a substantial profit that she could ask for more space in the advertising budget after that. She had not presumed in the least on the fact that the chairman of the board had known her father, or on the name of her mother in previous Social Registers. It was easy to see that people remembered those things.

It was a good job and a dramatic one, but she had always regarded it as temporary. She had no intention of becoming a fixture at Frick's. As the succession of weddings passed almost literally through her hands, as she listened to the doubts of brides as well as their ecstasies, and saw bridegrooms occasionally make last-minute attempts at escape, she might have become cynical, except that she knew that men did not like cynicism in women. Every day she saw how it was done, how some mother had managed to endow her daughter with a husband, how a trip, or an occasion, or a propinquity had been used to advantage, but she avoided any chronic skepticism. It would be bad for business but even worse for herself and her own future.

The thing that was constantly driven into her consciousness and which she made no attempt to deny was the importance of marriage. Everyone regarded it as important—not just the egotistic debutante brides, but all the girls and women who worked in the store, whether they were married, divorced, deserted or single. So did the fathers, figuring on a safe return on the expenditure if the marriages of their daughters were to good bank accounts. Sometimes it seemed to Brenda that the ones who really knew best how much marriage really did matter were the men and women who had been married once, and were taking another bride or husband.

THERE was a case of that this afternoon at Frick's. After Brenda had said definitely that she wouldn't see any more clients, mindful of her own dinner party ahead, she had changed her mind and made an exception. For the girl who was Brenda's secretary had come in to say apologetically, "I don't know if you'll want to do anything about it, Miss Brown. But, believe it or not, Carver Raymond is with that woman who wants to see you. I know it's him."

"Oh," said Brenda, "you're really sure?"

"Positive."

"Well, then, all right. But you break this up in ten minutes. I've got to get away from here."

She knew Carver Raymond. Not very well, but he had been a passenger on an ocean trip she had taken a few years ago—a cruise to Havana and back. He had been very unsociable on that trip and not often sober. But the passengers made allowances for him, because he was one of the richest self-made financiers in the country, and because his wife was said to be in a sanitarium.

It was Raymond, himself, here today, looking very fit and well, with a youngish, not very pretty woman who seemed to have his complete devotion. Her name was Miss Crandall. She had the air of a competent businesswoman. Probably she had been his secretary and now she evidently was going to marry him. Brenda didn't believe that Miss Crandall had dragged her fiancé here to show him off. She had the impression that Carver Raymond didn't want to let this woman out of his sight.

Raymond's glance puzzled for an instant over Brenda's identity, but she was pleasantly frank.

"We met on the boat going to Havana, I think, Mr. Raymond."

"Oh, yes, of course." He was a little uncomfortable for the moment, until Brenda showed that she was all business and probably had no memories.

Miss Crandall was shy. "I thought perhaps you could help us. We want a very simple wedding but still—something we can remember."

She flashed a look at Raymond, who nodded.

They talked of the chapel and the time of day for the ceremony, the number of guests, and then Miss Crandall turned to her fiancé.

"Will you go down and see if the car is there, dear? There are just a few things that aren't a man's business."

HE WENT out, absurdly awkward and obviously childishly happy for a man with so much power, and Miss Crandall turned to Brenda, her expression frank and straightforward. That's how she's at her best, thought Brenda. That's how she got him, no doubt.

"I thought perhaps I could explain better if Mr. Raymond isn't here. It's quite as we've told you. We want a very quiet, unpublicized wedding, but it will mean a great deal to us both. I may explain, perhaps, that I have never been married before. Mr. Raymond has."

"Yes, I know," said Brenda.

"What I hope is that this will seem like the first time." She was having a hard time saying what seemed necessary. "I mean that it will be better for him if it is that way, though I can't go into the reasons why. Personally, it doesn't matter so much to me. The ceremony is enough, but, for Mr. Raymond's sake, I want everything to be quite beautiful. You do understand, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," Brenda told her. "I think you're very wise. We can work out something that's entirely individual. It's a beautiful chapel to decorate. Do you know what you want to wear?"

"What do you think I should wear?"

It was strange how clearly Brenda saw the costume she described. She knew just what was right and how it should be. She leaned forward, a little excitement in her smile.

"Nothing gray—nothing drab or subdued," she said, "and not the conventional wedding dress. A soft white wool dress with very brilliant buttons. Let our milliner make you a white fur hat. A bouquet of white orchids—no, I think a prayerbook with that costume, a white one with a silver clasp."

"I'd like the prayerbook better," said Miss Crandall.

There was something about that incident that put Brenda in high spirits as she left the office. To begin with, there was the commission, of course, and she meant to make this wedding, quiet though it might be, an advertisement. All the big boys will be coming in for second weddings, she said to herself with amusement.

This showed, too, what people could do with their lives—how lives could be made over. She recalled Carver Raymond on that Havana cruise. He had been surly, shut into himself, and antagonistic, and this woman, who wasn't even very attractive, had changed him completely. The Havana cruise had always been a bad spot in Brenda's own memory. She had gone with some friends, not for the ride, but because a young man called Donald Drew was in the company and in love with her. She had had every intention of marrying him.

Even now she couldn't put her finger on any real blunder. It was, perhaps, that she had been too confident and had assumed that he couldn't get along without her. He was a weak and impressionable young man but he was rich and he was handsome. He had gone into the Canadian Air Force before his own country went into the war and had come back from his training with a nineteen-year-old Canadian wife. Maybe he was dead now, thought Brenda. There was no grief or worry in the reflection. She had never been in love with him. One of her friends had told her that Donald had guessed that and been scared off.

The worst result was that a number of people knew that it had happened, and she had felt her stock as a marriageable girl depreciate that winter. Since then, there had been other chances. She could marry the assistant vice-president at Frick's now, if she wanted him, but she knew that he would remain assistant vice-president. It would mean living on a permanent eighteen thousand a year, and it was not good enough. She would be tempted to go on working if she married him and she didn't want to delude herself into that.

There was so much admiration every day and so little of it came to anything. To her, the most important thing in the world was her marriage. It was the key to everything. After the episode of Donald Drew, she had been more careful. She took no more friends into her confidence and she had no immediate family to ask her questions. Her father had been a direct victim of the depression and, after nearly ten years of keeping Brenda in the right schools on scholarships and of asking favors, Mrs. Brown had been too worn out to fight a pneumonia germ. Perhaps she had wearily figured that fight also would cost too much money. She died suddenly and there was a brief renascence of favors done for Brenda, including the offer of a job at Frick's.

Until she went out to Chicago to manage the wedding for the Tyson twins she hadn't seen any man she really wanted to marry. It was there, in the midst of all that duplicated finery and extravagance, that Brenda first met Jeremy Wing. She, herself, had been a minor sensation on that trip West.

Frick's was responsible for all the dresses and bouquets of the wedding party and, as a gesture of extra service, had sent Brenda to Chicago to supervise the arrangements. She had gone to a hotel, but as soon as Mrs. Tyson realized who Brenda's mother had been and that they had gone to the same school, she had taken the New York girl home as a guest.

Brenda worked very hard on her job and gathered great praise for her effects, but she went to all the parties, too, and even the older people wanted to know who she was. She had been introduced to Jeremy's mother and father, and they had been vivid to her, because they were his parents. Everything about Jeremy Wing interested Brenda.

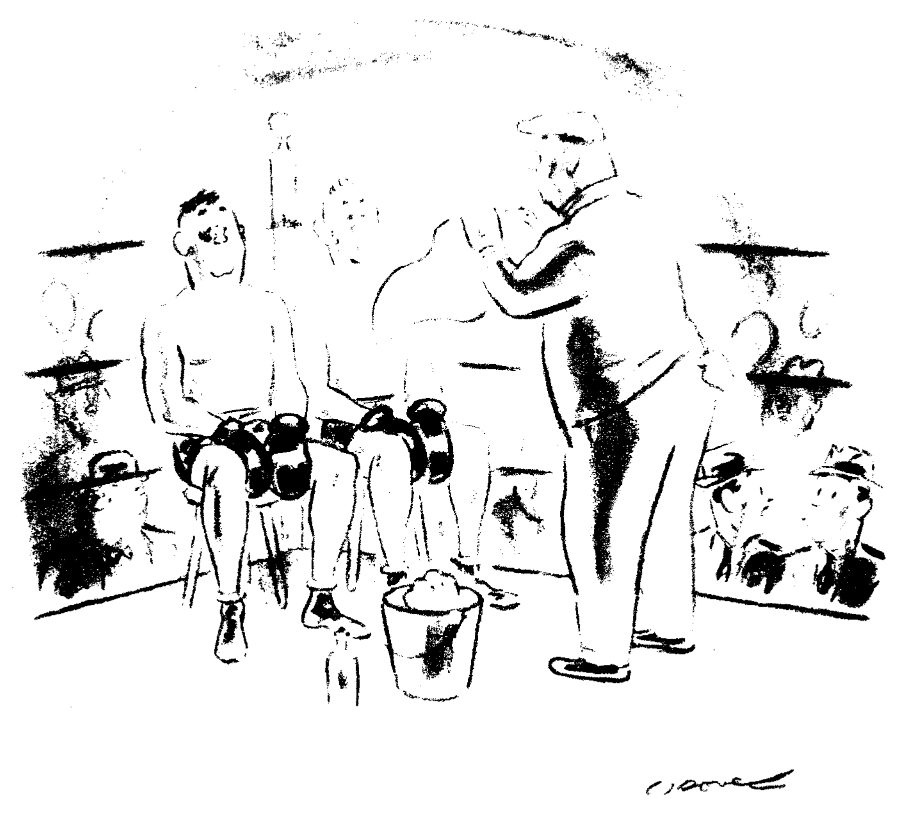
She liked his looks and the natural, easy way he stood out in any company. He was the handsomest usher at the weddings. Already signed up for the Navy, he was waiting to be assigned to the post where he would get his basic training, and he was ready to slough off his peacetime job with no regrets. He was with Simmons Brothers, who made more household machinery than any firm in the world. "One of their slaves," Jeremy described himself. But Brenda gathered that the job had been found or made for him after he left college and that he was being tested for executive ability.

THE fact that the Wing family had lost a great deal of money did not bother Brenda. She had been brought up on the importance of family connections, and if Jeremy did not have money at the moment, the story was that his grandfather had tucked some away.

The established place of the Wings in society had not been tampered with. One branch had a show place in Palm Beach, and Jeremy's aunt had married into the British aristocracy and was housing seventy blitzed-out people on her country estate. It was the kind of family that Brenda admired, for which society columns were made. Jeremy could make money. All he needed was the right girl to push him along. Everyone said that he had brains.

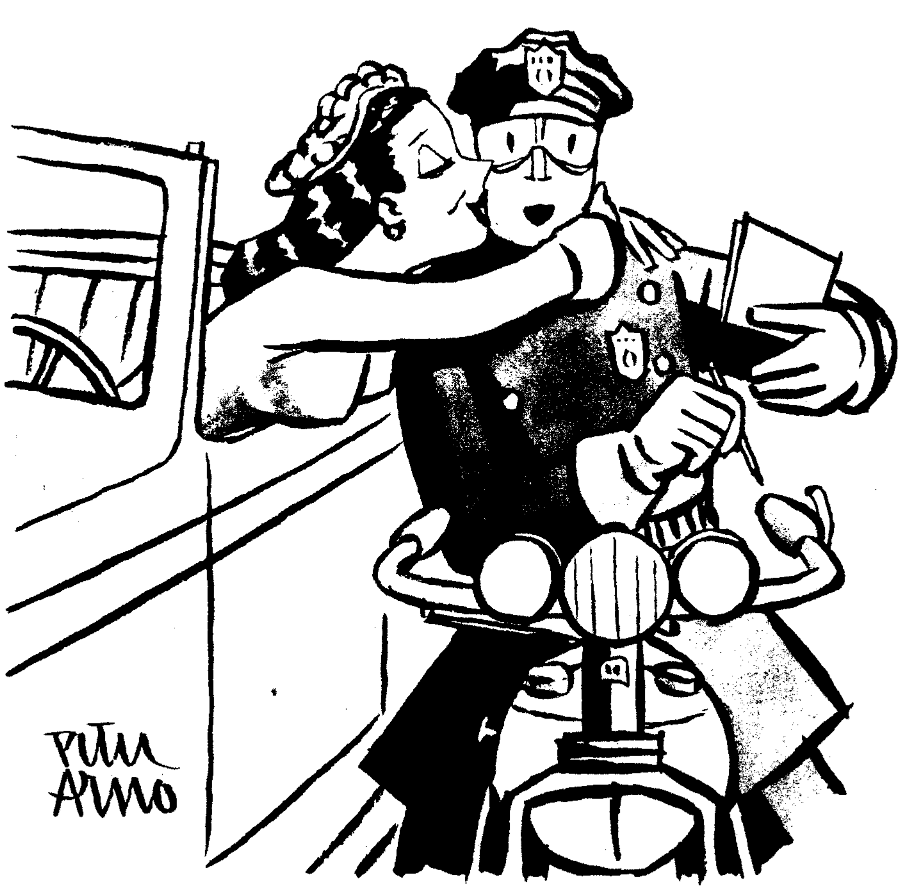
"Jeremy's slightly cuckoo now and then. But what of it?" said Mildred Tyson to Brenda. "He's always been funny about girls. He's a terribly impulsive person."

That had been a long time ago now, as time during wars went, and Brenda had realized how impulsive Jeremy could be. She thought of that remark tonight, as she

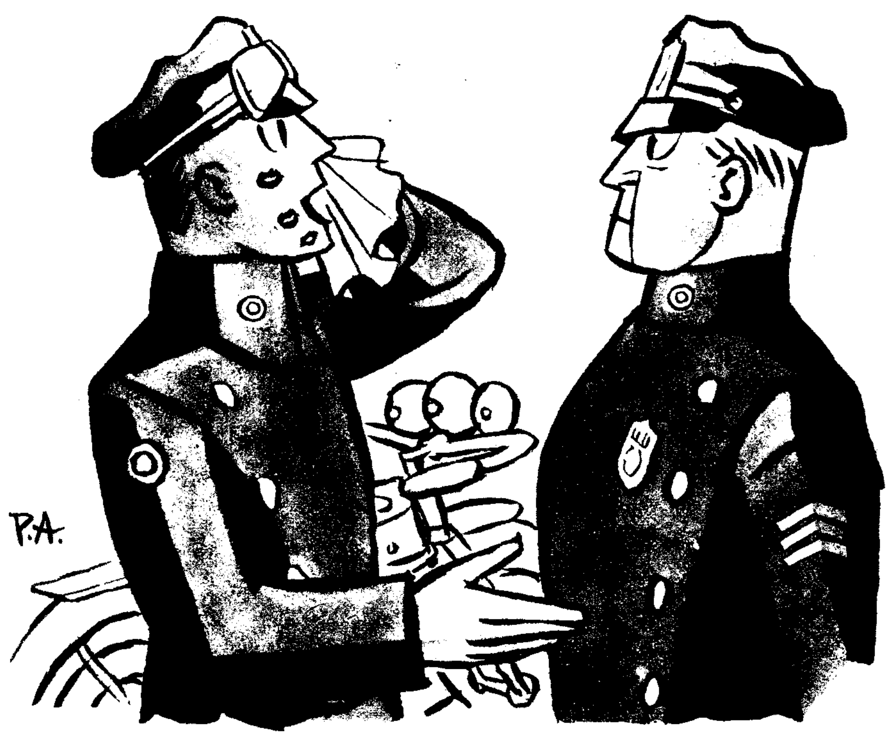


"It's the manpower situation. They have to share the same second"

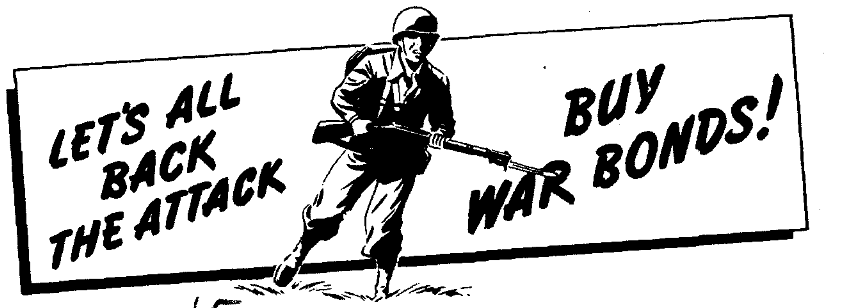
COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE



"Thank goodness! I've been trying to get you to arrest me ever since you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"



"Gee Sarge, don't blame me! You were the one that told me about Gem Blades!"


LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS!

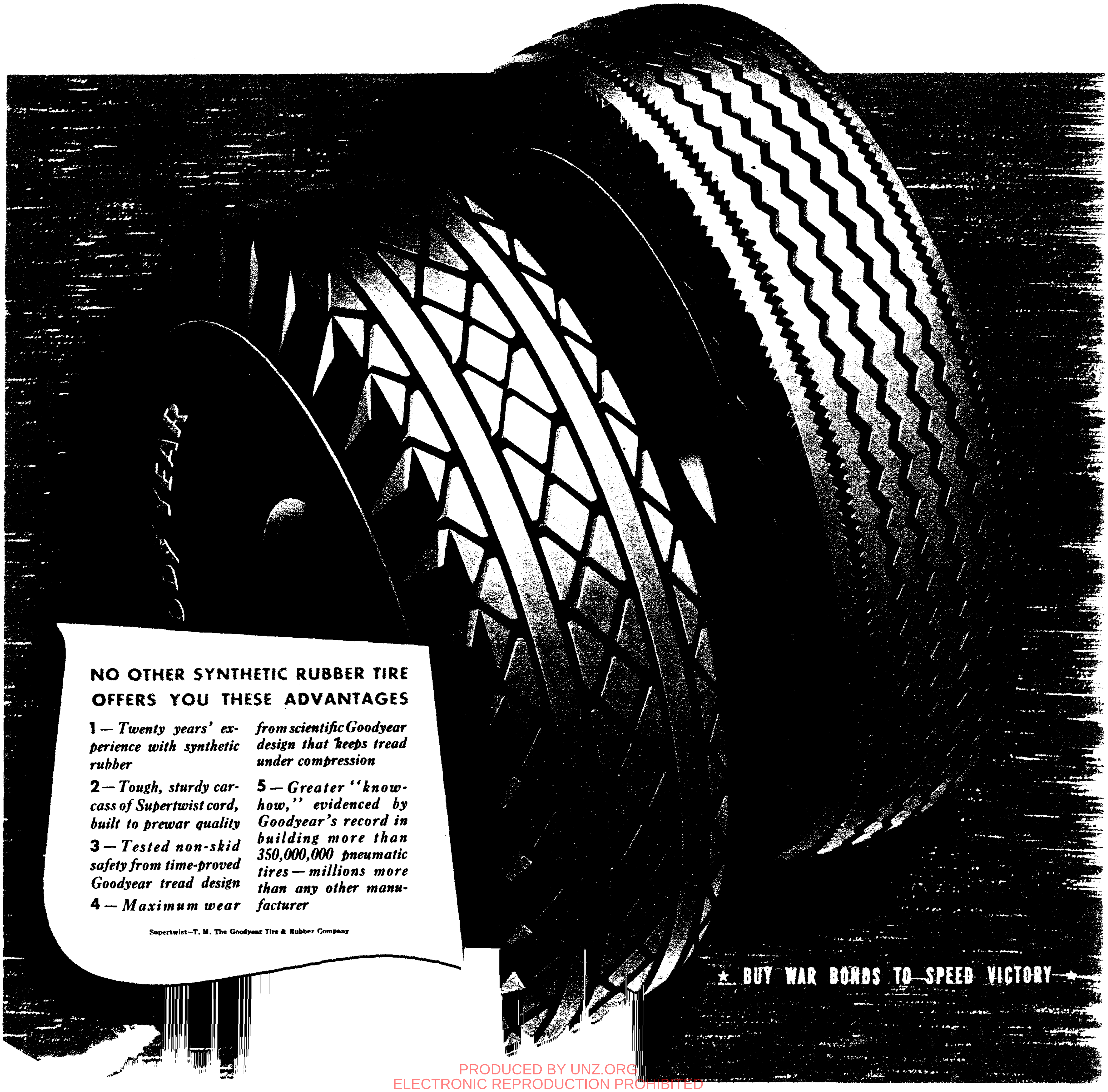
AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

GEM

RAZORS and BLADES

© 1944, American Safety Razor Corp.

The two big things to look for in the new tires you buy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NO OTHER SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE OFFERS YOU THESE ADVANTAGES

1 — *Twenty years' experience with synthetic rubber*

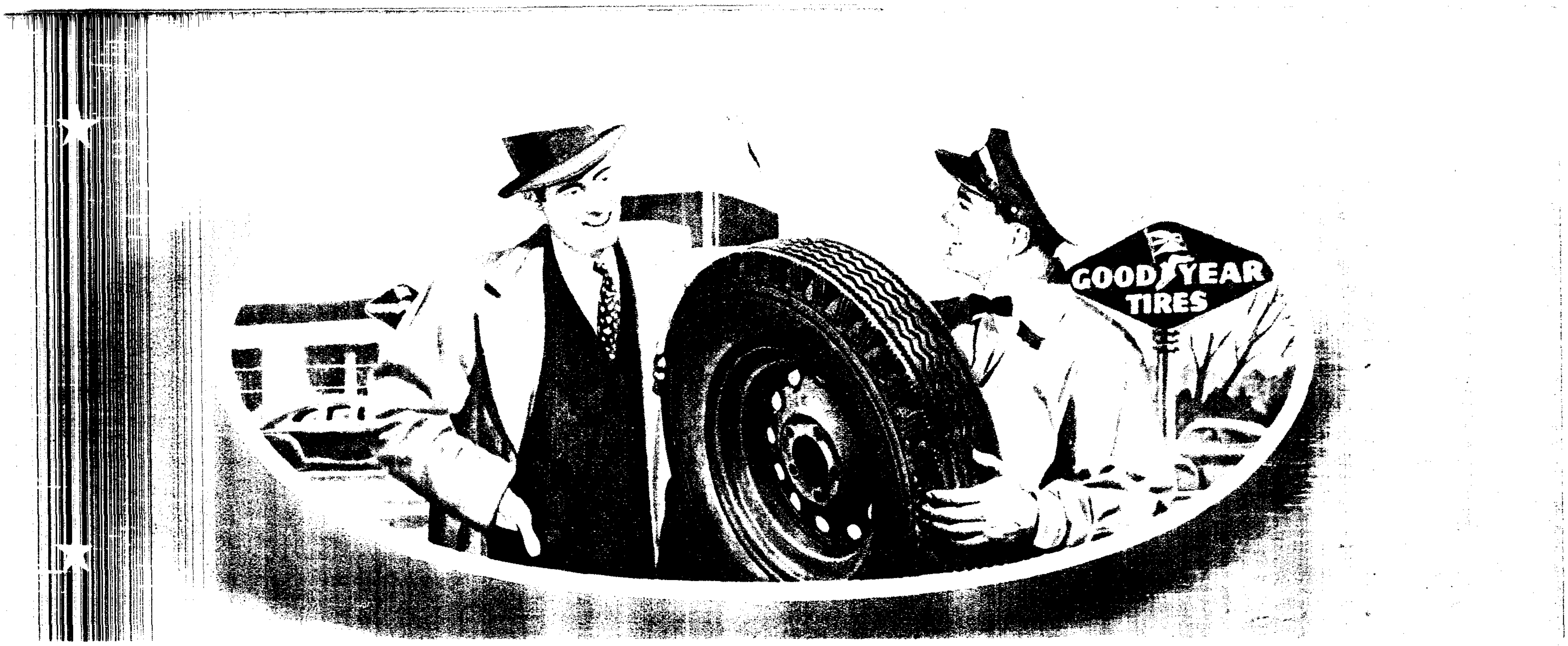
2 — *Tough, sturdy carcass of Supertwist cord, built to prewar quality*

3 — *Tested non-skid safety from time-proved Goodyear tread design*

4 — *Maximum wear from scientific Goodyear design that keeps tread under compression*

5 — *Greater "know-how," evidenced by Goodyear's record in building more than 350,000,000 pneumatic tires — millions more than any other manufacturer*

Supertwist—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



SYNTHETIC rubber tires for civilian use are a new thing in America, and the hope is to build 30,000,000 of them for essential use in 1944.

But however new they are, or whether that ambitious hope is realized, does not change it that two main factors determine the value and satisfaction you get for your money, as they always have.

The first big thing to look for on the synthetic tire you choose is the name of its maker – that remains the best index to goodness that you will find.

The second thing to look for is that the tire is backed up by convenient and competent dealer service – with synthetic tires that remains as important to full performance as ever, if not more so.

The name borne by the tires illustrated here bespeaks that standard of value which has made it true for 28 years that "more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind."

The dealer service backing up these tires is that supplied everywhere by Goodyear dealers, the largest and best-trained tire service organization in the world.

Our authority and experience in handling synthetic rubber ranges all the way from the granting of our first synthetic patents in 1927, to our work in successfully building for the Army the first tires wholly made from synthetic rubber produced in the new government plants.

But even these assurances pale as against the reliance to be had in Goodyear, the Greatest Name in Rubber, and the service performed by our dealers to make sure you get out of our tires all the usefulness we build into them.

• • •

Another reason for choosing Goodyears

177,810 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

—AT YOUR SERVICE

Next to quality, competent service counts most in getting full performance from tires. Goodyear dealers comprise the largest, most efficient, veteran tire service group in the world. 419 of them have represented Goodyear for 25 years or more, 1,269 for 20 years or more, 2,594 for 15 years or more, 4,268 for 10 years or more, 12,073 for 10 years or less — a total of 177,810 years of experience to serve you in conserving the tires so essential to keeping America mobile.

GOODYEAR
TIRES

Listen to Goodyear's "HOOK 'n' LADDER FOLLIES" NBC SATURDAY MORNINGS

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QUALITY BOTTLERS
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Naturally Good
LICENSE OF MISSION DRY CORP.
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Return Empty Bottles Promptly
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Mission Dry Corporation, Los Angeles

saw Mildred's recent letter which was lying on her desk. She must put that letter out of sight lest anyone pick it up and read it. Certainly Kay Wing mustn't, though it might give her a jolt that would be good for her, thought Brenda.

Mildred Tyson, who was one of the twins, and would always be known as a Tyson no matter how often she married, had written freely, asking questions. Brenda didn't often hear from her, but once in a while a letter came, catching up with events. This one told of a baby in hand and one on the way, of a husband in Africa, and went on to ask about Jeremy's marriage. Brenda looked over the third page again.

"How is that marriage coming out?" wrote Mildred. "Of course, it was a matter of great speculation out here as to whether it was just a trifle shotgun. What's the girl like, anyway, and is she good enough for Jeremy? His family took it pretty hard. Of course, they would, for evidently they had never heard of his bride until he produced her and then they only stayed a couple of days, and nobody was in town so they didn't meet people. Maybe the Wings didn't bother to take her around, because they think the marriage won't last, anyway. I guess there'll be a quick turnover in a lot of these war marriages. But my man isn't going to get away from me."

Brenda stopped reading, folded the letter, and tucked it under a pile of others in a drawer. The room was ready for a party, when she was ready to welcome her guests. She stood there, planning the occasion for a minute, though most of the arrangements were already made.

The apartment was large, too big for one person if it hadn't been such a bargain. The person who had leased it to her was a doctor who had gone into the Army and been permanently stationed on the West Coast. He had been anxious to get away and to leave the place in safe hands, and Brenda's references had been perfect. She had lived here now for nearly a year, and it suited her, with its modern elegance and its sweep of view across the park where lights sparkled at too great a distance to be intrusive.

She had planned a good dinner. Men were tired of carrying plates around at buffet suppers, and nobody wanted chicken for dinner these days. There were ways of picking up a few brown points that nobody else was going to use, and she had managed *filet mignon* tonight. Brenda's job put her in touch with caterers and waiters, and the man and his wife who were working in the kitchen for her now were under obligations to her, so they would not be too expensive.

SHE opened the painted panel that was the dining-room door and looked with critical satisfaction at the table. There were no flowers. Weddings had bored Brenda with flowers. The table ornaments were crystal, and the china and glass which belonged to the doctor in the Army were in excellent taste. Without owning anything about her, she took possession of everything.

Jeremy would be at her right, and that would put Kay at the other end of the table. There would be five other guests, carefully chosen not only for dinner companionship but for going on to other places afterward. Old Lauren Hastings could pay for most of the drinks. He always did and he should, at his age. He ought to be glad to be allowed to come along.

At the moment, Brenda fitted Roxane Dixon's description of her. She looked as if she were a beautiful figure made of some modern plastic. Her pale hair, the long dark-red nails, the gold shells screwed to her ears, all made her like an image of a woman, and no emotion seemed to disturb her.

Yet she was thinking of love, and of what it did to people. She was seeing again the gratitude, the pliance in that man who had come to her office that afternoon with the woman he intended to marry. That Miss Crandall had probably planned for a long while to get Raymond. No doubt she had got him under control before his wife died. He'd be much happier now, and that woman would have everything in the world right at her feet, though she didn't even know how to dress herself unless somebody told her what was right.

KAY told Jeremy the news about Chip as soon as he came home that night and she could see it churning through his mind. He wanted to know things she could not tell him because the information that Roxane had given her had been so scanty.

"Outfitting ships," he speculated. "Some big one may have put in there for repair, and Chip's being transferred to it. It's probably a promotion." Jeremy believed in everyone else's luck these days.

"He'll have a little time with Roxane and the kids, anyhow."

"That will suit him. In spite of being in the regular Navy, Chip strikes you as a family man."

"So are you a family man now," said Kay.

"Me?" repeated Jeremy in surprise. "Oh, you're kidding me, are you?"

"Don't I count as a family by myself?"

"No, you're a bundle of lure. Just a distraction. How are Roxane's kids?"

"Sally's all right, but she does look a little peaked. I promised to bring them some candy tomorrow for a going-away present. Let's stop in tonight and buy a couple of boxes."

"Sure," agreed Jerry, "that's an idea."

He sat down with the last edition of the newspaper and was instantly lost in the war news.

"Don't forget we're going out," she warned him.

Jeremy groaned. "What did we get tied up like that for?"

Kay loved him for that, for grudging the evening they might have spent by themselves. She felt very amused and wifely. For years, he would continue to make a fuss about going out to parties and then he would have a wonderful time when he got to them. She let him alone as long as she could because she knew he wasn't reading the news casually. It brought back sights and sounds to him.

"They're concentrating part of the fleet out there," he said. "Anybody who knows can see that." And then, "I applied for a change of duty today."

She heard herself say, "Good."

"Want to get rid of me?"

"I want you to be doing what you want to do."

"No, that's not the point. It doesn't matter what I want. This is a war. But I'm in a position to take risks, much more than Chip Dixon, for example. You'd get a nice hunk of insurance if anything happened to me, and—"

"It's time for you to get cleaned up," she interrupted. "Do you think I married you for your insurance?"

"You're not that much of a businesswoman."

They did not forget the chocolates for Celia and Sally. Kay picked out the candy, almost piece by piece, so it would be very choice, and had it packed in two small specially decorated boxes with flowers painted on them.

"They'll like the boxes, too."

"Here, I'll put them in my pocket."

"Be careful of them, won't you? Those two don't have very many presents."

"Kids shouldn't," said Jerry firmly.

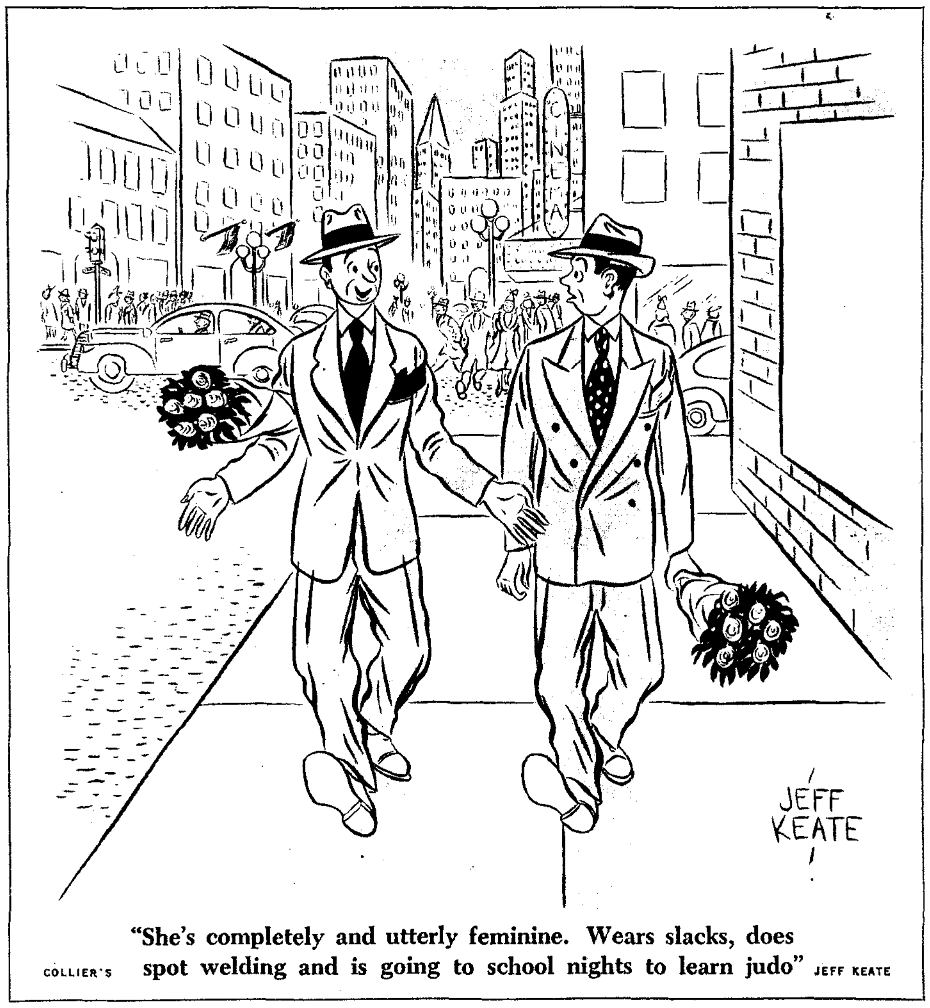
Other customers in the store looked at them with interest. Naval officers were no novelty, but Jeremy had a way of doing credit to the dress overcoat and spotless white muffler, and he and his wife were obviously so happy. Kay sparkled from the shining buckles on her shoes to the spangled revers of her coat.

"I'm going to miss the children," she said, as they walked up the avenue, with looks of admiration trailing them. "I was just getting to know them. It takes time with children. They begin by being so wary of you."

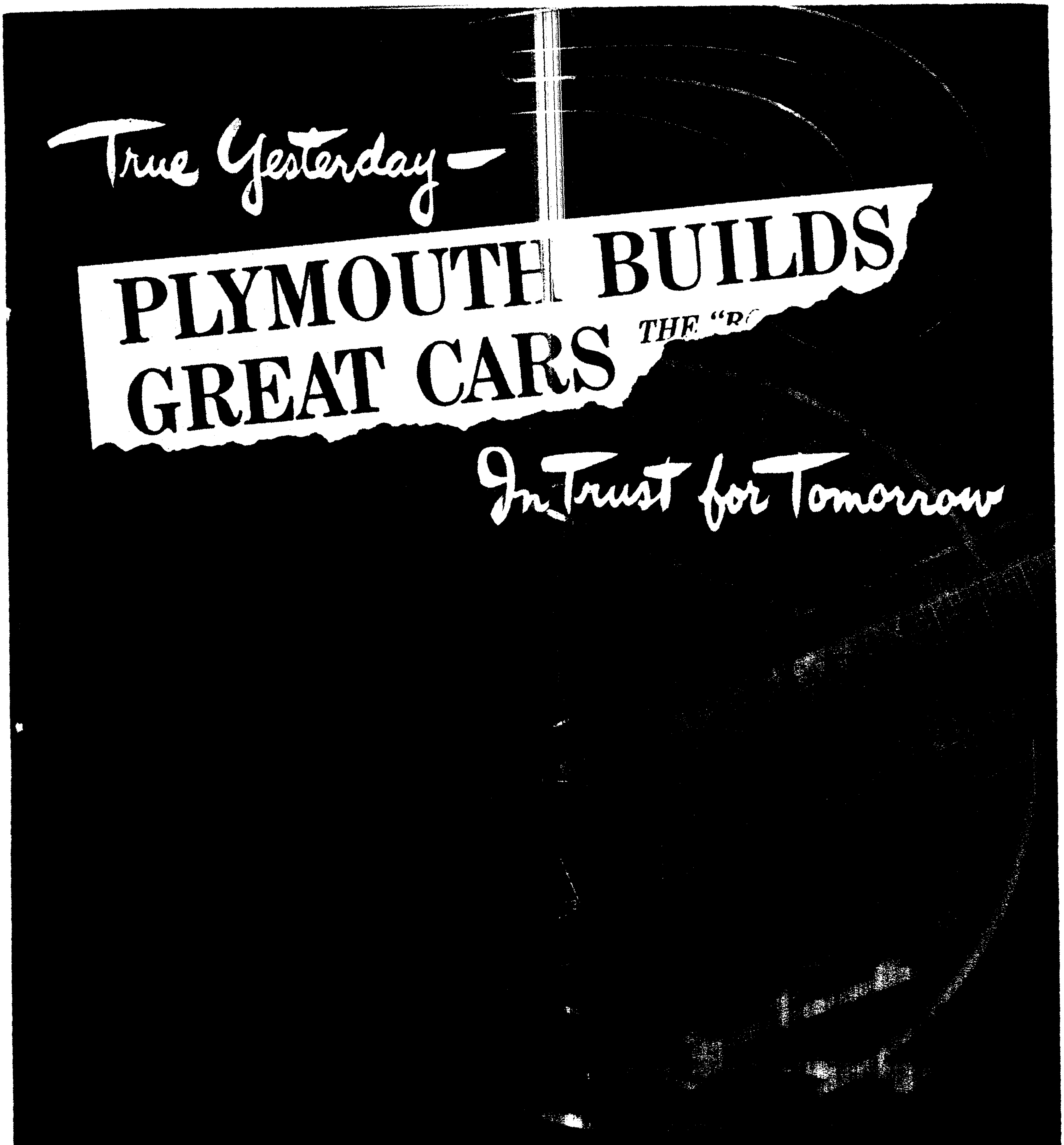
"Your own wouldn't."

"I suppose not." She wondered what was in Jerry's mind. He was inconsistent, on that point.

Searching his thought, she said, "I won-



COLLIER'S "She's completely and utterly feminine. Wears slacks, does spot welding and is going to school nights to learn judo" JEFF KEATE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[illegible] is the foundation of a great car. Sound pioneering work on drafting boards ensured the quality of the three [illegible] pre-war Plymouths now serving owners so superbly. Today the stream of Plymouth excellence is channeled [illegible] war production. The Plymouth car design department is closed, but Plymouth's genius for design is a living [illegible]. And Plymouth dealers are giving new meaning to the word, Service. ★ PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

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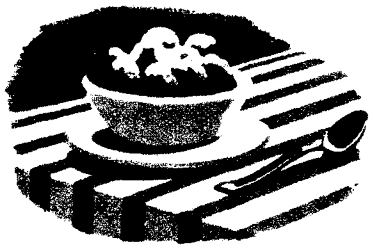
Wonder what Breakfast will be like after the war?

A happy man on his way to work

First, best and most important of all to plan for. And the money you save up now in WAR BONDS will not only bring back our soldiers quicker — it will help make JOBS for them as it buys you wonderful new things for better living:

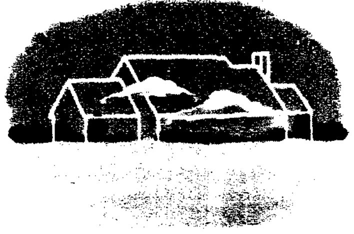


Fresh fruit from last Summer:

Big red strawberries, fragrant fruit with the bloom of June still on. Fresh frozen in the fields and kept in a special compartment of your new G-E REFRIGERATOR to gladden the breakfast cereal.

Perfect coffee—always-hot toast!

Start the new flavor-guard G-E COFFEE MAKER when you first get up. It'll bring the coffee to perfection and keep it there, steaming and delicious until you're ready (even hours later). Set your new G-E AUTOMATIC TOASTER—put the slices in —they'll be toasted just as you like and kept piping-hot for you.



May morning every day

You'll wake up to them—in the fresh airy atmosphere of your G-E WEATHER CONDITIONING to warm or cool your whole house. You'll feel gay like May, too, knowing that your WAR SAVINGS have helped bring better living to your own family—prosperity to your country. Remember the greater your plans now (with savings to match) the more jobs and more good things for EVERYBODY after Victory.

• These things after the war cannot be for the few. They must be
AMERICANS. That is why General Electric from the midst of total war pro
is devoting this series of messages to you to say, most seriously: "In Time o
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buy you everything mentioned on this page—things finer than ever befo
of our war skills. So begin to save and plan for the things your savin
Each after victory purchase you make will help create more jobs. Ge
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EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL FOR AFTER VICTORY HOMES

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der how we would manage if we had children."

"Like everyone else."

"Everyone does it differently. Betsy will have a most beautiful lot of things for her baby. I don't think Roxane ever had much of anything for Celia and Sally."

"She seems to get along."

"She's a wonderful mother. But they do live in a kind of messy way. The Hotel Prescott wouldn't suit you."

"You ought to see some of the places I've lived in."

"Just the same, you like your comforts and you're used to them when things are normal. Chip and Roxane never had much when they were growing up. He was a very poor smart boy who got a commission at Annapolis."

"He's done pretty well for himself."

"Roxane used to be the prettiest girl you ever saw."

"She's much older than you are, isn't she?"

"About eight years, that's all."

"She looks old enough to be your mother."

"Oh, she doesn't. It's just that she never bothers to fix herself up very much. You ought to have seen her before she was married. Very fluffy and provocative. But she's been moving about from pillar to post and usually living in a truck and spending everything on the children—"

"Maybe that's what she wants to do."

"Of course, it is! I'm just saying that it's no way to keep your looks."

"All you girls think of is looks," he said, teasing her.

SHE started to protest. She had been explaining about Roxane, not pitying her. Sometimes Jerry frightened her when, as now, he didn't seem to hear what she was saying or know what she was thinking. That careless remark about Roxane looking so old had given her a quick apprehensive feeling. Chip would adore Roxane, no matter how she looked. But how was Jeremy going to like Kay when she grew older?

"What's on your mind?" he asked.

"Nothing that will hurt it."

"You're not worried?" He meant, from the rather special accent and glance, to ask her if she was worried about having a child.

She said, "No—not a bit. If it happens, I can begin to worry then."

The street was dusky and uncrowded. The shops were closed. A circle of moon showed through the trees in front of the Cathedral. It was a particularly happy moment, as if it had been swept clean of everything except satisfaction in each other. The lurking sense of peril was gone, and so was the prick of impatience.

"I'd like my kids to have a good break," said Jerry thoughtfully. "I don't think kids have been brought up right in the last twenty years. Of course, you've got to pound it into a boy that he's got to earn his living, but he ought to feel that he's got a world to do it in, a hell of a big world as things are today, and money isn't the main thing. If I had a boy of my own, I'd never tell him, 'This is where you belong or where you have to stay.' "

"You'd want him to be happy."

"Sure, that's the point."

He suddenly drew himself up more stiffly, and saluted two superior officers who went by.

"That was Captain Wiggin," he said. "He's just back from somewhere."

"How do you know?"

"Because they need that man in a lot of places," answered Jeremy. "He's useful."

The mood was broken. He suggested that they'd better take a cab the rest of the way, and she agreed. But things didn't go well in the cab. As they rattled along, Kay remembered she had something to say that she had forgotten.

"Look, Jerry," she began, "after dinner, we'll be going on to some place or other, I suppose. Don't be a sucker the way you were last time we were out with Brenda and her pals. Don't start paying for everything. It's not our party."

"I certainly can't let Brenda shell out if we go to a night club."

Kay said no doubtfully. "The only thing is that, the way Brenda sets her parties up, someone is pretty apt to get stuck for tips and liquor."

"But she's giving us a dinner."

"I know. But Brenda gets her money's worth. She's a good businesswoman."

"I thought you liked her."

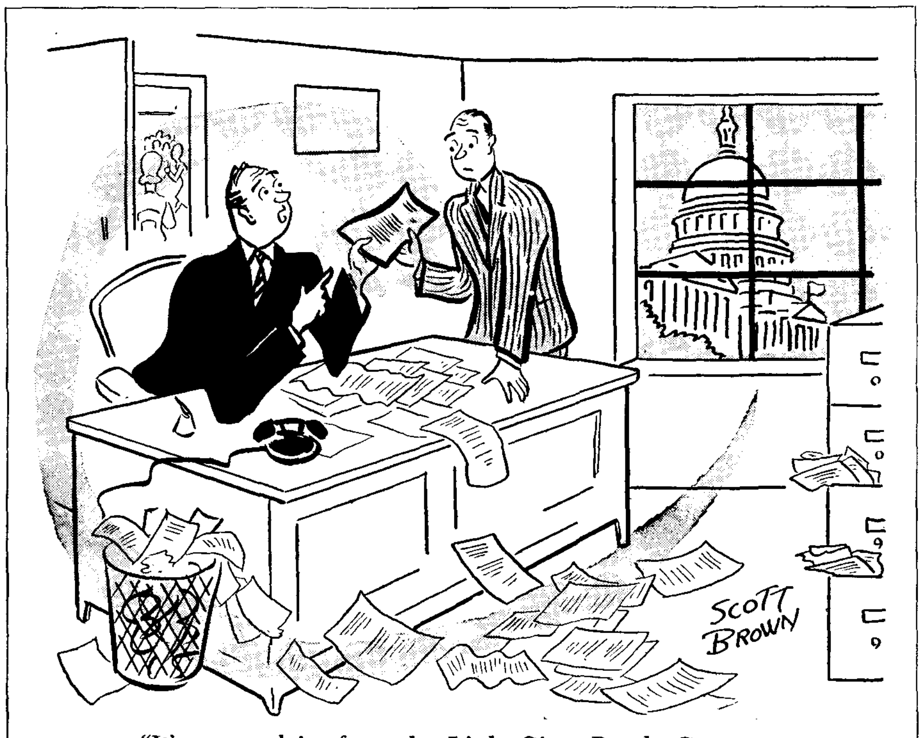
"I like her well enough. She's fun. But all I'm saying is that there's no necessity for you to be Bighearted Joe all evening."

"Kay, I've been out before tonight. You don't have to issue any orders."

"They weren't orders."

"They sounded that way."

"All right, darling. Do as you like."



"It's a complaint from the Little Giant Puzzle Corporation. They claim that the forms we're sending to be filled out infringe on some of their patents and copyrights"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

" 'Darling' can be a poisonous word," he said.

They went through the apartment-house foyer very pictorially but rather stiffly. Then, as Brenda came to meet them, Kay felt she had been ungracious and horrid. She wished that she hadn't said anything about spending money.

Anyway, the oldish man they called Lauren Hastings was here and he probably was indicated for paying bills. It was only that she knew how Jeremy was about money, and if he really meant what he said about buying bonds and getting something laid away for the first year after the war, he couldn't be Champagne Charlie. But sometimes he fell into that mood, and she had wanted to head it off.

WARD INGRAM came up to her, and Kay was very glad to see him. With Ward, she didn't make mistakes, or, if she did, they weren't important. She tried to feel exhilarated as everyone told her how lovely she looked tonight. All despondency seemed to have dropped from Jeremy. Brenda had taken him over, and he was admiring the bright, dramatic setting, praising the cocktails and his hostess.

"What are you looking at?" asked Ward.

"At my husband who, in turn, is looking at the way Brenda's dress is cut," Kay said. "Sounding depths, evidently."

"It's a very modern dress."

"Oh, absolutely contemporary! I'm bringing out the worst in myself by just looking at it—jealousy and covetousness. Let Jeremy look at her. He's been having a tough time lately. She can do a striptease for all I care. It's a good party, isn't it?"

"Very," Ward agreed. "I can feel it throb."

SHE laughed. "You're wonderful, Ward. You do take the sting out."

"But remember that I won't come to dinner every Sunday or be godfather to your children, no matter how soothing I am."

"And you won't marry Brenda?"

"No, not even to help you out."

"I don't need any helping out about Brenda! I was only joking. You know that, don't you?"

"Sure. We're just being comical."

At the dinner table, Kay and Ward were again together. She heard Jeremy saying he had never eaten such soup and then getting excited over the *filet mignon.* Kay thought that he needn't act as if he were hungry, as if he didn't get anything to eat at home. She realized that she was having small angers and irritations that she would have mocked at in anyone else, the kind that were caricatured as habitual with wives. She tried to get Ward to talk about something that would be impersonal and absorbing, to tell her what he thought of the situation in Italy, but she kept hearing scraps of conversation from the other end of the table.

"Is there anything you don't do well, Brenda?"

"Plenty of things. And a lot I haven't tried."

"Why don't you run for Congress?"

"It's not up my street. I'd never get the woman vote."

That got her a laugh.

Kay leaned forward. "What do you want, Brenda?"

Brenda, in her bold dress, looked at Jeremy and smiled.

"No, tell us. Let's expose our ambitions," said one of the others.

"Well," said Brenda, "I want the things any girl wants if she's normal, Kay. A man and a home. Probably children, when I get that far. That's what it's all about, isn't it?"

"I'm glad to hear you admit it," said Jeremy. "Some girls put up an awful bluff."

"About what?"

"Oh, being independent, jobs, what they could do if they had a chance, what they sacrifice when they marry."

Kay's hand clasped the stem of the goblet in front of her. She felt that it would be very easy to break it, but she didn't say anything, and the party moved on, through salad and dessert, through Brenda's generosity with the brandy that Lauren Hastings had brought to her. Then it was half past ten and time to go on to some other place.

As long as she was in her own apartment, Brenda was a skillful hostess. Afterward, by the time they had reached the second night club, she was Jeremy's girl for the evening. Kay was with Ward and sometimes dancing with the other men. She talked rather brilliantly with Ward, determined not to let any anger with Brenda or Jeremy show on the surface.

Kay's fears were being realized. Jeremy was paying more than his share of the checks. It wasn't Lauren Hastings' fault. He and Ward both tried to assume more responsibility than Jeremy would allow. Kay knew that Jeremy was showing off before Ward and that he was defying her. Those were little-boy moods and, though they would be fairly disastrous, she could almost laugh at them. She couldn't laugh at the fact that Jerry was having a good time with Brenda, that he liked sitting beside her at every table, that he seemed to put her first.

"Will you have to leave the United States very soon?" she asked Ward.

"It looks that way. It's great luck, getting in on the reconstruction. This is going to be a big world after the war, with a lot of new opportunities and with more places to go."

"That's what Jerry thinks. He was saying so tonight."

"In what connection?"

HE WAS talking about his children, thought Kay. She didn't tell Ingram that. She looked at Jerry who was, for some reason, publicly smoothing Brenda's hair. Why do I care, her mind cried out within itself. Why can't I let him have a little fun?

"We'll know India the way we knew England," Ward was saying.

"Ward," said Kay, "break that up. Take Brenda home."

Ingram turned to look at his former hostess. Then he glanced back at the beautiful girl beside him, who wasn't listening to what he was saying.

"I'll do what I can. Kay, you're finding out things. Some of them you didn't take time to find out before. I want you to remember one thing: You aren't making your last stop necessarily."

She still wasn't listening. She was gathering up her scarf and gloves.

They took a taxi together—she and Ward and Brenda and Jeremy. Brenda and Jeremy sat close together and when, under Ward's management, they left the Wings at their apartment first, Jeremy kissed Brenda good night. There was no harm in it. He had done it before. So Kay reasoned, standing there on the sidewalk. Don't quarrel about it, she cautioned herself. It's nothing but a party.

He sighed and yawned as they opened their door, his enthusiasm and good spirits suddenly, almost insultingly, gone. He took off his overcoat and stuck his gloves in the pocket.

"What's in this pocket?"

He pulled out two little boxes of candy, badly smashed, their wrappers sunk and torn. From leaning against Brenda, thought Kay. It was as if all the innocence, all the bright first freshness of the evening, was tossed in front of her, ruined and crushed.

"Why did you have to ruin everything?" she cried.

(To be continued next week)

"GO GET A JAP FOR ME!"

BY COREY FORD

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LEJAREN A. HILLER

"Look who's here!" Ted said. Ann was saying, "I was going to write you, Bill, but you know how it is. . . ."

The Old Home Town Folks aren't just what they used to be to a flier home on furlough

THE town is a real town. I can't tell you its name: but I can tell you where it is. It's just 4,397.6 miles from the Aleutian Islands, because Bill clocked it on his way home.

Bill isn't his name, but Bill is real, too. Everything in this story is real except the names. I knew Bill when he was flying a medium bomber in the Aleutians; and waiting in our Quonset day after day with a williwaw blowing and the fine sleet stinging the hut's metal sides, he would tell me about the town. We would crawl into our sleeping bags to keep warm, and he would talk about it by the hour: "It's just a little town. It isn't very big, maybe five thousand. Everybody knows everybody else. When the fire whistle blows, everybody stops and says: 'I wonder if that's the Anderson house' or 'It's 23, that's probably a grass fire.' It's like any little town. There's the new business block, and some pretty good stores, and everybody always used to drop into the Model Drugstore after the movies at night. I wonder if it's changed, the war and all."

All he thought about for a year was seeing the town again. Once he told me that thinking of home was the only thing that kept him going, mission after mission. He would play a little game as he sat at the controls of his plane. He would pretend he was home, and everything was the same, and he was doing all the things he used to do. His mother would have fried chicken, and he would be eating fried chicken and biscuits and ice cream. Or right now it would be evening back home, and the movies would be out, and he would drop into the Model with Ted and the gang. Or he would be having a date with Ann. Below him, through a hole in the clouds, he could see the Jap transport squatting in Kiska Harbor, and the guns winking red on North and South Head; but he and Ann would be driving out to the lake—driving faster and faster as he started his bombing run—and he could hear a juke box playing above the explosions and the rattle of flak against his wings.

All the way back to the States—Bill and I flew outside together—he kept counting the miles and fidgeting: "I wonder if anybody will be left in town." That seemed to worry him most, whether the town would still be the same. "I suppose they've all got jobs in a war plant now. I suppose all the places in town are closed for the duration. Probably I won't even know it any more."

He was prepared for a shock when he got back, but not for the shock he got. What struck him first, he said, was the abundance of everything at home. You wouldn't know there was a war. The stores and restaurants were jammed, there were as many cars as ever parked around the square, and to his dazzled eyes everybody seemed well fed and prosperous and even better dressed than when he had seen them last. He gazed unbelievingly at the window displays of sporting goods, radios, meat and fresh vegetables and fruit, things he hadn't even seen for a year. At a corner stand he bought a five-cent bar of candy; he remembered in the Aleutians when he had offered a month's pay for one square of chocolate.

It was hard to explain the way he felt. He was home, but he didn't feel at home. Have you ever dreamed that you walked into your own house, and it was the same house but the doors and windows were not in their usual places and all the furniture was changed around, and a strange family was living there now? That was how it was with him, he said. Everything was there, but he felt like a stranger in his own town.

A Stranger in the Town

The town was the same; the town hadn't changed. He was the one who had changed. His whole routine had changed: he woke up too early, and got hungry at the wrong times, and even his uniform seemed out of place in the town. Once as he walked down the street he saw himself mirrored in a store window, his leather-visored officer's cap and his dark green blouse and the silver wings on his chest, and he stared at the reflection in surprise as though he were a stranger to himself, too. Neighbors kept coming up to him on the street and shaking his hand, but not the way you welcome somebody home: the way you shake hands with a hero. They asked questions like: "How does it feel to kill a Jap?" or "How many battleships have you sunk so far?" They said: "It must be a great experience, I certainly envy you" or "I wish I were your age" or they fingered his ribbons and said: "What are all those ribbons for? Were you wounded?"

"No, I was okay, nothing happened to me at all."

"Oh." A slight pause. "My sister's boy is in Africa, *he* was wounded twice." Another pause; there were always these pauses. "Well, you'll have to tell us all about it sometime. How long have you got here?"

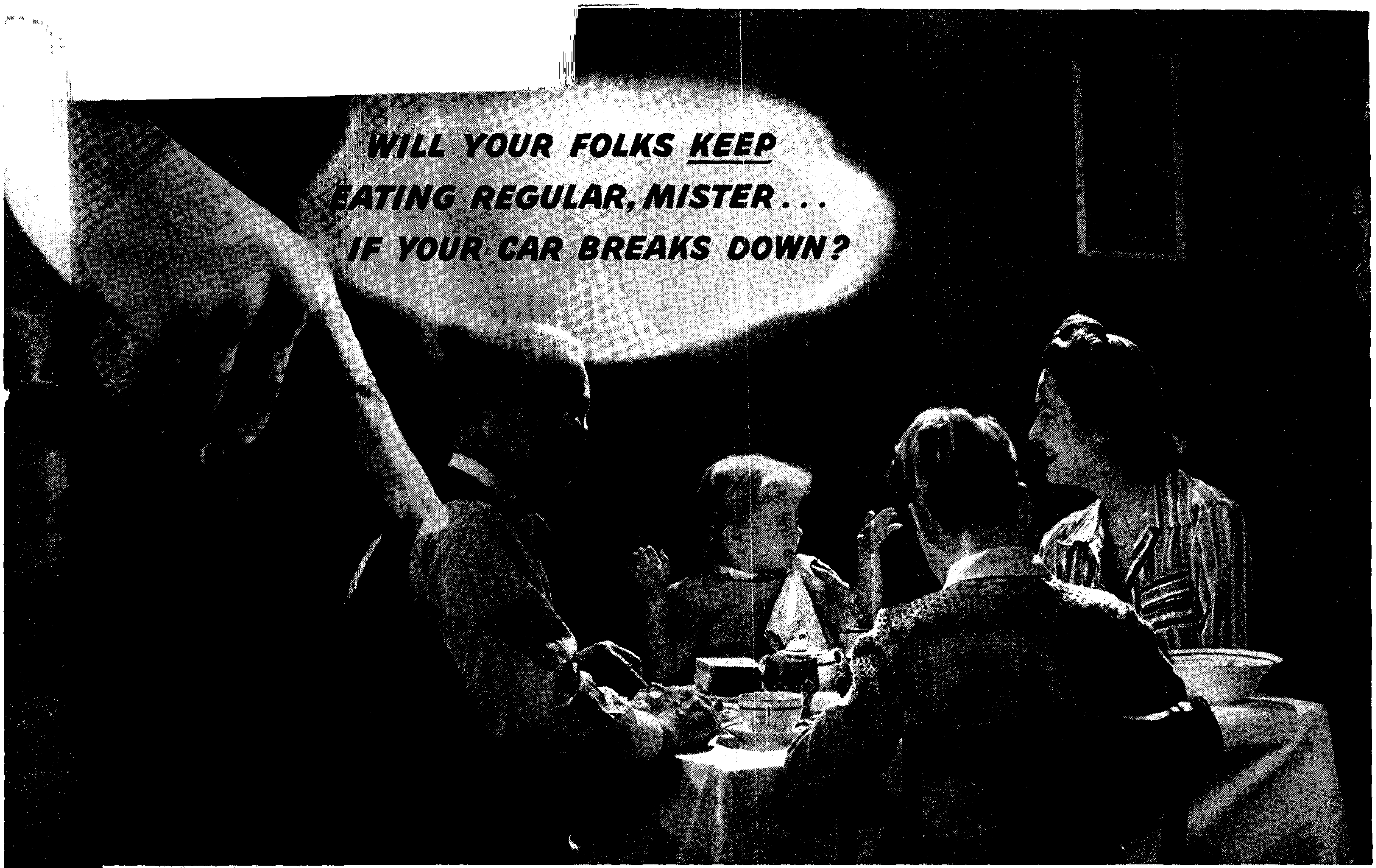
"Only a week."

"Well, we'll have to get together sometime before you go. I bet you've got a lot to talk about."

But there was nothing to talk about; that was the trouble. They didn't want to hear about the war: the war was remote, it wasn't part of their lives, and anyway they were tired of it by now. The novelty had worn off. All the headlines were the same, Fifth Army advances and Wilhelmshaven is bombed again and we sink another Jap destroyer in the Solomons. They were interested in other things: politics and taxes and gas rationing. "I got hold of a C coupon." "I can always get enough gas if I say it's for farm work." They talked about how hard it was nowadays to get butter, or a steak; he didn't have any idea, they told him. "You've put on weight," enviously. "I see they feed you all right in the Army." Or if they talked about the war at all, it was how soon it would be over. "I heard from a fellow who was in Washington that Germany's just about to crack, it'll be all over before spring."

"The way I figure it, they can't stand

(*Continued on page* 67)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3. Gas mileage check-up—to stretch mileage by cleaning and respacing fouled plugs, cleaning air filter, adjusting timing and carburetor, and tuning motor.

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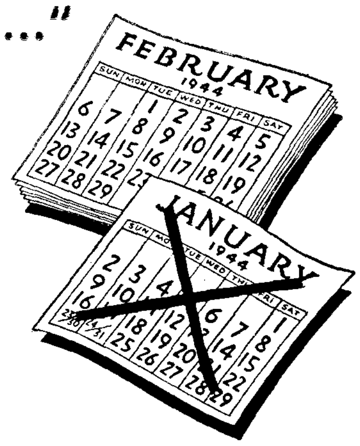

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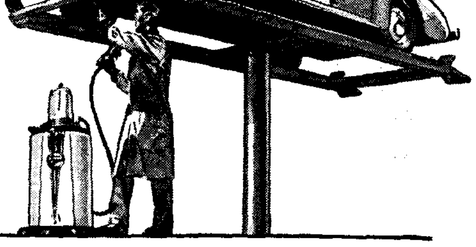

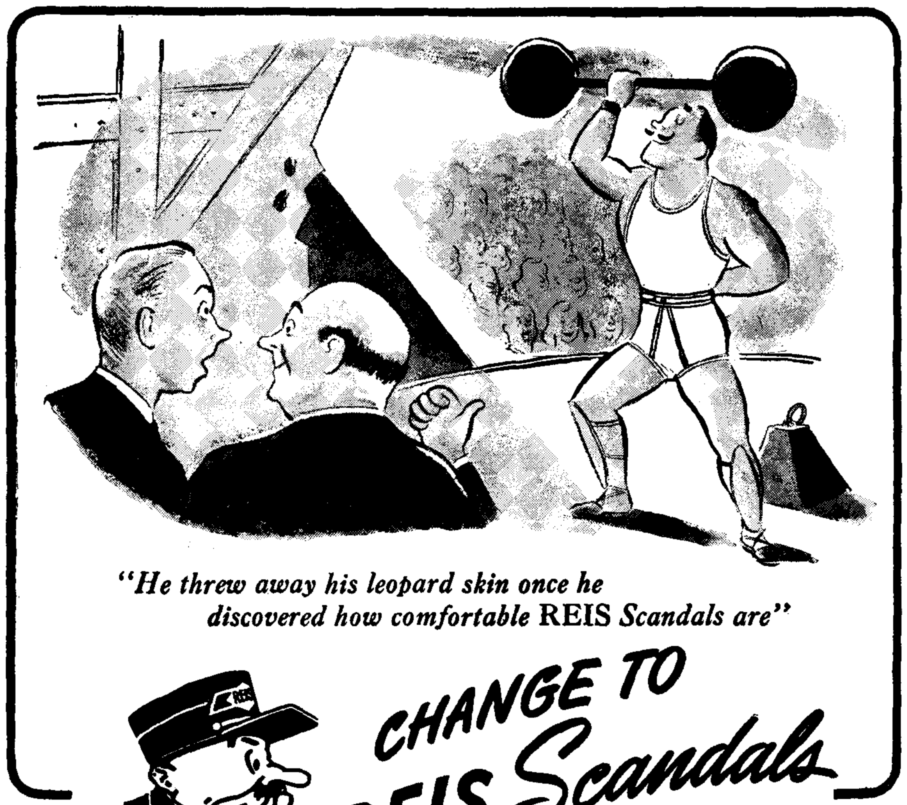

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Why I am for MacArthur

Continued from page 14

use of his tremendous military genius when we promote him to commander in chief and thus give him total sway over the military decisions which we think he is so incomparably qualified to make. He would not be deserting Bataan—which he would never do—if he is promoted by the American people from general to commander in chief; he is simply given supreme command. He is released to his maximum utility. He can then "deliver the goods" without handicap or hamper. This isn't politics. It is vital, vivid service to humanity.

"Let's Get on with the War"

In response to all questions about his own future, MacArthur consistently has been content to say, "Let's get on with the war!" It is a torch in his soul. Isn't he "getting on with the war?" And how! If he becomes commander in chief, as I conceive the situation, he would never, for an instant, leave his present responsibilities until the final moment when, without the slightest campaign participation on his part, he would become the President of the United States. Then he would accept more responsibility—not less. He would enlarge his responsibility but he would leave none behind.

MacArthur is the son of a great soldier. He was born in peril and—for his country's sake—he has lived in peril almost ever since. He was a great soldier in the first World War. He led and personified the tremendous Rainbow Division in France. He was gassed. He was wounded twice. He was decorated thirteen times for extreme bravery under fire. He was cited seven additional times for bravery. I quote just one citation:

"He displayed indomitable resolution and great courage in rallying broken lines and in re-forming attacks, thereby making victory possible. On a field where courage was the rule, his courage was the dominant feature."

Whatever else we do—and regardless of 1944 vicissitudes—let's not forget our history or our debt. Against this unparalleled record, the petty, little slingshots of today deserve nothing but the contempt they so richly merit. Let's not befoul our own pantheon.

MacArthur subsequently became a great peacetime Chief of Staff—so great that President Roosevelt reappointed him, which was without a precedent. His demands upon Congress were replete with prescient pleadings for modern arms—motorized and aerial—to prepare against the day of judgment. He was an exceptional administrator—an important quality not to be ignored in the current discussion. He became a great generalissimo in the Philippines where he organized the defenses of the new commonwealth. His record in World War II is an equal epic.

It is not too much to say that he became the living symbol of our own bruised but indomitable hopes in half a world when our fortunes were at lowest ebb. Never has a commander done so much with so little. His critics can spread all the petty smears they please. Against them, he will stand upon the horizon like a monolith of honor, courage, devotion and achievement.

I can't help but think that's the kind of commander in chief Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public would like to choose when, pursuant to the formula dictated by President Roosevelt himself, the next campaign is settled on a "Win the War" basis. At any rate, that's the kind of President I want when he is to become our new commander in chief. And that's the kind of candidate I want to stand as F. D. R.'s opposite number on the ballot. And that, Mr. Editor, is my Reason No. 1 in response to your question.

Now for Reason No. 2: Anyone who has any practical familiarity with Washington knows that the next President of the United States must make hard, harsh decisions every day of his administration when the time comes to put this country back on its postwar feet. Many of our postwar tasks will be even more trying to men's souls than the war itself if we are to renew free institutions and free enterprise. The next President will have to consult solely the independent welfare of our whole citizenship. He can never flirt with pressure groups, no matter how powerful politically. He can never yield to special pleaders for special privilege in any direction. He must have but one unselfish devotion. He must travel the undeviating line of duty. We shall need a Gibraltar in the peace just as desperately as we need it in the war—an American Gibraltar personified at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Probably it is a one-term job, with no thought of the consequences.

I may be wrong about it, but I sometimes wonder whether this characteristic (in sufficient quantity) can stem from ordinary, political soil. At any rate, this I know: I know that MacArthur has been making hard, life-and-death decisions all through his sturdy career. Then he has been seeing these decisions through to a conclusive finish. I know that MacArthur is the embodiment of loyalty to our American destiny at any cost. The proof stands on the record.

I know that he is as devoid of political entanglements as he was of reinforcements at Bataan. I know that he would come to the White House with no thought or purpose except to serve America, at home and abroad, in the climax of his devoted career. Any racketeer of any sort would last about one minute in his presence. I know that he has never shirked a tough job in his life or compromised with it. He is granite in the face of duty.

What I'd Like to Vote For

That's not my enthusiasm speaking. It is the voice of time and events. I know that his training and experience produce an integrity of character which will persist in any assignment he accepts. I'd like to vote for integrity of character. It means more to me than a thousand campaign promises. Isn't that what America needs? Isn't it?

MacArthur would be nominated as a Republican, and that's appropriate because he comes of Republican stock. Of course he would play "team ball" because no one knows better than he that it is finally the team that counts, and I would expect him, on the basis of the record, to put together the best team we have seen in many a day. He has the know-how because he has dealt with government all his life. But my view of it is that he would be elected, in this emergency, as something vastly more than a Republican in any narrow, partisan sense. He is utterly detached from our party schisms and our party feuds and our interparty divisions. More than any other Presidential possibility, he would be elected as a great, unifying American who would win his country's unified support by deserving it. The very nature of his draft, void of any obligation save to his country, would dramatize and implement this selfless dedication. That's the kind of President I want next time and, incidentally, perhaps that's the reason so many Southern Democrats tell me that he is the one Republican nominee who could crack Mason and Dixon's line. And I know plenty of Northern Democrats—including one of the biggest —who feel the same way about it.

Now let's come down to Reason No. 3. Although MacArthur has been a soldier all his life, I never knew a man in whom spiritual values are more predominant. He is infinitely more than a soldier. This is important because the family hearthstone means more to us, in our ideology, than battlefields; and it means infinitely more to him. He once said at a reunion of his Rainbow Division, "No one desires peace as much as the soldier, for he must pay the greatest penalty in war."

The Kind of President I Want

I repeat that spiritual values rule his mind. This blossoms in every speech he ever made (and, by the way, he has an incomparable gift of tongues) and in every statement he ever uttered. I recall his thrilling, sanctified radio message from the hard-pressed Philippines to the little church in Arkansas where he was confirmed as a boy—the message sent on a beleaguered Easter morning—a message eloquently suggesting that we need God on our side in this titanic struggle and humbly asking for his aid. I find everlasting consolation and assurance in this simple Christian's reliance upon divine grace.

That's the kind of President I want, Mr. Editor.

In my opinion, such a President will never go far wrong. I would not for an instant suggest the absence of this quality in others. I simply certify to its abundant reality in the MacArthur character.

When a group of Canadian newsmen recently interviewed MacArthur—off the record—he talked frankly with them for some two hours. They couldn't report what he said, but one of them did print the opinion that he rivaled even Churchill in his command of our common language (which would be the final British compliment) and that he quoted constantly from three favorite authorities—the Bible, Adam Smith and Abraham Lincoln. I know of no better key to his thinking on sociology, on economics and on the realities of life in the pattern of American ideals. Meanwhile, the Republican national platform will spell out the details. We ought to be able to agree upon those authorities. At any rate, that's the kind of President I want.

No, it doesn't answer all the detailed questions regarding national policies upon which one might wish more specific enlightenment. But I have come to believe that the basic characteristics of a man are more important than campaign promises, and I think I know this man from days of old.

It is unfortunate that MacArthur cannot stump the country. It would be a landslide. But he can't. He must stay where he is. He must just "get on with the war." But answering for myself, I assert my complete confidence in a superlatively fine American mind which has developed on sound American doctrine and which certainly knows—the hard way —what our position, at home and abroad, must be in the postwar world.

No one could be more a "citizen of the world," with an experience and vision that roam the hemispheres; yet no one could have more faithfully dedicated a loyal lifetime to his own United States. Yes; that's the kind of President I want in lieu of a fourth-term dynasty.

Oh, I am familiar with much that is being said—and make no mistake—often being deliberately propagandized by those who politically fear this powerful personality. Envy and malice and fear have always chosen shining targets. MacArthur has been pursued by them all his life—and never with so much at stake as now. I'm familiar with some of the often earnest but mistaken prejudice against him (such as always rises against any formidable Presidential probability).

For example, I have heard from some bonus marchers whom he, in line of duty, was ordered to evict from Washington—once more doing his hard, tough duty under orders which a soldier must obey. But I haven't heard that he was responsible for the loss of a single life in the way he did the job. I haven't heard that he delegated this repugnant task to some subordinate. But I have heard, in person, from one of the top commanders of that bonus army that he is for MacArthur—as am I—and that he is prepared to go anywhere, any time, to prove that, even in that tragic hour, MacArthur was a soldier's soldier and the soldiers' friend.

Anyway, he faced and did his hard duty to his government on an assignment not of his own choosing. Let's separate his duty from the event itself. On that basis, it simply helps to clinch my point. On that basis, I'll say again that's the kind of President—tried by fire and by the acid test—I want and that the country needs next year.

I have heard it said—perhaps for want of some better brick to throw—that historically General McClellan made a poor nominee and that General Grant made a poor President. So what? Does that forever bar every other general? Any such analogy is ridiculous, pro or con.

It would be just as logical to speak of General Washington or General Andrew Jackson as exhibits to the contrary. And how about the fact that the military was the background for almost every President from Hayes to Taft, during great epochs in our national life? Yes; and General Leonard Wood would have been elected President in 1920 instead of Warren Harding if he could have been saved from a few of his misguided friends.

I venture the prediction that when ten million of our fighting sons are home again, every President for two generations to come will have been a stalwart figure in this fighting war. I do not run from such a prophecy. I think it is sound democracy. Who has better earned the right? Who has better kept the faith? Who has better served the republic? Who better knows what America is worth? In my view, MacArthur is richly endowed to be the monitor in this regard. This isn't militarism. It is the exact opposite, because no one hates war quite so much as its own veterans. It isn't militarism: it is practical citizenship.

Let the People Speak

I constantly hear it said that a "pure draft" of a Presidential nominee is impossible. Maybe so. Certainly if General MacArthur is nominated, it will be a "pure draft" so far as he is concerned. But that does not alter his eligibility—and I am discussing only that theme at the moment. It will remain for the Republican National Convention, which I hope may be dominated by uninstructed delegates who sit in a truly deliberative party parliament to determine whether this eligibility is greater than that of any of the other distinguished and able Republicans who will be similarly weighed. It will be for the people, meanwhile, to speak their minds.

That is what I am doing, Mr. Editor, in answer to your question. I think I know at firsthand something about what the next Presidency will require. I believe that General MacArthur has what it takes in full measure. He is a composite of all our necessities. He is unique in respect to many of them. He has the maturity of vast experience, yet he is in his physical and mental prime. If nominated, he will be elected. If elected, he will bring a great mind, a great heart, a great capacity and a great devotion to the proud leadership of a great nation. And now—on with the show! And may the best man win!

THE END

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Alexander the Modest

Continued from page 13

what Alexander had tried to tell us was: "The enemy believes me to be a loser and not a winner. Let him think so for the time being. This will give me a psychological advantage over him."

Within a few weeks of Alexander's arrival, Rommel attacked on the night of August 31, 1942, in an attempt to break through the El Alamein tank traps and the Tommies. He failed. The enemy lost the initiative and passed to the defensive and he has been behind the defensive eight ball ever since. Rommel had, just as Alexander divined, become overconfident. He had bragged to his High Command that he would reach the Nile 48 hours after he attacked, and he had swept aside recommendations from the High Command earlier that an effort be made to capture Malta with paratroops to safeguard his supply and communications lines..

A year, almost to the day after El Alamein, this well-stacked little man named Alexander, who would look more at home leaning over a paddock rail with a form sheet and a pencil, stood in the war room of his headquarters in Italy. It was the same Alexander we had known in Cairo, although now we referred to him affectionately as "Alex" and stood up without thinking about it at all when he entered a room, whereas, we had resented him somewhat the year before.

He was still the gorgeous guardsman. He looked as though he had just had a steam bath, a massage, a cold shower, a good breakfast and a letter from home. His well-shaped face, with its thin-nostriled nose, level blue-gray eyes, and well-trimmed mustache was pinkish under its sun tan. His dark blond hair was sleekly brushed and parted high on the left side, graying a bit about the hollows of his temples. There was a slight pouchiness under his eyes that made you realize he is 53 and not the 35 you would give him at first glance.

Alex wore a freshly laundered bush jacket, its elegant severity relieved only by a long red ribbon over his left breast pocket. It meant that he is a Knight of the Grand Cross in the most honorable Order of the Bath. He wore buff-colored riding breeches and brown boots. These sparkled in the morning sun that shafted through the wide doors and windows of the walled modern villa where he lived and worked.

You sensed, even then, that ahead lay an even bigger job than the one which literally willed the Eighth Army out of Egypt, across Libya, through Tunisia and Sicily and into Italy in 315 days at a pace of nearly six miles a day over deserts, mountains and water, through sun and sandstorms, mud and rain, including time out for building up supplies, resting troops, repairing equipment and reorganizing his forces.

Alex had achieved the minimum objectives of his plan to capture Italian air bases and knock Italy out of the war, but he did not attempt to disguise the fact that its maximum objectives—the rapid conquest of Rome and the withdrawal of the enemy to a line up north, possibly as far north as the Po River before winter bore down—weren't realized.

"But we cannot say," he said, "that the campaign has been a failure. When we landed at Salerno the idea was to drive straight across the Italian leg to Barletta on the Adriatic and trap those German divisions contained in southern Italy. We had expected a few Germans in the Salerno area, certainly not more than one division. We no sooner landed, however, than we found ourselves with a four-division front on our hands.

Boxed in by the Hun

"There was a German division in Salerno. The enemy moved one down from the north and, as we attacked, they pulled two others into the region and about September 15th our situation was critical indeed."

The Germans came close to pushing the Fifth Army back into the sea at Salerno.

When the Eighth landed, it found the toe of the Italian boot almost empty of Germans. The armistice with the Italians had been signed the morning of the Calabrian invasion, September 3d. Political exigencies had cut across the pattern of a brilliant strategic maneuver.

The armistice was to have created such difficulties for the Germans that they would be forced to flee far northward, perhaps even to evacuate Italy all the way to the Alps. "But the armistice," as Alexander explained, "was, for the Italians, merely a signal to return home."

Alexander talks intimately, entertainingly, engagingly. He has an almost imperceptible impediment in his speech, which he uses skillfully as an excuse to think before he answers a question. When he makes a point, his chin juts out slightly by way of accent, and he bites his nails politely.

He was born in Ulster in 1891, the third son of the Earl of Caledon and he was raised in the countryside about Tyrone and Fermanagh in the hills and woods and lakes near Lough Erne. The Irish can claim Alex as they claim Montgomery.

Alexander was relief adviser to Sir Stephen Tallents during the occupation of the Baltic States in the last war. He is probably the only general in the British army who has ever commanded German troops. In Riga, after the last war, he commanded the Landeswehr Baltic Home Guards left behind by the Germans.

Alexander's career at Harrow was unremarkable except for his athletic achievements. He ran the mile in 4:32, championship time in those days. Later, as a member of the Irish Guards, he became the only British colonel ever to win his battalion's mile race in regimental sports.

His career in the last war was phenomenal. At 25, he was a major and at 26 a lieutenant colonel commanding a battalion. He spent four years in the trenches, was wounded twice, mentioned five times in dispatches, won the Military Cross and the Legion of Honor.

Between wars, Alexander served at the staff college in the Imperial Defense College and the War Office. In 1935, he saw service in two campaigns on India's northwest frontier and, by 1937, at the age of 46, became the youngest general in the British army. After Hitler invaded Poland, Alex took the First Division of the British Expeditionary Force to France and commanded the First Corps in Flanders.

In his late thirties, Alexander married Lady Margaret Bingham. He had definite ideas about marriage. He believed, with the ego of a bachelor, that the man should wear the breeches. However, friends say that at home he's worshipful and tame. They have three children. Alexander writes home regularly—long, detailed, humorful letters which he illustrates with well-drawn vignettes.

Probably the strongest external influence in Alexander's life was Sandhurst. Often called by Americans "the British West Point," Sandhurst is much more. More than a school, Sandhurst is a seminary where young British officers of good family are raised to love and serve king, nation and empire and to set aside personal ambitions. Alexander already has served that triumvirate well. He, more than any other single man after Churchill, and even ahead of Wavell, has contributed to their preservation.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

resistance to high altitudes seems to grow weaker after a spell.

Every second day, you start for Kunming, 500 miles away, and you generally make the round trip in seven hours' flying time. You get a day off to spend on the ground between trips and, in spite of the bad weather, you manage to average twelve round trips a month. If you want two days off together, and you happen to get good flying weather, you make two round trips in one day.

That's when you really earn that strip-tease diploma you're always claiming you're entitled to. If you start off in the heat of the day, it's about 110 degrees in the shade. You walk out to your plane, dressed in shorts and moccasins, and carrying all of your flying clothes. The inside of that metal plane is like an oven, and you put on a pair of gloves for the take-off because the instruments are too hot to touch with your bare hands.

Up between 8,000 and 10,000 feet, you begin to feel cool and you pull your coveralls and maybe a sweatshirt over your shorts.

The Reverse Strip-Tease

Then, at 14,000 feet, you start putting on your heavy fleece-lined flying clothes. That's really a strip-tease in reverse.

For 200 miles of this trip to Kunming, you're over the Burma Road, a good part of the way over Jap-held territory. You fly a big, slow plane, without any armament, and you thank your stars that your fighter planes have discouraged the Jap fliers so that they don't spoil the few good flying days you get.

You start hoping that, after this flight, you'll get one of those mail trips west. You get one once in every three to six months, and you try to have enough fun to last till the next time. You stop overnight at a big city like Calcutta, Bombay or Delhi, and you get a chance to spend some of that pay that piles up in big wads in your pockets. You go to a big hotel and sit at the bar, and, after a while, if you're lucky, there's someone pretty sweet and lovely to say hello to.

You're still flying in this soup and then, all of a sudden, you pick up the radio at Kunming. You'll dump your load of ammunition and supplies, and take on some ore. Then you'll be back at your base in India in time for lunch—if that old Hump just stays out of the way.

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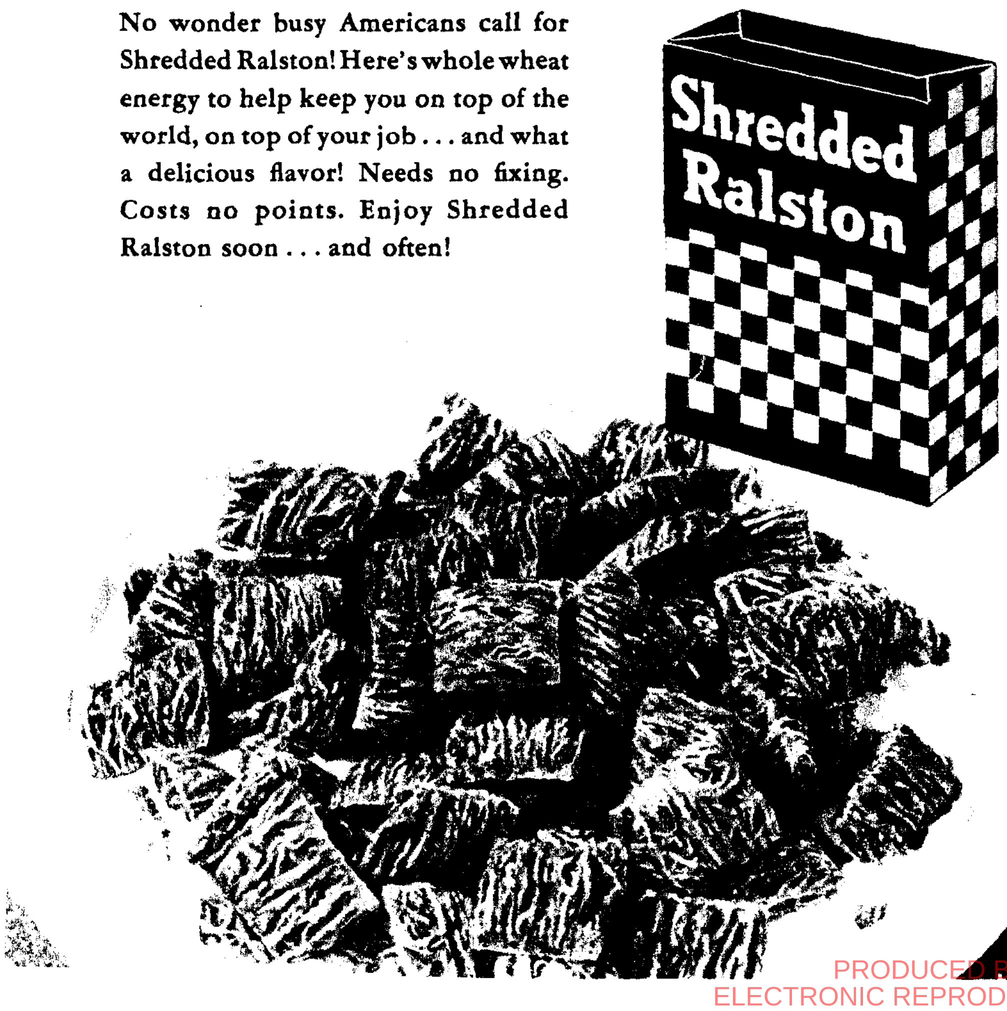

The Face of Lincoln

Continued from page 23

unsatisfactory to the artists themselves, and much more so to the intimate friends of the man; this was not he who smiled, spoke, laughed, charmed. The picture was to the man as the grain of sand to the mountain, as the dead to the living.

"*Graphic art* was powerless before a face that moved through a thousand delicate gradations of line and contour, light and shade, sparkle of the eye and curve of the lip, in the long gamut of expression from grave to gay, and back again from the rollicking jollity of laughter to that serious, faraway look that with prophetic intuitions beheld the awful panorama of war, and heard the cry of oppression and suffering. There are many pictures of Lincoln; there is no portrait of him."

Stanton's First Impression

Edwin McMasters Stanton, a high-priced lawyer and a good one, who a few years later was appointed by Lincoln to be Secretary of War, in 1859 was trying an important patent case in Cincinnati with Lincoln as a minor associate attorney. When Stanton's eyes lighted on Lincoln at the Burnet House in Cincinnati, wearing heavy boots, loose clothes, farmer-looking, he framed his astonishment in the question, "Where did that long-armed baboon come from?" And he later described Lincoln as wearing a linen duster with splotches like "a dirty map of the continent," and was quoted as saying he wouldn't associate with "such a maned, gawky, long-armed ape as that."

"A Hoosier Michelangelo," that was Lincoln, outside and inside, to the poet Walt Whitman. Of the President and his party driving from the White House to Soldiers' Home, Whitman noted: "I saw very plainly the President's dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes . . . always to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression. . . . They pass'd me once very close, and I saw the President in the face fully, as they were moving slow, and *his look, though abstracted, happen'd* to be directed steadily in my eye. I noticed well the expression I have alluded to. None of the artists have caught the deep, though subtle and indirect expression of this man's face. They have only caught the surface. There is something else there. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed."

The Alton Railroad conductor, Gilbert Finch, said people could get near Lincoln in a sort of neighborly way, as though they had always known him. "But there was something tremendous between you and him all the time," said Finch. "I have eaten with Lincoln many times at the railroad eating houses, and you get very neighborly if you eat together in railroad restaurants. Everybody tried to get as near Lincoln as possible when he was eating, because he was such good company. But we couldn't exactly make him out.

"Lincoln never frightened anybody," said the Alton conductor. "No one was afraid of him. But something about him made plain folks feel toward him a good deal as a child feels toward his father."

Collections of *cartes de visite* (French for visiting card, and with your name you left your face), photographs of fine clarity and definition of line mounted on small cards usually 2½" x 4" in size, were in many thousands of homes. Brady and Gardner photographs of Lincoln were often on show there. Frequently the illustrated weeklies, Harper's and Leslie's, and occasionally the daily newspapers, published large drawings from photographs, so that Lincoln's face and figure had become familiar to the literate population, to those who read, and of course to some who enjoyed pictures though they read not.

James R. Gilmore, author and journalist, noted: "A smile positively transfigured his whole face, making his plain features actually good-looking, so that I could agree with Caroline M. Kirkland, who not long before had told me that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen." A living characteristic of Lincoln was his facial mobility. When it was not there he was "gaunt, woebegone," as Sergeant Stradling, a Quaker youth who called on Lincoln at the White House, had noticed. "A puzzled shadow settled on his features, and his eyes had an inexpressible sadness in them, with a faraway look," said the painter Thomas Hicks.

The faraway look was in the impression set down by Charles Francis Adams, Jr.: "Lincoln's face is a good one, and he has proved his skill as a debater; but, if I could judge from a passing glance at a moment when the man was obviously embarrassed, I should say that his eye never belongs to a man great in action; it is neither the quick, sharp eye of a man of sudden and penetrating nature, nor the slow, firm eye of one of decided will; but it is a mild, dreamy, meditative eye which one would scarcely expect to see in a successful chief magistrate in these days of the republic. *Mais nous verrons."*

The mobility of the Lincoln face does baffle description. The range of his facial expression is beyond registration in words. This goes straight back to the wide range of his personality. Besides a natural melancholy in his very bones—and an intelligence sensitively aware of human tragedy and weighed down by it—he had the gift of laughter alive to either earthy and Rabelaisian horseplay or fine, thin ironics that you had to hear twice to be sure they were there.

Lincoln's transition from mood to mood impressed Andrew D. White, educator and a member of the New York State senate. White saw Lincoln in the White House "dressed in a rather dusty suit of black," resembling "some rural tourist who had blundered into the place."

Like a Light Turned On

Lincoln entered and approached White's group. White's impression recorded itself: "As he came toward us in a sort of awkward, perfunctory way his face seemed to me one of the saddest I had ever seen, and when he had reached us he held out his hand to the first stranger, then to the second, and so on, all with the air of a melancholy automaton. But suddenly someone in the company said something which amused him and instantly there came in his face a most marvelous transformation. I have never seen anything like it in any other human being. His features were lighted, his eyes radiant, he responded to sundry remarks humorously, then dryly, and thenceforward was cordial and hearty."

It interested White to hear later from Robert Lincoln that "when any attempt was made to photograph my father or to paint his portrait, he relapsed into his melancholy mood."

Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote for the Atlantic Monthly an article on his visit to Washington and the White House. Part of Hawthorne's sketch of Lincoln the editor of the Atlantic deleted with the comment, "Considered as the portrait of a *living man* it would not be wise or tasteful to print." The deleted paragraphs read in part as follows:

"Unquestionably, Western man though he be, and Kentuckian by birth, President

Lincoln is the essential representative of all Yankees, and the veritable specimen, physically, of what the world seems determined to regard as our characteristic qualities. It is the strangest and yet the fittest thing in the jumble of human vicissitudes, that he, out of so many millions, unlooked for, unselected by any intelligible process that could be based upon his genuine qualities, unknown to those who chose him, and unsuspected of what endowments may adapt him for his tremendous responsibility, should have found the way open for him to fling his lank personality into the chair of state, where, I presume, it was his first impulse to throw his legs on the council table, and tell the Cabinet ministers a story.

"There is no describing his lengthy awkwardness, nor the uncouthness of his movement; and yet it seemed as if I had been in the habit of seeing him daily, and had shaken hands with him a thousand times in some village street; so true was he to the aspect of the pattern American, though with a certain extravagance which, possibly, I exaggerate still further by the delighted eagerness with which I took it in. If put to guess his calling and livelihood, I should have taken him for a country schoolmaster.

"He was dressed in a rusty black frock coat and pantaloons, unbrushed, and worn so faithfully that the suit had adapted itself to the curves and angularities of his figure, and had grown to be an outer skin of the man. He had shabby slippers on his feet. His hair was black, still unmixed with gray, stiff, somewhat bushy, and had apparently been acquainted with neither brush nor comb that morning, after the disarrangement of the pillow; and as to a nightcap, Uncle Abe probably knows nothing of such effeminacies.

The Lines of Suffering

"His complexion is dark and sallow, betokening, I fear, an insalubrious atmosphere around the White House; he has thick, black eyebrows and an impending brow; his nose is large, and the lines about his mouth are very strongly defined.

"The whole physiognomy is as coarse a one as you would meet anywhere in the length and breadth of the States; but, withal, it is redeemed, illuminated, softened, and brightened by a kindly though serious look out of his eyes, and an expression of homely sagacity, that seems weighted with rich results of village experience. On the whole, I like this sallow, queer, sagacious visage, with the homely human sympathies that warmed it, and, for my small share in the matter, would as lief have Uncle Abe for a ruler as any man whom it would have been practicable to put in his place."

The Photographs of Abraham Lincoln

By Frederick Hill Meserve

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was perhaps the most-photographed American of his time. As many as one hundred and twenty different photographic portraits of Lincoln are known to us, all but three made during the last eight years of his life, when he was of national importance. Few of the original daguerreotypes and negatives are extant. These are priceless items.

How some of these valuable life documents of Lincoln have disappeared is known. Two negatives made by Alexander Hesler after the nomination in 1860 were destroyed in the Chicago fire of 1871, but fortunately prints had been made and circulated.

Leonard W. Volk, at the time he made casts of Mr. Lincoln's hands in Springfield, on the Sunday after his nomination to the Presidency, is said to have made three negatives, but so far as is known no prints were made from them, and they were lost in the Boston fire of 1872. One of the ambrotypes made at Macomb, Illinois, in 1858, came into the possession of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the Century Magazine, but it was lost in a fire in the office of the Century Company in New York.

The Priceless Print

The last negative made of the President, in the week of his death, one of a series taken by Alexander Gardner, was cracked. After only one print was made from this broken negative the glass plate was shattered by its owner as defective and of no value.

This single, priceless photographic print was bought from Gardner in 1874 by Mr. Truman H. Bartlett, the sculptor and author. Later it came into the collection of the present writer.

A life mask of Mr. Lincoln was made by Leonard W. Volk in Chicago in 1860. Copies of this mask in plaster and bronze, supplemented by the photographs, have formed the basis of many statues of Lincoln that have been erected. Clark Mills made a life mask of Mr. Lincoln in Washington in February, 1865, but it was a poor representation, and has been incorrectly called a death mask.

Of the countless engravings and paintings of Lincoln many are mere caricatures. The photographs show him as he was. The camera supplies exact portraiture.

The earliest of these portraits is a daguerreotype said to have been made in Springfield in 1846 when he was thirty-seven years old. Mr. Robert Todd Lincoln, who owned it, once told me that he believed it was made in Washington in 1848, when his father was a representative in Congress. This portrait shows the rising lawyer of Springfield, Illinois.

In some portraits the lid of one eye is noticeably lower than the other. In no photograph of Lincoln is the mouth open, even slightly. A mole on the right side of his face near the mouth is seen in all his full-face photographs. The marked lines about the mouth, even in his early portraits, deepened when the cares of state and the burdens of war came upon him. All his pictures show a full head of hair, and never closely cut as was the fashion of the time; it was parted generally upon the left side, but occasionally upon the right, and was brushed with little care. Once, it is said, he ran his fingers through his hair before the photographic plate was exposed.

His attitudes in the photographs are those of repose. If his movements were awkward, there is no hint of it in the photographs, which speak of dignity. Some of his early portraits do not show great care in dress, as though he went to the camera sitting without special preparation. At one time after a speech in his shirt sleeves on a hot day, he visited a photograph gallery at the request of friends and borrowed the artist's coat for the picture. His early pictures show his neck in the high stock. In all the later ones he is shown with the turnover collar and black bow tie. The only personal ornament he permitted himself, as shown by the photographs, was a watch chain.

Three portraits of the Lincoln Springfield home, taken at two different times with the camera placed on the opposite side of the street, show the figure of Lin-

No waste with TREET it's ALL rich meat!

ARMOUR'S
MEAL-IN-A-MINUTE
MEAT

Recipe

Barbecued Treet on Buns

A Tangy Feast of Good Meat Flavor

Nothing tastes quite so grand as good meat cooked with a tangy, flavorful sauce. And that's why Barbecued Treet on Buns will make such a hit at your table! For the zesty sauce points up the rich, meaty flavor of those delicious Treet slices. And you'll like it *all the more* because it's such a point-thrifty meat.

1 can Armour's Treet
1 tbsp. Cloverbloom Butter or margarine
½ cup chopped onion
1 tsp. paprika
¼ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. mustard
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup catsup
3 tbsps. vinegar

Melt butter, add chopped onion and cook until clear. Add dry seasonings, sauce, catsup and vinegar. Cut Treet into 8 slices and bake in barbecue sauce in 350° F. oven for 30 minutes. Place 2 Treet slices on halves of buttered, toasted buns and garnish other halves with dill pickles.

You'll have plenty for 4 hearty eaters who are hungry for a delicious meat meal. And you'll get solid nourishment in *every* bite. For Treet is made of chopped pork shoulder meat, fine ham and other selected pork cuts . . . *all* high-vitamin meats!

Remember, Treet's *all* meat . . . no bone, no waste! It tastes grand baked, fried or simply sliced cold. So, get Treet and serve it often!

If you can't always get Treet, remember it's because war needs come first. So, keep on asking for it!

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Armour's new meat-flavor discovery makes a rich brown gravy or a tasty hot drink...peps up stews, sauces, soups . . . *without points!*

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for finest quality and flavor ask for
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You get the same delicious ready-to-eat Treet whether it's in tin or glass!

coln. Two photographs of the group on the platform at Independence Hall in Philadelphia were made during a brief speech at a flag-raising at dawn on February 22, 1861. Seven photographs by Mathew B. Brady were made at the time of his visit in October, 1862, to General George B. McClellan at Antietam, Maryland, after the battle. One of these in a group of generals shows his height, his tall hat adding to the effect. Two photographs were made by Alexander Gardner at the time of his second inauguration in 1865, one showing him seated beside Vice-President Johnson, and the other as he delivered his inaugural speech. These are two of the few photographs of Mr. Lincoln in the open air. There was no posing. His attitude was invariably natural. The real Lincoln seems to be shown in these outdoor photographs.

Mr. Lincoln's first visit to the studios of Mathew Brady, who was later to make so many photographs of him as President, was on February 27, 1860. The portraits then made at the request of the Young Men's Central Republican Union are the best known of all likenesses made before he became President. Originals of these portraits, however, are scarce items in Lincoln collections.

Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington for the inauguration on February 23, 1861, and on the same day, in Brady's other studio, six sitting photographs were made showing the whole figure facing to the right. In 1863 a series of photographs of the President was made at Mr. Lincoln's request. Alexander Gardner and his son James, formerly employed by Brady, were about to open a gallery of their own. They had previously worked in a small building on the White House grounds, where President Lincoln had visited and made friends with them, saying he would be their first sitter. The day before the gallery opened to the public, on a Sunday, at least nine different negatives were made.

Portraits in Profile

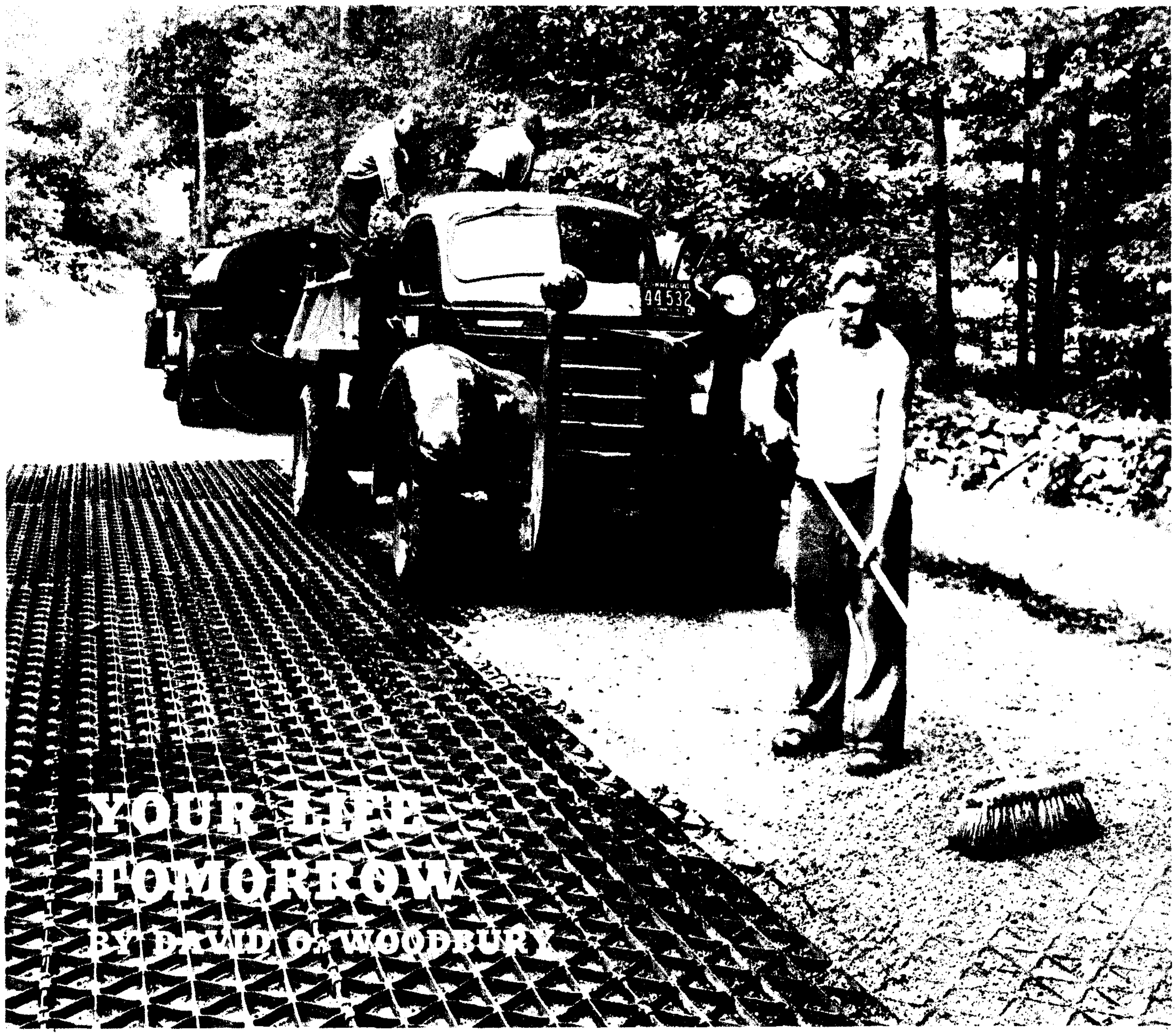
The profile photographs of Mr. Lincoln made by Brady early in 1864, showing the right side of his face, are perhaps the best known of the few profile portraits. Of the nine different negatives made at this time, six of the glass plates which were in the camera are now part of the ten original Brady negatives in the Meserve Collection.

Both Brady and Gardner made photographs of President Lincoln with Thomas (Tad), the son who was his father's fondest companion. There seem to be no photographs of family groups, and Mr. Robert Todd Lincoln told the present writer that his father and mother were never photographed together. A contemporary engraving showed Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln standing together, but the figures had been copied from two separate photographs.

On Monday, April 10, 1865, in the week of his assassination, the last photographs of Mr. Lincoln were made by Alexander Gardner, including one of the President with Tad. Two photographs were made in New York of the body of Lincoln by Gurney, a well-known photographer, as it lay in state in the City Hall on the journey to Springfield. War Department documents indicate that the negatives were destroyed on the orders of Mr. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, at the insistence of Mrs. Lincoln.

THE END

Text and pictures from THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *by Frederick Hill Meserve and Carl Sandburg, to be published by Harcourt, Brace & Company on February 10th at $3.50.*



YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

KARL LA ROCHE

Country Roads De Luxe

Thousands of miles of dirt roads all over the United States may come in for a face-lifting if tests now under way at Darien, Connecticut, bear out their promise. Steel mats, like those used by the Air Forces to make emergency landing fields, will be laid on the roads, then filled with gravel and oiled. The surface will be as smooth and hard as concrete and can be put down anywhere by unskilled labor without expensive machinery. Maintenance, it is believed, will be almost nothing.

Interlocking steel mats, the invention of Walter E. Irving, have been used for subway ventilation for years. When war posed the problem of making landing fields on rough wilderness ground overnight, Irving mats were adopted as the best solution.

A special type of steel mat was developed that could be shipped rolled up, then spread out in a few minutes. The great success of the invention suggested the use of filled steel grating to improve the nation's secondary roads after the war is over.

The greatest virtue of the new road will be its nonskid property. Just enough of the steel mesh protrudes through the hardened gravel surface to give perfect traction in all weathers. This safety factor has already been proved many times in the grating roadways on highway bridges, laid by Irving's company.

Rolled-steel mats can be shipped anywhere and, once installed, will wear "like iron." With them, the inventor expects to develop major highways in the most isolated parts of the country, and especially between the United States and South America, through terrain where the installation and maintenance of standard hard-surface roads would be prohibitive in cost.

FOOD is only one commodity that will benefit by dehydration tomorrow. Fully twenty household stand-bys will come to you packaged dry for easy storage and better preservation. Some of tomorrow's dehydrated products will be silver polish, paint remover, mending cements for glass and rubber, wood plaster and rust preventers.

Power Plants on Wheels

Electric power stations on wheels, built to follow the United Nations' armies into conquered cities and restore shattered services, will be invaluable in America as well as Europe after the war. They will make every mile of railroad in the world a potential power-transmission line and bring electricity to communities never before supplied with it. A single portable station will produce 50,000 kilowatts—enough to serve 100,000 people.

These rolling power stations, complete with boilers, turbines and generators mounted in three cars, can be pushed onto a siding anywhere and will begin to generate electricity in a few hours. This will be a tremendous advantage in establishing wilderness developments, which nowadays must wait for months for permanent equipment to be moved in and installed. The rolling power plants will be able to operate on any local fuel and will function equally well at 40 below zero or 100 in the shade. They will carry their own boiler and cooling water, and so will be independent of rivers and harbors, which standard stations require.

Hundreds of sites for new cities and towns will thus be opened up quickly after the war. One spectacular use for the new plants will be in disaster relief, during floods, fires and earthquakes, where the loss of electric service seriously hampers the rescue work and causes much preventable death and suffering.

You Won't Be Cold in the Stratosphere

A serious problem in the high-level bombing of Germany has been to keep men and machinery warm in temperatures that reach 45 below at 30,000 feet. Heating with exhaust gases is dangerous because of carbon-monoxide danger and often impossible, since the planes usually glide in over their targets with motors throttled to cut noise.

The problem has just been solved by a remarkable piece of emergency research which developed a revolutionary type of gasoline-burning heater capable of staying on the job up to 57,000 feet. At war's end, this heater is expected to find universal application in commercial high-altitude planes. It will give them the first reliable means of interior heating at stratospheric levels.

The biggest problem was the difficulty of supplying enough oxygen to support combustion. At 30,000 feet, a candle flame will die of suffocation; high-octane gasoline at 40 below burns like hard coal. The engineers found that the solution was to force the thin air into the heater at a high enough velocity to keep up the oxygen supply. But this invariably blew the flame out.

After much trial and error, they discovered that if the air were driven in at a tangent, it would form a vortex which did not sweep the flame away from the source of fuel.

It was the first time open-flame combustion had ever been achieved above an altitude of 20,000 feet.

The research was begun "cold," with improvised equipment and a shortage of all important materials. In spite of these disadvantages, the new principle of combustion was developed and the first interior heater was actually in service over the battlefield within eleven months from the time the experiments were begun. ★★★

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Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y., Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

"Please help bring my Daddy home"

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4th WAR LOAN
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THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, 1, OHIO

When You Come Home

Continued from page 16

caught in her throat. Then he began looking around the room again.

Fran went out into the kitchen quietly. She took off her coat and put on an apron, and when she tied the strings her fingers were shaking.

For such a long time, she'd gone around saying to herself, "When Kip comes home—" Alone at night, she had said aloud, "When you come home, Kip—" She had waited impatiently, longingly, passionately. And now—nothing was turning out the way she'd expected. For a moment, standing very still, she faced the fact that maybe Kip was so changed that they could never be the same again together. Maybe—they had lost that special private closeness they had had. She thought she couldn't bear it, losing that; that was marriage, that was all the rest of her life.

She wrenched herself away from thinking, and began to get dinner very fast, so fast she couldn't think any more. Everything was ready, all but the steak she'd been saving points for, and the coffee.

She was standing at the table by the window, measuring coffee, when Kip came up behind her. His arms went around her, pulling her back against him, and coffee spilled on the white table. She tried to steady her breathing, but she could feel her heart thudding against his hand.

Kip kissed the back of her neck, and she shivered hotly and relaxed against him. He was talking into her hair.

"It's been so long, Fran—it's been so awfully long—" His husky voice ran aground and stopped.

She turned inside his arms and he kissed her mouth, but strangely, like lightning flashing and gone again. He was standing a foot away, smiling at her, with that new, guarded remoteness in his eyes.

Why did he go away so fast? Why didn't they ever come to rest together, just quietly glad? She had a feeling he was all strung up on little wires, and never let them slacken.

"Some fatted calf," remarked Kip, regarding the steak.

Fran made herself follow his lead. "I thought you boys lived on steak," she said lightly. "That's the butcher's idea anyhow."

"Not in Sicily," said Kip. "And we wouldn't have had time to enjoy it." He moved restlessly around the little kitchen, lifting the salt box and setting it down again, straightening the calendar, touching the red splash of geranium briefly. "Guess I'll get into civvies. Have I got any?"

"Everything's in your closet," she told him. On the very same hooks, the way he'd left them. Nothing had helped her through those months so much as keeping her promise, with a careful passion of faithfulness.

KIP went out without saying anything more, and she listened to him go up the stairs before she moved again. He went up quietly—he didn't run up two steps at a time.

She was putting dinner on the table when he came down again. Seeing him in the gray tweed suit, for a minute it was as if she'd dreamed the war, and he'd never been away. Then he moved into the light, and she saw the coat, pulled tight and bunched across his shoulders.

"Seem to have outgrown it," Kip commented, wriggling his shoulders.

"Your suède jacket's looser," she suggested. "Hall closet."

She smiled to herself as he went to get it, remembering how he used to wear that jacket every single evening when he came home from work, and how he used to howl when he couldn't locate it immediately. Kip came back again, in his shirt sleeves, holding the suède jacket out in front of him.

"It's filthy," he said.

"Why—you'd never let me have it cleaned," she exclaimed.

"I must have been nuts. It's fairly mildewed." He held it off disdainfully. "Mind if I wear a sweater to dinner?"

"Hurry up," said Fran. It was foolish to be sentimental about a suède jacket.

DINNER was a success, as far as the food went. But they talked like visiting cousins, and Fran couldn't seem to help it. She told him little scraps of news, and he told her about some of the men in his company, and the conversation kept falling apart.

"Mr. Reynolds says your job is waiting for you," she said at last.

"That so?" said Kip.

"But you'll take a few days off first, won't you?"

Kip filled his coffee cup up with cream. "Seems sort of dim and dreary, to go rooting around in real estate," he said finally.

"But you were doing so well, Kip," she said before she could catch herself.

"I must have been half asleep, those days," Kip said. "I'd go nuts selling lots, now, Fran."

"Oh," said Fran inadequately. Everybody talked about the adjustment the men would have to make, coming back from fighting, and maybe this was part of it. But nobody said anything about wives and husbands having to adjust; and you had to keep feeling your way in the dark.

"What kind of work would you like to do?" she asked him.

"I was sort of sorry I didn't go in the Air Forces," Kip remarked thoughtfully. "Maybe I'd like to get a job in a plane factory. Kind of job where you can use your ideas."

"We'd have to move—" Fran said startled.

"We could get a good price on this house," Kip replied casually.

Fran sat twisting her napkin underneath the table. Now this isn't important, she told herself fiercely. Never mind about the house. What matters is Kip being back.

But Kip wasn't really back, something said bitterly inside her. Kip was sitting across the table, a thousand miles away from her. She smoothed the napkin out and leaned toward him.

"Kip dear—"

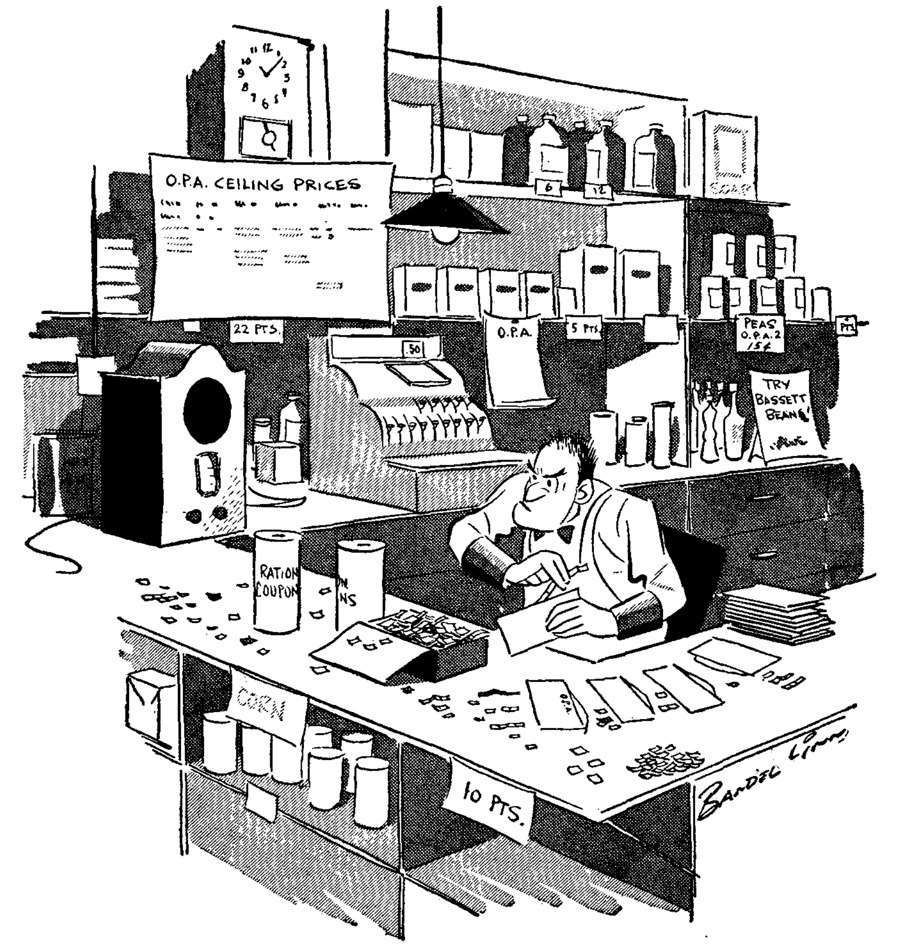
"Yes?" He smiled, but the guardedness was there.

"Nothing," she said, leaning back again. "More coffee?"

"Thanks."

Kip helped her carry out the dishes and stack them after dinner, and she closed the door on the debris of dinner. Now they could settle down in the living room, and relax and be natural, the way they always did in the evening. Now maybe Kip would tell her how glad he was to be back.

She settled expectantly on the lounge, and watched Kip prowl. He roamed into the corners of the room, he opened the rest of the windows and a cold edge of breeze sliced into the room.



NEWS

"**. . . while more and more attention is being given to the problems of the postwar world. In a speech last night before a meeting of the Amalgamated Grocers' Federation, Senator Cudgel expressed the view that both price ceilings and rationing should last for months—or even YEARS after the war in order to prevent runaway price inflation. 'I don't believe the grocers of America are having any trouble with the present system,' he added. However, one news item tonight seems to challenge the senator's opinion. From Kokomo, Indiana, comes news that Groceryman Claude Frisby committed suicide after receiving an order from OPA to change his price ceilings on canned beans . . .**"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

"How about a walk?" said Kip.

"All right," said Fran. She got her coat and dug up a sports jacket for Kip. She left all the lights on, so they could see the house waiting for them a long way off.

They tramped down the road and over the bridge again, heading for Smokytop Hill. They walked in step, not touching. When they went past the statue she swallowed down a hurt resentment that the evening was so different from the way she had pictured it that afternoon, waiting there under the bronze boy. The thing to do was to concentrate on Kip being home, and let the rest slip.

"Do you want to stop in and see anybody?" she asked presently.

"Not tonight," said Kip.

When they reached the top of the hill it was so dark they couldn't see anything. Kip lit a cigarette with a brief spurt of flame.

"Not much of a view tonight," she said.

"We know it's there," he answered, and for a little while the answer was comforting.

"Let's go," Kip said presently, restlessness in his voice.

Fran swung into step with him again, wondering drearily how long they were going to jerk along this way, without settling into peace. There was the whole night ahead, though, and surely then at last they'd be back home together. She saw the lights of their house a long way off, just as she'd planned, and they reassured her. So many times she and Kip had gone back, and shut the front door, and closed themselves in with happiness.

She'd forgotten Kip's bag entirely. He remembered, just as they got to the bridge.

"I'll run down to the station for my stuff," he said.

She started to say she'd go along, and thought better of it. "Be seeing you," she said.

His hand found her face in the dark, and he drew a finger across her mouth. Then he was going off down the road.

FRAN went home, suspense and excitement mounting. Just that finger touch had thrown off her controls. Everything was going to be all right now.

She put on the violet housecoat that he liked best, velvet smooth and warm around her. She took the pins out of her hair and let it fall in black loose curls. Her hair snapped when she brushed it, her finger tips tingled, her eyes looked wider and very bright.

"Hello," said Kip suddenly in the doorway. "Hello, beautiful."

She leaned against the dressing table, looking at him, not answering.

"I turned out all the downstairs lights," Kip said.

"Did you?"

"And locked the doors. Lights out at nine-thirty, in the Army."

"That leaves us five minutes," she said.

Kip pulled off his tie. "Just stay over there, a safe ten feet away, and I'll be ready for bed in three minutes."

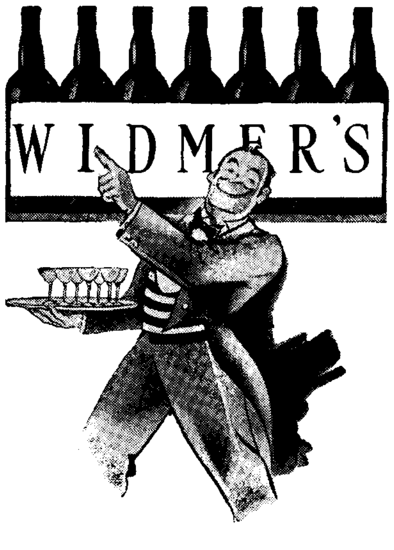
She curled up on the bed, her feet tucked under her, and waited for him. The little pulse in her wrists beat faster and faster.

"Lights out," said Kip.

His fingers were on her throat, gently, and now surely all would be well. Then he turned to her with a swift, direct passion that burned her and passed her by.

She lay there, lonelier and lonelier, closing her eyes against the heavy tears. She remembered his tenderness, so long ago; and how he had thought for her; and the islanded peace they had reached. It was all gone.

A long time after, she said, "Kip?" But



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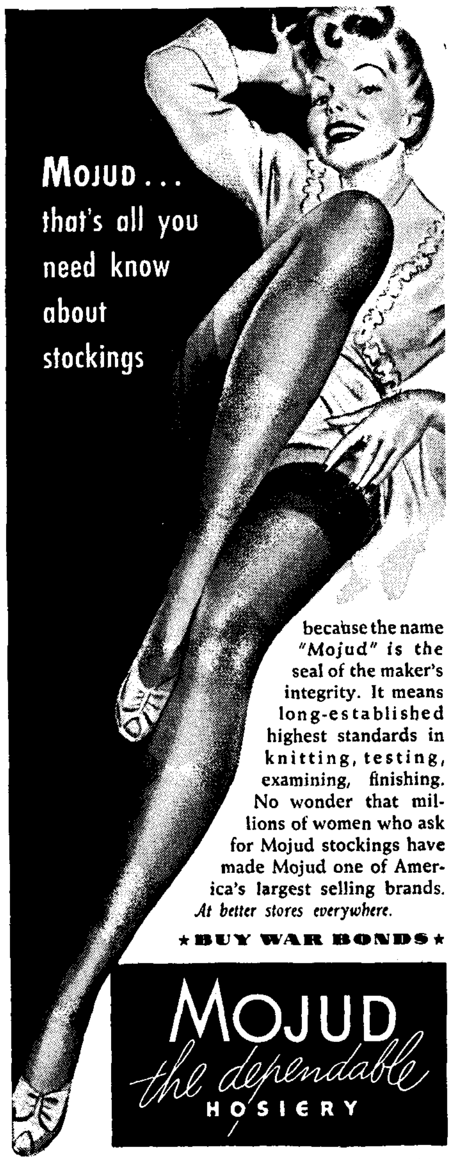

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he was asleep. And a long, terrified time after that she fell asleep too.

Waking in daylight, she found the pillow empty beside her. But it was gray early morning still.

"Kip—" she called.

He came in, rubbing his wet hair with a towel. "Hi. Can't sleep any later than this."

This time she let her feelings slip. "I wanted to wake up, and find you here."

"Well, here I am." He grinned at her.

"It's not the same."

"You're half asleep," he told her.

She went to take her own shower, and when he reached an arm out as she passed, she didn't look at him. The way she felt, she'd cry at a moment's notice.

He was making the bed when she returned, and that stopped her. Funny things men learned in the Army. She looked around the room, noting the neat piles of his clothes. He used to throw them on the floor, any old way. She'd pick them up, after he'd gone to work, and somehow that was a nice part of being married. This strange tidiness kept her at a distance. Marriage was full of such small, important things, and you didn't know it till you lost them.

At breakfast, she was quiet, and Kip read the paper. Everything was the way it used to be, and everything was different. She didn't know what he thought, how he felt.

"Why don't you drop in and see Mr. Reynolds?" she asked. Maybe when he saw his old office it would help him ease back into the old familiar way of things.

"That's an idea," said Kip.

He went off after breakfast, still wearing the sports jacket. He was better looking than he used to be. He was broader shouldered. She would have swapped it gladly, for one of his old-time goodbys, just holding her tight and not saying anything. This time he gave her a little salute and was gone.

SHE cleaned the house, which didn't need it, with a frenzy of concentration. Every time she started worrying about Kip, she stopped herself. If she were patient, if she didn't expect everything to be smooth at once, maybe it would all work out. But her good resolves washed away when he got back.

He strode into the living room aggressively.

"I was right," he said. "Reynolds has a buyer for this house already."

"What?" said Fran.

"If we can get that settled, then we'll be free for anything," he said. "We won't be tied down. I can prospect for a job and find just what I want."

"Wait!" Fran exclaimed. "You've been wandering around a lot of countries, you haven't got your roots down again."

"Well?" he said, looking at her with a puzzled frown.

"We've made this house our home."

"But we can do that anywhere, you and I," he answered.

"Can we?" said Fran. "Now?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about your planning with Reynolds to sell this house, before you even talked it over with me," Fran exploded, glad to let go.

"But we talked about it last night at dinner—"

"You did. We didn't."

"What's wrong, Fran?"

"Everything," she told him hotly. She stood up to give her anger room. "You're different, everything is different, and you don't care."

Silence stretched taut between them, when she paused. He stood there watching her intently.

"You told me to keep everything the same for you, while you were gone," she said. "You made me promise to keep things just the same, so when you came back we'd be together the way we always were."

"Yes. I remember."

"But we aren't together the same way, Kip."

He said, "We can't go back to exactly the same place. We have to go on."

His bright hair shone above his sober face. A tiny muscle in his cheek jumped sharply and was still again.

"You keep yourself locked away, Kip. I can't find you." She heard the terror in her voice and she couldn't stop it.

"I've had to keep my feelings locked up for quite a while, Fran." His voice thickened and he forced it on: "Do you expect me to be the same person I was?"

"I expected you to tell me you were glad to be back," she answered.

"Good Lord, Fran, do I have to tell you that?" She could see into his eyes now, where hurt and anger were rising against the guard of his reserve.

She answered, "You could tell me something—most anything would do."

Kip walked away three steps and turned and came back again. "Look, Fran." He was breathing heavily, deep reaches for air, and he pushed the words through: "I'm crazy about being back. Too much to talk about it. But not because of this house. Because of you."

"But you don't come to rest with me," Fran said with twisting misery. And that was the core of the whole trouble, that was the frightening part.

Kip came over to her now, very close, not touching her. His body was rigid with effort.

He told her slowly, "If you've been on a tension so your nerves scream, a long time, you don't let down in a minute. I've held on so tight, Fran, waiting to get back to you, I can't let go." Then appeal broke free in his voice "Give me time, Fran."

"Yes," she said. But she couldn't stop herself going on. "Only—I've been so afraid—"

"Afraid?" he repeated, with sudden sharpened awareness.

"Afraid—since you've come home—because I can't get through to you—"

"I didn't know," he said, and now his voice was close, taking care of her. "Don't be afraid. Fran—I was wrong, telling you to keep everything the same. Nothing is the same for me, except loving you."

"Say it again," she said. "Say it again—"

HIS hands were holding her face, lifting it, and when she saw his eyes the barrier was gone. He had forgotten everything but the need to reassure her.

"Loving you—" he said, and the way he looked at her wrapped her around with safety.

"I was lost—I couldn't find you, Kip—"

"Just a nightmare," he answered, holding her, closer and closer. "I'm sorry I didn't know, Fran. Here we are, now."

"And now we go on—"

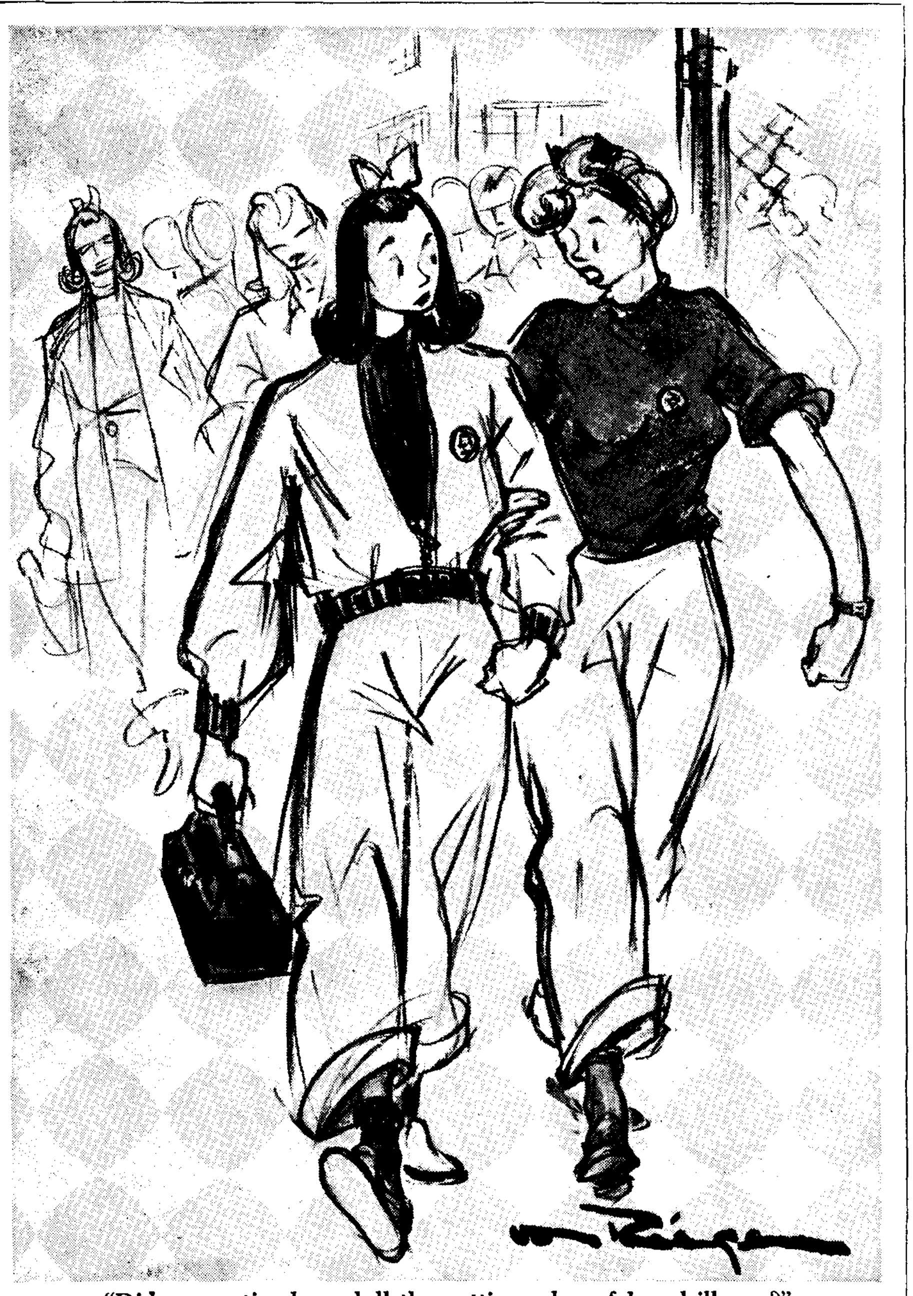
"That's it," said Kip. "We've got to go on."

Fran sighed, relaxing. "I don't care about the house. I'm going with you. Just —don't let go of me."

"Not a chance," said Kip. His face was hard against hers.

She held on to him tightly, the way she'd done under the statue, but this was better.

THE END



"Did you notice how dull the cutting edge of her drill was?"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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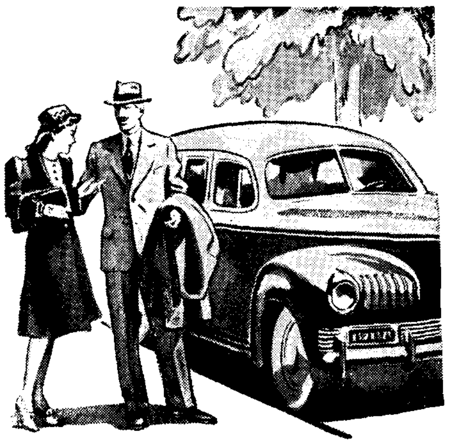

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A Boy Ain't a Man

Continued from page 20

I was only fifteen then, but already I'd started in Reub's footsteps. So that night I went over to see Nan Tetlow. I told her how Reub had whipped the old man and was free to marry Daisy, with the old man's blessing.

A cloud rolled up in Nan Tetlow's blue eyes and she said, "Some day, Jeter, you'll have to fight him."

"Why, no," I said. "I aim to stay on at the farm with him. We get along fine."

"You're not afraid of him, are you?"

"No, but I don't want to fight him, either."

"What makes him so mean?"

"He's not mean!" I snapped. "It's just the way he was brought up. Like the way your father was brought up to squeeze every dollar till the eagle squeals."

"You stop talking about my father!"

"Okay, you stop talking about mine!"

She was mad and she was pretty, but she was prettier than she was mad. I bent over quick and kissed her rosebud mouth. She slapped me, but it didn't hurt much; and I went away feeling like a king.

IT WAS Giles tangled with the old man next. Giles was his favorite, the one he always thought would stay by him through the years. But one day Giles said he was sick and tired of the farm. He was going away and get a job on construction work. First, the old man was hurt and bewildered. He said some pretty hard things to Giles, the kind of things you'll say when you figure somebody you've counted on has let you down. Then he got mad.

They squared off. Giles was just as big as my father and full as tall. I didn't like the look in his eyes. Giles always was the toughest of us; the coolest, too. He weaved and ducked and shifted and he didn't let my father lay a hand on him. He just waited for his chance. When it came, he went in like a rattlesnake. He hit the old man just once and his fist did not move more than six inches, but it was like a mule kicking.

The old man went out cold. My brother Tom ran for a bucket of water. I stood frozen. Then all at once I saw that Giles was crying. For the first time, I realized that Giles could be soft as well as tough.

"He's the greatest old hellion ever lived," Giles sobbed. "Pa, I didn't aim to hit you so hard."

Next morning when Giles left us, my father gave him fifty dollars in cash. But I don't think he was ever quite the same again. For a long time, with Giles gone, he was half lost. He'd sit for as much as an hour, just staring, and when he broke his silence, it would be to mention something about Giles. He loved us all, but Giles was the one nearest his heart. . . .

Tom's turn came next, a year or so later. Tom was the quiet one of us; used to read a lot. He said, the way things were going in Europe, there'd be big trouble soon. So he was going to join the Navy, where he could do some good when the shooting started.

My father said he was crazy; said we'd never get into the war. Besides, he wanted no son of his blundering around on a ship. He ordered Tom back to his plow. Tom just stood there.

Suddenly all the Gilpin stubbornness and all the Gilpin temper flared up in the old man, and he went to work on Tom like a man beating a drum. Tom gave ground. My father dropped his hands. "Got enough, son?"

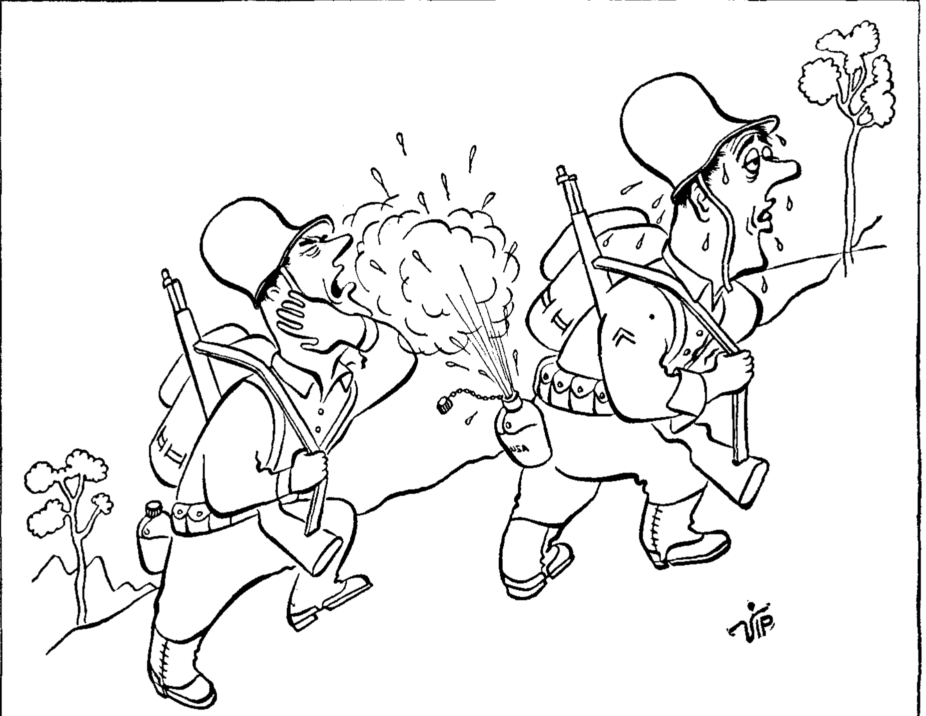
He turned away. But Tom yelled through his puffed lips, "No, dammit, no!"

My father whirled back to face him. Then and there pure, plain luck rescued my brother Tom. The old man whirled so fast he half lost his balance. Tom was very fast then—almost as fast as Giles. He landed on the old man four times—so fast you couldn't see the blows. The fourth time settled the business.

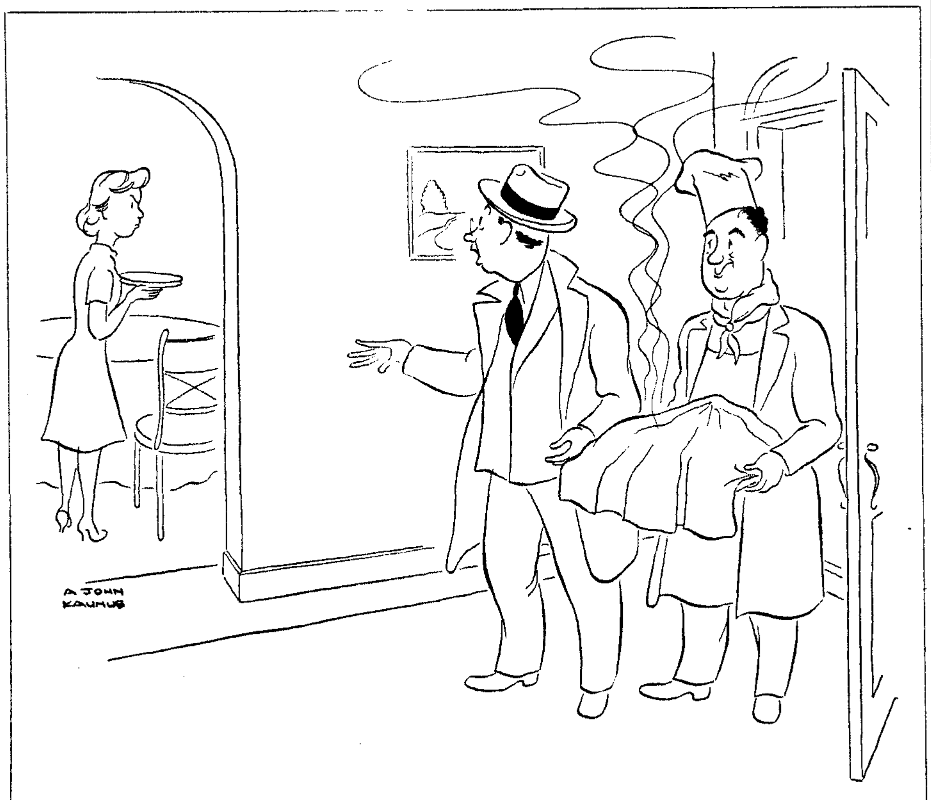
So Tom went away to the Navy a week later, and the old man gave him fifty dollars, too.

After that, there were just my father and I on the farm. We had to work harder than ever; but as I told Nan Tetlow, he and I got along fine. I hoped nothing would ever come between us, because I knew I never could whip the old man unless he had one foot in the grave. I stood only six feet and weighed a bare hundred and eighty—the runt of the family. The old man had forty-one pounds and four inches on me.

What I hoped was that he and I would always gee horses, and Nan and I would get married and live with him there at the farm and take care of him in his old age—if he ever did get old. I guess that's the way it would have worked out, too, except for that Sunday in December when he and I sat listening to the radio.



COLLIER'S "You're boiling over, McCabe" VIRGIL PARTCH



"I've brought home a friend for dinner, dear, but it's all right!"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

A thing like that takes a while to sink in. When it did sink in for us, I was madder than I'd ever been, and the old man began to swear in a steady stream.

Then he broke off to say, "Jeter, this means you and me'll have to work harder than ever. This is a big farm, and the Army's going to need every ear of corn, every grain of wheat, every steer and every hog we can grow off it. Sunday or no Sunday, let's go down to the barn and shuck a few tubs of corn."

"Pa," I shouted. "Pa, I've got to tell you something."

"Let's get to the barn, boy, and start shuckin'. This is no time for foolin'."

I WAS nineteen then and I didn't argue. But the rest of that week I couldn't eat or rest or sleep for thinking how we had to run those yellow hellions off the face of the earth. Then one morning Giles came home in the uniform of a private in the United States Army. Next day, Tom blew in on leave from his ship. Reub took one look at them in their uniforms and said that, wife or no wife, he was going to join up, too. Daisy could live with her folks till the war was over.

The old man shook hands with all three of them. "Boys," he said to Reub and Giles and Tom, with his arm around Giles' shoulder, "Jeter and me'll feed you—and feed a lot of other boys, too, that's in the Army and the Navy."

"You look after Pa, Jeter, and mind you do what he tells you to," my brothers cautioned me when they left.

I reckon it never crossed their minds that I might want to fight just as much as they did.

That night I went to see Nan and told her how it was with me. Red color came beating up into her cheeks. I'd never seen her so excited. Her breath came fast, and any doubts I'd ever had about her love for me went away forever.

"You—you're so young," she whispered, "but it's—it's for you to decide. I'll be terrible proud of you, Jeter."

We sat there side by side in the Tetlow parlor, with Nan's slim fingers laced through mine. I didn't want to leave her, but I kept thinking there were lots of other girls all over the country, and their sweethearts were leaving them.

Next morning I told my father I was going to volunteer. He stared at me, his face stormy, but when he spoke, he made his voice behave. He said again that ours was a big farm, an important one, and that the government needed everything we could grow off it. Looking back, I can see that he was unusually patient with me.

Finally he said, "Let's not have any more foolishness about this, son. You and me've got our job just like Reuben and Giles and Tom have got theirs."

He stood there beside me, big and tall and tough, and he let his arm fall across my shoulders the same way he'd put it around Giles. I thought of how my brothers had settled with him, and my knees buckled. Their way couldn't be mine, because I'd never see the day I could whip the old man. Besides, I wouldn't have wanted to whip him if I could. His arm across my shoulders did something to me, as if it were he and I against the world.

"I guess I'll have to wait a while," I told Nan that night.

She gave me a look that I couldn't understand. After a while, she said, very low, "I suppose you can do more good right there on the farm, Jeter, than anywhere else. Your father's right. It's where you belong."

"I belong in the Army!"

"Then why don't you go?" Sudden blue fire flashed in her eyes, and she flung herself away from me. She was unjust to me then, because she said, "Either this is all talk about your wanting to volunteer or else you're afraid of your own father. I can stand anything—anything but a man who can't make up his mind at a time like this! G-good night, Jeter."

And that was the last I saw of her for six months. I stayed home of nights now—stayed home and read the papers, even closer than Tom ever had. I read all about Bataan and Corregidor and the Coral Sea and Guadalcanal and the other places, and sometimes it seemed I was going crazy.

MY FATHER was fifty-six years old then, but I never saw anybody work the way he did in those six months. The black woman had breakfast ready before daylight every week day. By sunup we were in the fields and, except for an hour at dinnertime, we did not stop until dark. The old man swore that no American soldier would ever starve as long as he, Branch Gilpin, had two legs and two strong arms. Once a month, Saturday afternoon, he'd go to town and buy another War Bond.

I worked, too. I worked like a slave. Out in the fields, with sweat streaming

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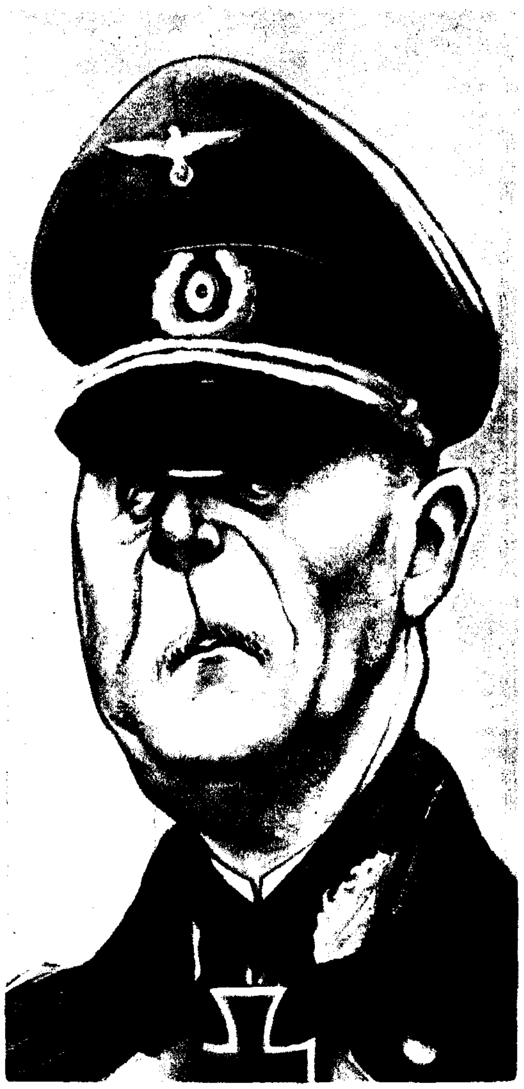


WILHELM KEITEL

XXVIII

IT IS rather unlikely that Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel will be around in the hour of German collapse, for the Fuehrer's rages make German commanders poor insurance risks. In recent years Generals von Schleicher and von Fritsch have been assassinated, General von Reichenau fell dead of apoplexy after an interview with Storm Troopers, General Udets lost his life "while experimenting with a new weapon," General Todt perished in a mysterious plane accident, Field Marshal List was in a concentration camp, at last report, and Generals Halder, Von Kleist and Guderian, for some unexplained reason, fail to answer "Present" when their names are called.

On the chance, however, that Keitel may keep a whole skin, it is well to recall his part in the Nazi tragedy, and to nail the memory down.

A dumbbell from birth, the "stupidest man in the whole army," according to associates, and yet he is largely responsible for the world's blood bath.

It is known now that the generals planned to bit and curb Hitler in 1938. They did not approve of his Spanish venture and were gloomily apprehensive that the Fuehrer's "intuition" would lead Germany into a war with Russia, France and England.

Someone betrayed their secret meeting to Hitler, and he beat the generals to the punch. Keitel's treachery has never been proved. Nevertheless, he became chief of the German armed forces when Fritsch was removed and placed under arrest. A fawning yes-man from the first, he laid aside his monocle and made himself over into a carbon copy of the Fuehrer, aping his grimaces and even retiring to play Beethoven and Wagner records when faced with an important decision.

A fool, but a dangerous fool. The High Command was a unit in urging Hitler to rest satisfied with the Sudeten and the reduction of Czechoslovakia to powerlessness. Keitel alone applauded the Fuehrer's resolution to march into Prague, pooh-poohing the fears of the others. In the case of Poland, he differed again with his associates, joining with Ribbentrop in asserting that the English and French were "too cowardly" to fight.

It was after the fall of France, however, that Keitel really reached the heights. Dragging Foch's special car out of a French museum, he had it brought to Compiègne and staged a shameful and humiliating "surrender scene" that turned the stomachs of even the German generals. As insensitive as stupid, he completed the show by sending the car on a tour of the Reich.

Like Ribbentrop and Franz von Papen, Keitel will doubtless plead that his hands are free of blood. It may be true that he has not killed and tortured personally, but he cannot divest himself of responsibility for the massacres that turned the Ukraine into a charnel house. As chief of Germany's armed forces, and closer to Hitler at the time than any other, it was well within his power to call a halt on the wholesale butcheries ordered by Alfred Rosenberg and Erich Koch. Instead of that, his silence approved the slaughter of men, women and little children, and, under the law laid down by the Moscow Conference, he is as guilty as the actual murderers.

At the time he "yessed" the Fuehrer into invading Russia, Keitel was glib with predictions that the campaign would be over in "two or three weeks." For a while, he covered up this miscalculation by blaming other generals, but, in the end, his utter incompetence stood proved so plainly that Hitler kicked him out of Russia into Italy. There he showed himself every whit as futile as the Italians—no mean feat—but by dint of abject begging, he was given another chance, Hitler sending him over Europe as a sort of "trouble shooter."

Inevitably, of course, the fool made most of the trouble. In Hungary, he messed things to a point where Admiral Horthy withdrew troops from the Russian front. Keitel's visits to Rumania and Bulgaria produced equally unfavorable reactions.

Where he is now, no one seems to know. Despised by the generals as a lickspittle and informer, Keitel lives by sufferance. Perhaps, following an old German custom, he will be left in a room with a loaded revolver on the table. But what good? He has neither heart nor brains for a bullet to find. If brought to judgment after the armistice, he might go free except for the Ukraine massacres. Certainly he could plead that his stupidities and treacheries had been of incalculable aid to the Allies. . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

down me, I could sometimes forget. But when supper was over and I'd read every word of the war news, I'd go up to bed and lie there half the night without closing my eyes.

Then one morning I reached the boiling point. It was like coming to the end of a road and knowing you had to set a new course. I threw down my pitchfork.

"Pa," I said, "I'm going to join up whether you like it or not. There're still some able-bodied men left around here. You can hire one of them to take my place."

"Pick up that fork," the old man said. "I've done all the explainin' to you I'm goin' to do."

I picked up the fork and threw it as far as I could. Then the old man stared at me.

Before he could move, I said, "If you want to fight, we can fight, and I reckon you'll whip me. But that won't keep me from running away and joining up."

My father looked as if I'd shot him. Then he said, low and tired: "You *could* run away, couldn't you? Funny I never thought of that. But no Gilpin ever run yet. When—when Giles wanted to go away on construction work he didn't sneak off in the dark, did he?"

I felt sick through and through. He was mean and he was tough, but he was my dad. I couldn't sneak away. I could fight him if I had to, and take my licking, but I couldn't run out on him. I choked up and my eyes stung, and I went walking to where I'd thrown the pitchfork. When I got there I picked it up and stuck it in the ground.

Then I started across the field toward the main road. The old man shouted at me, but I didn't turn my head.

IN TOWN I went to see Judge Gresham. He said: "Jeter, your father's absolutely right. Yes, Branch is right. He's already given three sons to the services and he needs you there on the farm." He lighted a cigar and blew out the smoke. "You were twenty years old last Tuesday. Just a young shirttail sprout, as Branch would say. You don't know what you want to do. You just think you want to join the Army."

There was no use wasting any more of his time or mine. Judge Gresham knew as much about comforting a boy in his misery as I knew about instructing a jury. Going up the street, I felt lower than ever before. Then I remembered the Reverend Deeds.

The preacher was patient. He did not open his mouth till I had finished talking. He understood when I told him it was something deep inside me that kept telling me to join up, and he didn't say I just thought I wanted to go in the Army.

"Jeter," he said, "when it's a choice of two duties, both of them vital, always take the one your heart tells you to take. Go home and talk with your father again. Tell him something from me. Tell him that I am a very busy man but that, if he will withdraw his objection to your volunteering, I'll guarantee to put in four full days a week helping him on the farm."

So that's what I told my father when I found him in the hayfield by himself. The old man snorted. "Let him do the preachin', son. Me and you'll do the farmin'. Yonder's your fork."

THAT night I slipped off to town again. Mr. Deeds was just as patient as he'd been that morning.

When I finished, he said, "In ordinary times I wouldn't advise this. But now there's just one thing left for you. Go anyway."

"But I can't! I couldn't run out on my father. I just couldn't. I have got to go with his blessing, the way my brothers went. I have got to fight him!"

"You're afraid of him, aren't you?"

"I know I can't whip him."

"What do you want me to do?" the parson said.

"Help me fix it so I *can* whip him."

"What! How?"

"We finished the first crop of hay this afternoon. There's no other work pressing us right now. I want you and the old man to go down the river fishing tomorrow. Drift down five or six miles. Then—well, you know the old man. You've fished with him before. He thinks there's not a man in the world can row a boat but him. He—"

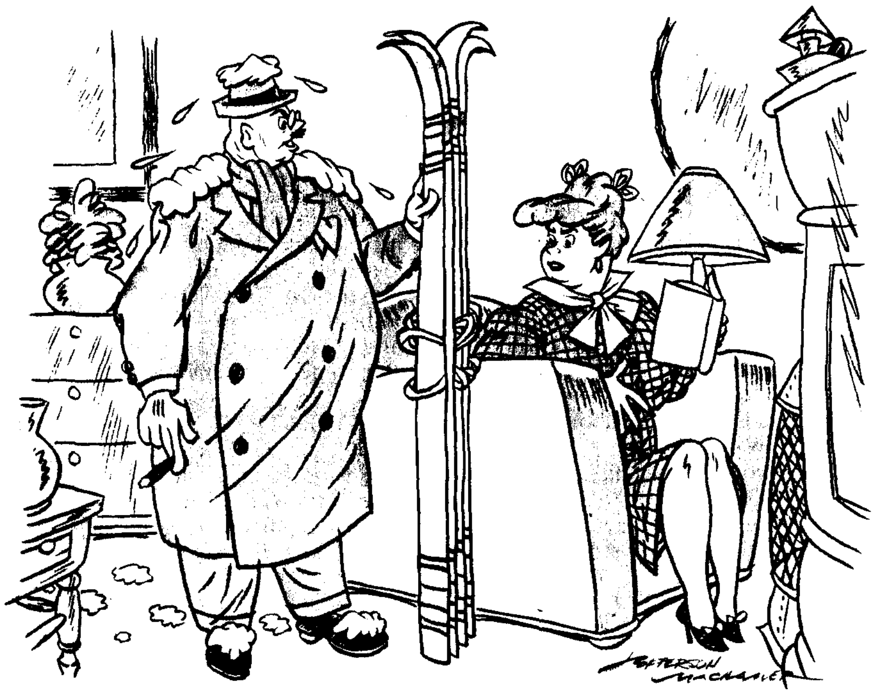
"I see," the preacher broke in. "He won't let me touch the oars. By the time he rows those five or six miles back upstream against that rapid current, he'll be tuckered out."

"I'll jump him the minute he comes back."

"I can't do it, Jeter. It would be taking unfair advantage!"

"It's the only way," I told him desperately.

A funny little light gleamed suddenly in the preacher's eyes. "Wait. Maybe, just maybe, the end justifies the means. Jeter, if you ever tell a soul that I helped you in



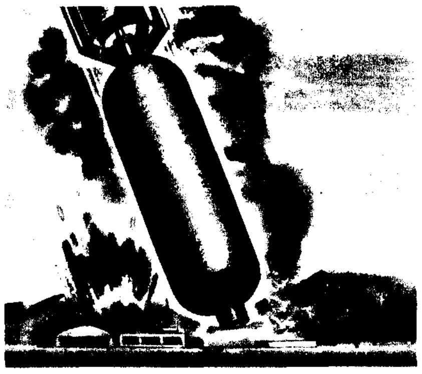
". . . and besides the fun, dear, they'll be just as much exercise as though I'd got a snow shovel!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

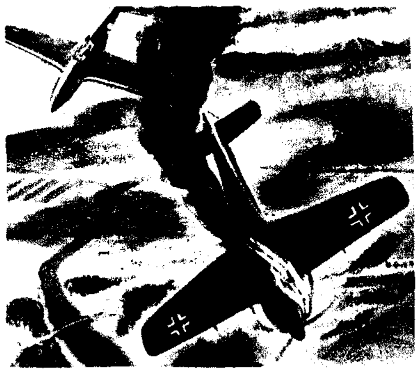
QUIZ for plane-minded readers

If you can answer nine of these questions correctly, you're good!

A score of eight correct answers is fair, and seven is average.

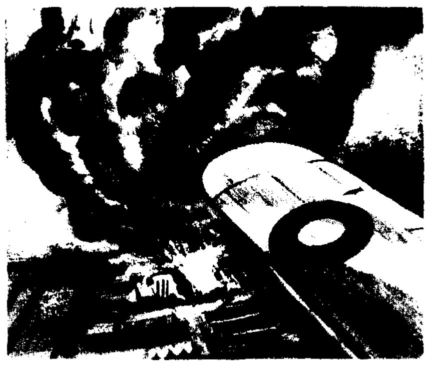


1. What fighter plane earned the name "B-40" by dropping 1,000 lb. bombs on Jap targets in Burma?



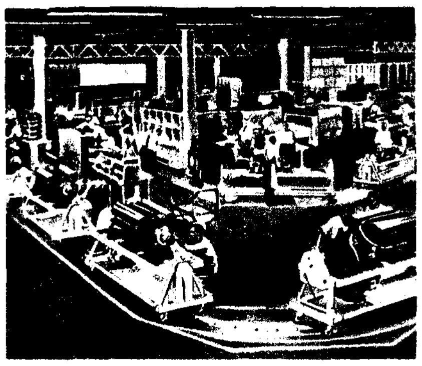
2. What plane has been called "the world's fastest fighter?"

3. What is conceded to be the "fastest bomber in the world?"

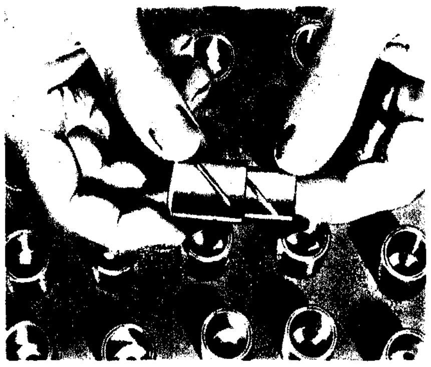


4. What is the name of Britain's heaviest bomber?

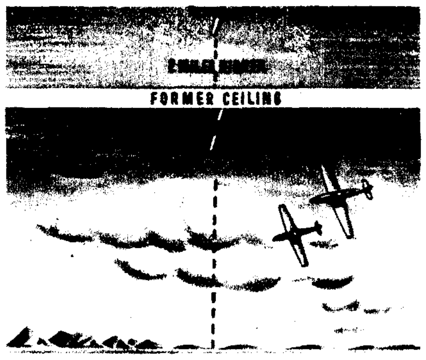
5. What fighter plane became known as the "tank buster" in the North African campaign?



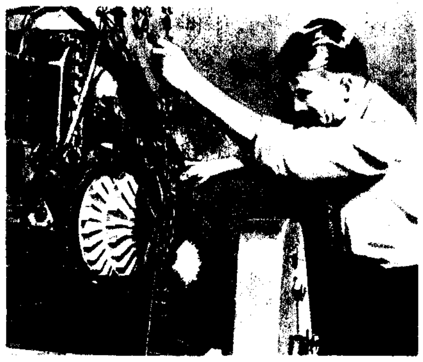
6. Who powers the Mustang, Warhawk, Hurricane, Mosquito, and Lancaster—and the famous PT boats?



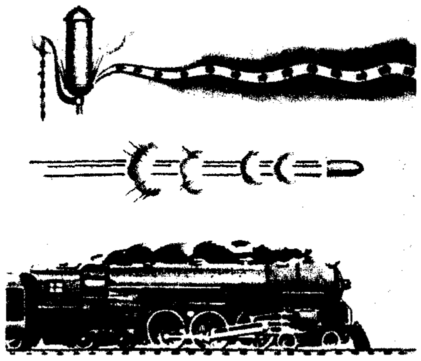
7. What is the finest surface measurement used in making Packard-built Rolls-Royce aircraft engines?



8. What enables the Mustang P-51 to fight 2 miles higher than before?

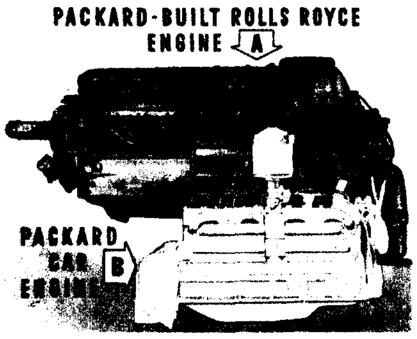


9. What does a two-stage two-speed supercharger do?

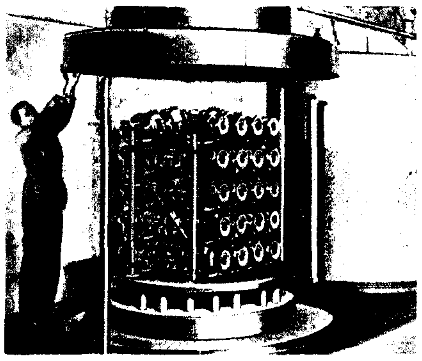


10. The top speed of blades in a Packard-built supercharger equals: an express train? A rifle bullet? Sound?

11. What famous fighting boats depend for their speed on aircraft-type engines?


PACKARD-BUILT ROLLS ROYCE ENGINE A
PACKARD CAR ENGINE B

12. "A" weighs twice as much as "B". Is "A" only twice as powerful as "B"? 3 times? 10 times?



13. Can new methods used in making war engines (like nitriding, above) help to build better postwar cars?

ANSWERS:

1–P-40 Warhawk. **2**–Mustang P-51. **3**–Mosquito bomber. **4**–Lancaster 4-motor bomber. **5**–Hurricane. **6**–Packard (Rolls-Royce engines for the planes; Packard marine engines for PT's). **7**–Millionths of an inch. **8**–A Packard-built 2-stage 2-speed supercharger. **9**–Engines, like people, "run out of breath" at high altitudes. Packard-built 2-stage 2-speed superchargers compress thin air, permit high-power performance even in the stratosphere. **10**–A rifle bullet and sound. **11**–Navy PT boats (powered by Packard marine engines of aircraft-type design). **12**–"A" is 10 times as powerful as "B". **13**–Yes, many of them. Your future Packard will be better built, longer lasting, and more economical as a result.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

MUSTANG
fighter

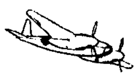
WARHAWK
fighter

HURRICANE
fighter

PACKARD

Precision-built Power

LANCASTER
bomber


MOSQUITO
fighter-bomber

NAVY PT
boats

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the secret weapons we need to lick the Enemy

YOUR SAVINGS WILL BUY
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RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY this shady business, I'll be compelled to state publicly that you are a liar.". . .

My father welcomed Mr. Deeds' invitation to go fishing the next morning. He said that a day of fun and sport always refreshed a man and made it so he could work all the harder the next day. I watched him and the preacher cross the low grounds and get into the boat. The old man settled himself at the oars. They drifted out of sight, and I thought suddenly that, while I might not be the fighter my three brothers were, I was the smartest boy the old man had raised.

I did a few odds and ends of work till the black woman rang the dinner bell. I ate heartily, rested a while in the shade, then called Nan Tetlow on the telephone. My heart turned over when I heard the soft tinkle of her voice over the wire. But this is all I said, "I'm going to the recruiting station tomorrow." And then I hung up. I thought maybe she'd call me back, but she didn't. . . .

THE old man and Mr. Deeds came home at twilight. They had a fine string of small-mouthed bass they'd caught behind the rocks in the river. Mr. Deeds said they'd gone as far as Lowman's Hole. That was six miles downstream.

I took a good look at my father. He was breathing hard and he didn't stand as straight as usual. The old man was tuckered.

The preacher looked at me and waited. My father sat down on the well platform and mopped the sweat off his face. He let out a long, windy sigh. The preacher looked at me again.

"Pa," I said.

And then I knew I couldn't do it. I couldn't do that to the old man any more than I could sneak out on him.

"What you want, son?"

"Pa," I told him, "that's sure a nice string of fish."

Mr. Deeds smiled at me and nodded. His hand sneaked out and we shook without the old man seeing us.

I didn't shut my eyes that night until just before daylight. When I woke up, the sun was shining full in my face and it was far along in the morning. For once, the old man had let me sleep late. I dressed but I didn't want any breakfast. I went down to the barn and found my father building a new hayrack. He looked fresh and rested. He was whistling Red River Valley.

The sunlight was pure gold. Bees bumbled around in the flowers my mother had planted long ago and my father had tended ever since her death. Over in the woods a bunch of crows talked to themselves. Down beyond the low grounds, you could see the riffles in the river flashing in the sunlight. It was a fine morning.

I wanted to pitch in and help him with the hayrack but I didn't. I drew a long breath, then I said: "This is the showdown, Pa."

The old man knew what I meant. He stopped whistling. "Son," he said, "you've got all the natural Gilpin stubbornness and then some. But I don't want to whip you. You ain't a match for me, Jeter."

"We'll see."

"This is one time I'm dead right. Your place and your job is right here."

The quiet way he spoke told me something. I knew then that this meant more to him than all his other battles. He'd fought Reub and Giles because they'd decided to do something without asking him first. He'd fought Tom because he didn't want a boy of his rambling to the ends of the world in a ship. But this was more important than all those other fights. The way he saw it, my duty was there with him. Maybe he was right.

I said, "Are you going to let me go with your blessing or not?"

"That the way it has to be, Jeter?"

"That's the way," I told him.

I remembered the way Giles had fought him. But I wasn't as fast as Giles. I wasn't fast enough to keep out of his reach. He nailed me on the jaw. I dug my right fist into his belly and then hit him four times straight in the face. I never fazed him. His hands kept bouncing off my face and head. I tried to cover up, and he started playing the drum on my belly.

The wind gushed out of me before I could break away. He came after me. I ducked and gave him all I had up under his red, weather-beaten jaw. Glory be! His knees sagged and he began pitching forward. I slipped to one side and whanged him under the jaw again as he went down.

But the old man used his head. He didn't get up until his breath came back. Then he lunged to his feet and caught me before I could move. I tasted my own blood and something had happened to my eyes.

"You've got enough, son," my father said. "Let's—"

But I hit him on the mouth before he could finish. That one drove him back. He didn't charge me so fast now. It was easier to keep out of his way, and that was something I had to do till my eyes cleared.

I danced sidewise. I kept my left arm out straight and stiff so as to keep him off me. He grabbed my arm and swung me around, and that was when he made his mistake, because he swung me exactly right—swung me so I could get all my power behind my right fist. I guess that blow would have broken anybody's jaw but a Gilpin's. The old man sagged in the middle like a sack of meal.

All of a sudden I knew I had him whipped. Fresh power went singing through me. When he straightened, I made myself go at him like a bull. For once in his life, the old man gave ground. I followed him, because the best thing was to get it over with in a hurry and not hurt him any more than I could help.

Then the old man stopped backing up and planted himself flatfooted. I saw the first fist coming and couldn't dodge. I don't remember seeing the second one. But it caught me under the chin and I fell flat on my back and couldn't get up. The old man knelt beside me and wiped the blood off my mouth and chin. It was the end of the world for me.

"Some day," my father muttered, "you'll realize I was right."

I tried to shake my head at him and couldn't. I remembered an old wild gobbler I'd shot once. He'd considered himself the king of the woods till I downed him with a load of number two's. He lay on the ground and tried to beat his wings, but he couldn't move. All he could do was lie there and stare up at me.

MY HEAD stopped going round and round, but I still didn't feel like getting to my feet. I wanted to lie there and die. All over the world there were bugles blowing, but none of them blew for me. I started to shut my eyes, then snapped them wide open, because about ten feet beyond us stood Nan Tetlow. I hated to have her see me lying there, but I remember thinking: Well, I guess she knows now I'm not afraid to fight him.

She looked at me, but I couldn't tell much from her eyes. They were dark and brimming with sadness. I began somehow to get to my feet. Nan walked up to the old man. She was trembling all over, but she made her voice steady. She said to my father, "I went to town this morning, and the station agent gave me this telegram to bring to you."

The old man took it and ripped the envelope open. I saw the sudden misery in his eyes. Stumbling, I made my way to him and stared over his shoulder. The telegram said that somewhere in the South Pacific, Corporal Giles Gilpin had been killed in the performance of his duty and in the service of his country.

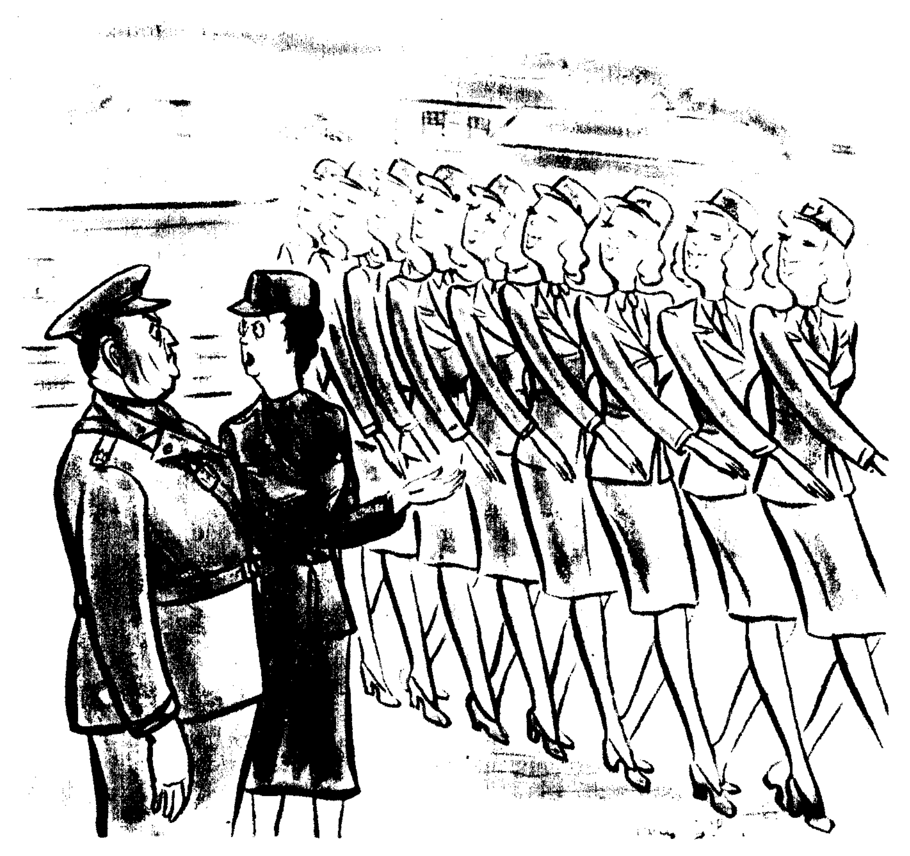
The old man never whimpered once. For a second, his eyes went dull and lost, like the eyes of some wild animal you've shot, and he rocked on his feet like a tall pine in a gale of wind. Then he folded the telegram neat and straight, and very carefully tucked it into the pocket of his shirt.

He looked off into the west and I guess he tried to throw the words all the way to Japan. "All right," he said. "There's another Gilpin on the way. How fast can you get ready, Jeter?"

I ran to the house, with Nan at my heels. While I undressed in one room, she laid out my best suit in the next room. The old man came in and sat down on the bed.

"Make haste, son," he said. "Make haste!"

THE END



COLLIER'S "They just can't help it—they're chorus girls!" MARY GIBSON

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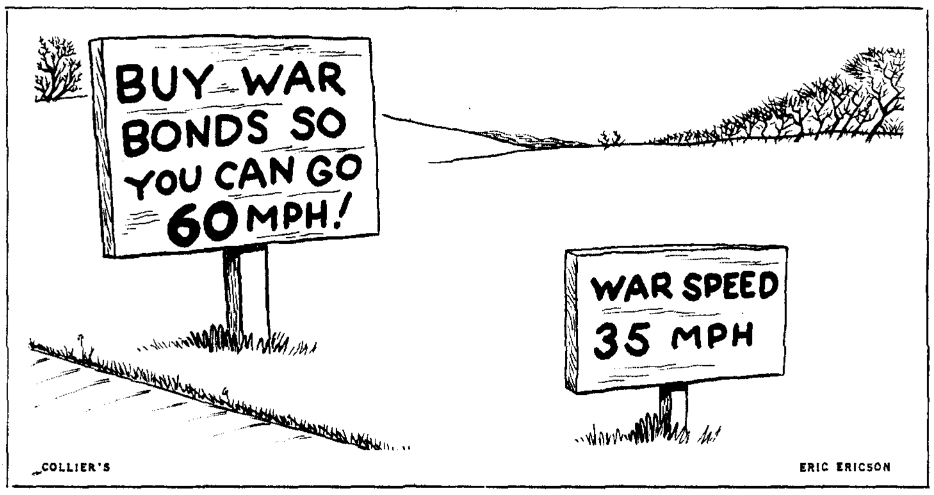


Those Diner Blues

Continued from page 21

with an eye on the proletarian vote, canceled the order. This car was full of plate glass and hand-carved mahogany, with thousands of dollars' worth of imported rugs, silk drapes and upholstery. It had round tables at which as many as seven diners could be seated.

This little number was the pride and joy of a train called The Forty-niner, operating over the Chicago & Northwestern, the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific between Chicago and Oakland. Gourmets used to wait over for the train, to eat amid all this magnificence.

American rail travel is more nearly normal than that of any other warring nation. Occasionally, foreign officers riding our trains grow impatient because "these civilians" seem to have equal rights for space and food. A couple of them, after a corridor wait, complained to Wild Bill Kurthy recently that women and children were fed before they were.

Women and Children First

"Well," said Kurthy, "that's the way it is in America. That's democracy for you. What's your hurry, anyway? You'll get to Chicago along with everyone else, anyway."

To help accommodate crowds some of the old 36-seat diners have been made over into 48-seaters, but there is no way to crowd more than four cooks and helpers into a kitchen less than fifteen feet long by six and a half wide, with about sixteen square feet of standing space to a man—if the roads can get the man. A typical road in the space of eight months last year lost 2,100 dining-car workers and could hire only 2,000 green hands to take their places.

On some military trains that carry diners, the shortage is met by calling for volunteers to serve as cooks, helpers, pantrymen and waiters. There usually are men aboard with restaurant experience; the roads pay them cash on the spot. Some dining-car chiefs think they'll have to come to this system on regular trains—giving some of the passengers a chance to work their way across country.

One bane of diner stewards' lives is coffee salesmen. They snoop around and find out what brand the diner is using. If it is not theirs, they make a fuss about how horrible it tastes and tell the steward he ought to switch to their brand. Since all the coffee is bought on the basis of regular tests made by the commissary department, the stewards have nothing to say about what brand is used. But occasionally they get revenge by laying in a supply of a chronic complainer's brand and serving it to him. Then when he complains, as usual, they sneak into the vestibule and laugh and laugh.

Waiters have their troubles, too, but sometimes there is a happy ending. All over the Southern Pacific, they tell the story of the colored waiter who had eye trouble, badly. He was a good waiter, and one of his regular passengers was a famous eye specialist, who never gave a tip. Although this went on for a year, the waiter kept giving good service, as he was trained to do. He extended this service to the doctor's mother, who traveled frequently and didn't tip, either.

Finally, one evening, the doctor called the waiter to his table and said, "Son, I've been trying you out. You've come through. On your next time off, come to me and I'll operate on your eyes free."

The waiter still talks about his "$2,000 tip." That's what the operation would have cost a wealthy man.

Looking at the long lines waiting to get into diners, some railroad men have thought about the European system. There, each passenger got a ticket entitling him to a certain seat at the first, second or third sitting, at a definite time. But majority opinion is against trying any such regimentation on our lines. Just as passengers assert their right to get up and stand in the vestibules and aisles twenty minutes before a train gets to a terminal, so they insist on eating when they like, no matter if they have to stand in line an hour to do it.

"In my car," said Wild Bill, "I let the public make its own rules, within reason. A steward who is always trying to run his diner like a drill sergeant never gets very far. If Pullman passengers want to eat in the coffee shop, and chair-car people want to come to the main diner, it's all right with me.

A Spirit Money Can't Buy

"You've only to tell people nowadays that they'll have to wait because soldiers and sailors must be fed first, and they're quite contented. It's a fine spirit. The only trouble we ever have is with newly rich people who want everything and think money can buy it."

As in transportation, the roads are doing the best job they can in feeding, and although most travelers appreciate this fact, there are always kickers. There were a few on a northern transcontinental the other evening, moaning about the lack of this and that. About 10:30, the weary steward came back to the smoker in the next car and sat down with a sigh, for a cigarette.

"Kind of a lot of complaints this evening," commented one smoker.

"Yes," said the steward, yawning. "Always are some, no matter how you try to please 'em. Used to worry me, years ago, until I discovered the thing to do was do what the Chinese do when it rains."

"What's that?"

"They just let it rain."

THE END

"Go Get a Jap for Me!"

Continued from page 46

this bombing, they're ready to quit right now. . . ."

He wandered down the street, past the bank on the corner, and the movie house, and into the Model Drugstore, but everywhere he went it was the same thing: he was a stranger, he spoke another language. The shrill voices in the drugstore ceased abruptly as he entered, like spring peepers in a swamp, and he stood uncomfortably in a little circle of silence, ringed by curious impersonal eyes. "Look at him in his uniform." "We thought you'd be at least a general by this time." They seemed to resent his uniform, as though it were an accusation of some kind. "I saw your picture in the paper, you were getting some kind of a medal. You were quite a hero."

"It wasn't anything." He leaned an elbow on the soda fountain, looking around the room for Ann. It was funny that he hadn't seen Ann. He hesitated for some reason to ask them about her. He said: "Where's Ted, in the Army?"

"Ted? No, he was smart, he got a defense job out at the Edgewater plant, some kind of a supervisor. He's making a hundred and twenty bucks a week." They looked at each other. "You heard he was married?"

He exclaimed, "Ted married!" and then, all of a sudden, he knew. He knew it from their faces. He swiveled an elbow on the counter and said uncertainly, "Well, I've got to be getting along," and started for the door, and the door pushed open, and Ted and Ann came in.

"Well, Ann," he said, "congratulations."

Ted said, "Look who's here!" and then Ted was shaking his hand, and Ann was saying: "I was going to write you, Bill, but I wasn't sure of your address, and you know how the mails are. . . ."

"Oh, sure," he said, "you probably didn't get a lot of the letters I wrote, either." It's all right, Ann. I don't blame you, Ann. I was away, and Ted was right here, and you never know, a time like this, and anyway he's making a lot of money, and anyway there wouldn't be much sense in waiting maybe years and years. It's all right, Ann.

"Look, I got my new car outside," said Ted. "I'm taking the day off anyway; heavy week end." He grinned. "How about driving out to the lake with Ann and me?"

The same drive they used to take together, out Locust Avenue past the high school, past the filling station where they had the flat tire that night in the rain, past their favorite farmhouse (do you remember, Ann?) and along the winding road with the birches where they used to drive very slowly and watch the moonlight through the branches.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I've got this Rotary dinner tonight."

"I see," said Ted. "The big hero. . . ."

. . . The big hero; the applause, the long table, the round beaming faces, knives rapping on glasses; the speeches. Mighty proud, yes, sir, we're all behind you, everyone of us. No sacrifice too great. We'll lick those little yellow so-and-sos, laughter; applause. And now I have the honor to present . . . Fat palms patting together, pince-nez glasses winking. And he was on his feet, but he was not saying anything. What could he say? The war had not changed them, they were still the same, they were living their same little lives, and he had nothing in common with them any more. He sat down in silence, and they crowded around him, clapping him on the back, pumping his hand: "Good luck, old man. Go get a Jap for me. . . ."

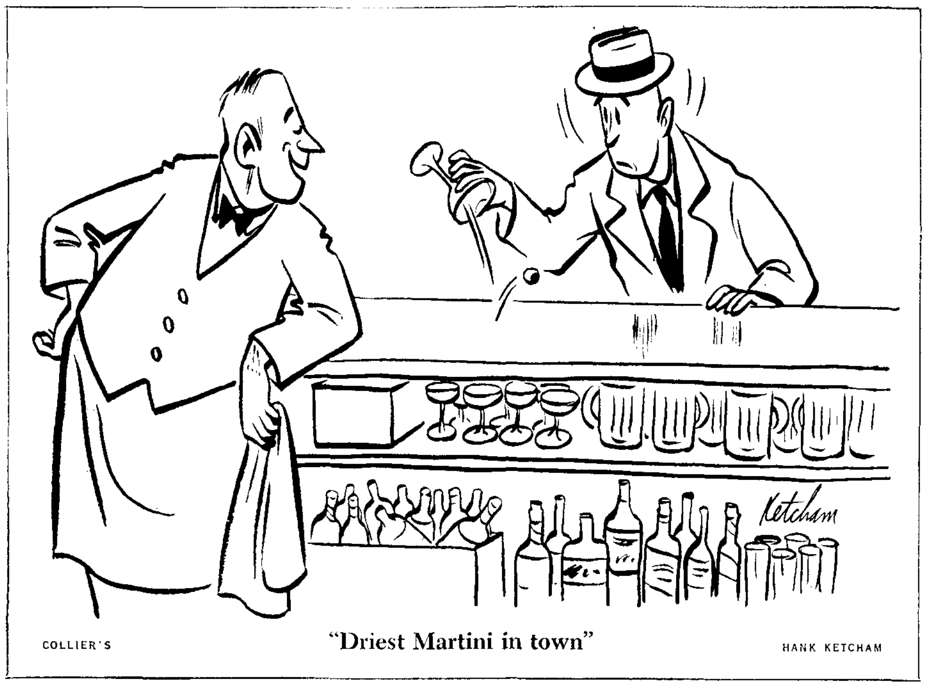
One Who Always Understands

. . . His mother was waiting up for him when he got home that night; maybe she knew what was happening. "Listen, Mom," he began, "there's only a couple of days left anyway, and some fellows from the squadron are in Chicago, they've a room at the hotel and they wanted me to join them. I thought I'd start back tomorrow, it's only the difference of a couple of days."

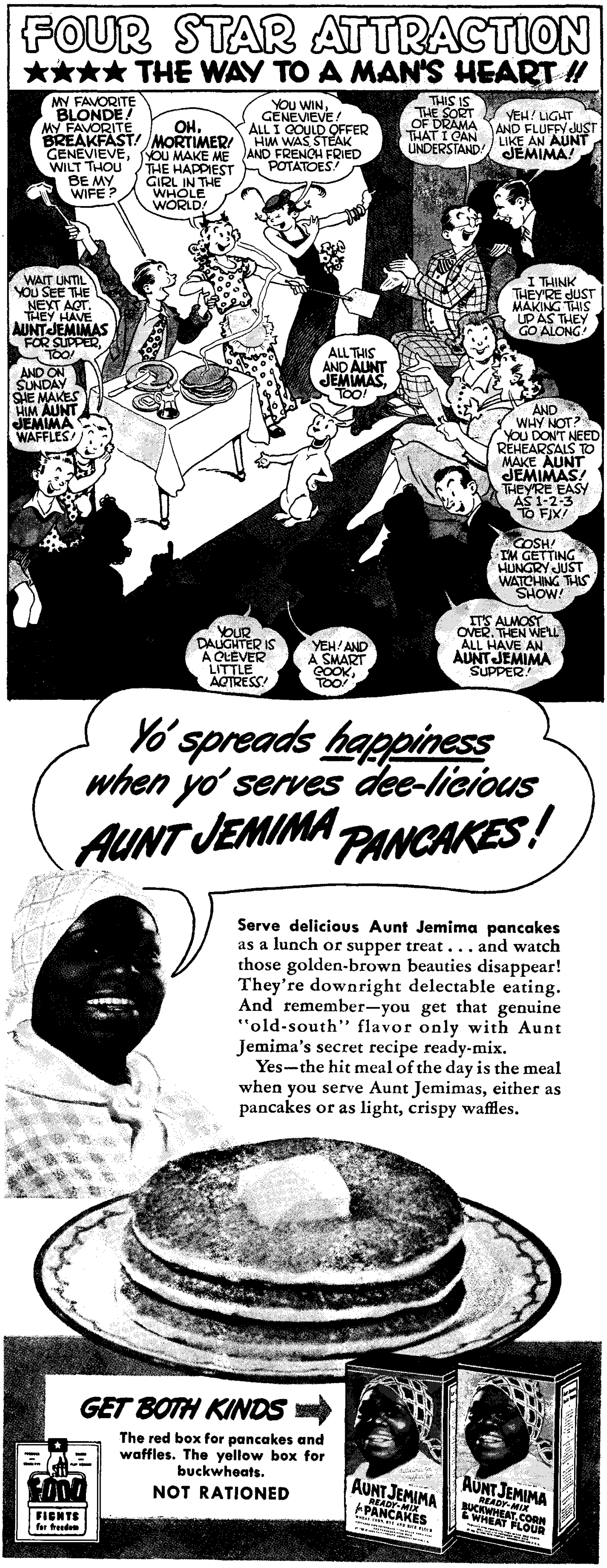
All she said was: "I'll have some fried chicken for you before you leave. You always liked fried chicken. . . ."

I saw him when he reported to the field where we were stationed, ready for the next combat assignment. His eyes were bloodshot and his hand still shook a little; he must have had quite a time in Chicago. He had a little Scotch left in a pint bottle, and we finished it together while he talked about the town: "I wandered around and I felt like a ghost. Or, rather, I was alive and they were all ghosts. It was like a ghost town. I'll tell you what it was like." He fumbled a cigarette. "Did you ever see Leslie Howard in Berkeley Square? He thought he wanted to go back and live in the past, but he found the past wasn't any good, and he was glad to get away from it again. Well, it was like that. I stepped back into the present, but the present is dead. We're living in the future these days. That's where I belong." He said: "That's where we all belong."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Driest Martini in town" HANK KETCHAM


FOUR STAR ATTRACTION
★★★★ THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART!!
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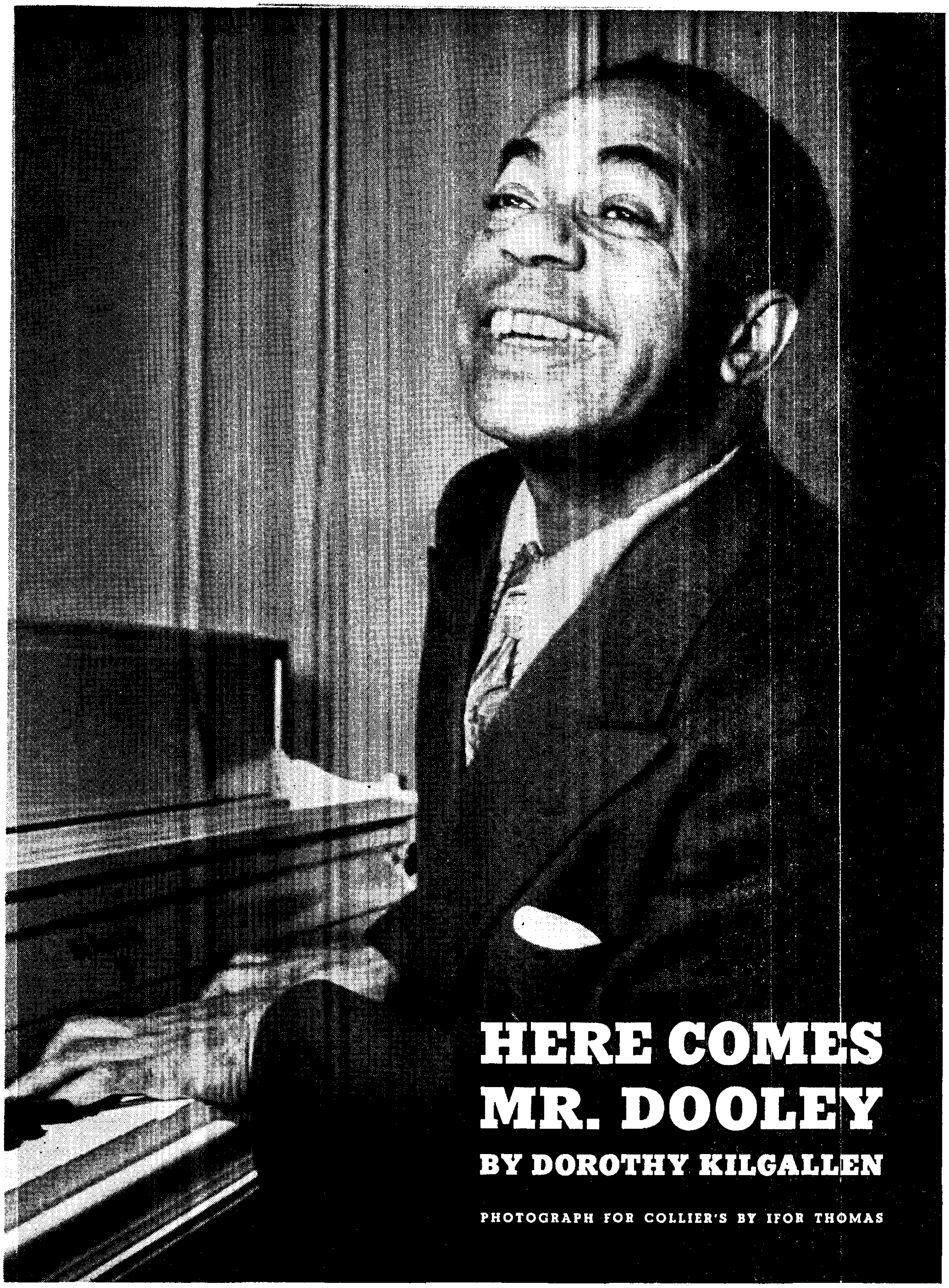
OH, MORTIMER! YOU MAKE ME THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
YOU WIN, GENEVIEVE! ALL I COULD OFFER HIM WAS STEAK AND FRENCH FRIED POTATOES!
THIS IS THE SORT OF DRAMA THAT I CAN UNDERSTAND!
YEH! LIGHT AND FLUFFY JUST LIKE AN AUNT JEMIMA!
WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE NEXT ACT. THEY HAVE AUNT JEMIMAS FOR SUPPER, TOO!
AND ON SUNDAY SHE MAKES HIM AUNT JEMIMA WAFFLES!
ALL THIS AND AUNT JEMIMAS, TOO!
I THINK THEY'RE JUST MAKING THIS UP AS THEY GO ALONG!
AND WHY NOT? YOU DON'T NEED REHEARSALS TO MAKE AUNT JEMIMAS! THEY'RE EASY AS 1-2-3 TO FIX!
GOSH! I'M GETTING HUNGRY JUST WATCHING THIS SHOW!
IT'S ALMOST OVER. THEN WE'LL ALL HAVE AN AUNT JEMIMA SUPPER!
YOUR DAUGHTER IS A CLEVER LITTLE ACTRESS!
YEH! AND A SMART COOK, TOO!
Yo' spreads happiness when yo' serves dee-licious AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES!
GET BOTH KINDS
FOOD FIGHTS for freedom
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX for PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

Serve delicious Aunt Jemima pancakes as a lunch or supper treat . . . and watch those golden-brown beauties disappear! They're downright delectable eating. And remember—you get that genuine "old-south" flavor only with Aunt Jemima's secret recipe ready-mix.

Yes—the hit meal of the day is the meal when you serve Aunt Jemimas, either as pancakes or as light, crispy waffles.

The red box for pancakes and waffles. The yellow box for buckwheats.

NOT RATIONED



HERE COMES MR. DOOLEY

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Remember the little man who made As Time Goes By famous? At 59, Dooley Wilson was tired of struggling when he and an old tune became hits together

HOLLYWOOD is fond of Cinderellas, in fiction and in the flesh, but usually they are girls who are eighteen, peach-skinned and curved.

This is the story of a Cinderella who is male, dusky, going on sixty, and enormously surprised to find himself dancing at the ball.

Dooley Wilson is his name. The prodigal wand touched him one evening in a Hollywood movie palace when a picture called Casablanca was thrown on the screen for the first time, and there at a white piano sat a colored man singing an old song called As Time Goes By. The next day and the day after that and for weeks after that, men and women and jitterbugs and schmaltz fans kept going into music shops all over America and asking for a record of Dooley Wilson singing As Time Goes By.

The combination of the song and the way he sang it had provoked a national nostalgia. It reminded people of speak-easies and the weary fellows who played in them at four in the morning, and the songs those fellows sang. Suddenly the old torch tune, which set no statistics on fire when it was new, jumped onto the Hit Parade. Dooley Wilson had sung it into the greatest comeback of all time.

The shy little colored man knew he was a success when the Warner Brothers fan-mail department called him on the telephone and said, "Dooley, your fan mail is bigger than Clark Gable's." Dooley chuckled. "Quit kidding," but the letter counters vowed, "We're not. Everybody is writing to find out where they can get a record of you singing the song."

The answer to that one was unfortunately, by virtue of James Petrillo, czar of the Musicians' Union, an emphatic "Nowhere." And so disappointed fans waited impatiently for Wilson's newest picture, Higher and Higher, starring Michele Morgan and Frank Sinatra.

Dooley's long and winding road to fortune started in Tyler, Texas, where he was the youngest son of an abjectly poor Negro laborer who died when his five children were young. They all learned to work before they had had many years of breathing the air of the plains in childhood peace; Dooley (he was Arthur Wilson then) began to earn money when he was seven, singing for five dollars a week "and cakes" in churches and tent shows. Before he was eight he had played 365 one-night stands in a year and had worked himself up to eighteen a week "and cakes." He sang ballads of the day, mostly tear-jerkers like The Bird in a Gilded Cage, because those were what people called for. "It just seemed natural for me to be singing," he recalls now. "I never thought twice about doing anything else."

Through the years of his youth he did minstrel shows and whatever else he could find all over the Midwest, winding up as an actor in the Pekin Stock Company in Chicago, where the star was Charles Gilpin of Emperor Jones renown. Wilson apparently displayed incredibly wide versatility, specializing in Irish roles, which he did with a brogue and in "white face."

"It wasn't hard to play an Irishman," he says now with a grin. "I made up as white as you."

In one of his most popular Hibernian characterizations he sang the song called Mr. Dooley. From then on he was never billed as anything but Dooley Wilson.

After the Pekin he played the drums in small bands. He was beating it out at the Sontag on Lenox Avenue in Harlem when Irving Berlin was a young song writer. Irving used to come up often and slip Dooley five or ten to plug a tune called Alexander's Ragtime Band.

In the giddy and golden era when the international set was making hectic tracks across oceans and continents, Dooley went to Europe where he was joined by his old band The Red Devils.

Once Dooley took his outfit to Casablanca for a party in honor of Lawrence of Arabia. He didn't pay much attention to the place—it was just another job to him. Nothing tapped him on the shoulder, no prescient voice whispered in his ear, "Remember this name—Casablanca. It will mean something to you twenty years from now."

Dooley spent most of the years in Europe until late in the 1920s when he returned to the United States and took a variety of jobs which ranged from playing in stock with Bette Davis in New Hampshire to beating the skins in the Nest Club in Harlem where Bix Beiderbecke used to come and toot his golden horn in the hours before dawn.

Broadway Express to Hollywood

Broadway saw Dooley for seven performances of the ill-fated The Strangler Fig. The road applauded him as Crooks in Of Mice and Men. Then he created the role of Little Joe opposite Ethel Waters in Cabin in the Sky, and he was getting $150 a week, or, roughly, $125 more than he had averaged for years. It wasn't a far jump from Little Joe to Hollywood, but the parts he drew in the town of talkies were small and unrewarding, usually Pullman-porter bits.

Dooley was under contract to Paramount, which was in the process of dropping his option, when he was loaned out to Warners' for Casablanca. No one saw it as a great hit and certainly no one guessed the character of Sam would steal it, and Dooley was uneasy because he and his wife had just bought a new cottage with a little ground and he wanted to stay around it for a while, not hit the road to earn the necessary green stuff.

There was a song in the film that the cast hoped would be a smash, but it wasn't As Time Goes By. That was just a passé torch song Director Mike Curtiz had plucked out of the files, and nobody cared for it very much. The tune everyone was plugging was a novelty number called Knock on Wood.

But the only song anyone seemed to hear was the one the colored man sang at the white piano.

Most of Dooley's fans assume he is a piano player, like Sam in Casablanca. Actually he can't play a note.

There's only one explanation of why Dooley and the old torch are a dynamite combination and it's fairly simple. It's his number, that's all. A lot of people will sing it with better voices, but nobody will ever sing it as well as Dooley sings it.

Dooley and his wife, a retired physiotherapist, live in Los Angeles near Melrose in a 5-room white stucco cottage with knotty pine fences and an 80-by-140 plot of ground that is just big enough for a garden and chickens. It is a long way from Tyler, Texas, and the pitiful poverty that sent Dooley to singing in the tents when he was seven years old, but it is not such a long way that he has forgotten that painful childhood. The memory of it makes him travel miles and brush off remunerative personal-appearance dates to sing for Negro children in orphanages and hospitals, where he makes them laugh and sing with him.

His devotion to his wife is simple and complete. His descriptions of his Estelle feature her churchgoing and her cuisine. "My wife," he claims with a prideful gleam, "fries chicken that you can pawn anywhere in the world for seven dollars a slice."

Dooley smokes a pipe but doesn't drink. He used to in his Paris days and in the speak-easy nights, when customers sent you champagne and you had to make it disappear. Right now, the quiet life seems good enough. Right now, friends in the house and a barbecue pit in the back yard and that seven-dollar-a-slice fried chicken are his cabin in the sky. ★★★

Report No. 3 on

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But now—whether you have 10 employees or 10,000—the Personnel-Protection Plan of the U. S. F. & G. will help you reduce such manpower losses, by helping stop employee dishonesty before it starts. This plan of Honesty Engineering helps reduce employee dishonesty in much the same way that safety engineering and fire prevention work have reduced accidents and cut fire losses for American business.

Based on long experience in the bonding field, the U. S. F. & G. Personnel-Protection Plan not only insures you against financial loss through employee dishonesty but: (1) discloses undesirable personnel and prevents waste in training; (2) applies tested methods that help keep good employees from going wrong; (3) helps employers eliminate leaks, pitfalls and careless acts that often lead to employee dishonesty.

Your U. S. F. & G. agent will be glad to give you more information about how the Personnel-Protection Plan helps you keep your employees by keeping them honest. Consult him today.

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The Lacework Kid

Continued from page 12

captain is like the old faro bank player who is warned as he is going into a gambling house to beware of the bank game there because it is crooked and who says:

"Yes, I know it is, but what am I going to do? It is the only game in town."

Well, of course this is an ancient story to you and you will kindly forgive me for springing it at this time, but I am trying to explain the psychology of this captain as I see it. Anyway, I tell Schultz to go ahead and arrange the game and in the meantime I get a deck of cards and practice to refresh my memory.

Now, one night, Schultz shows up at my quarters and tells me to come with him and he says it in such a stern voice and acts so mysterious that everyone figures I am being taken out to be shot and to tell you the truth I am not so sure myself that this is not the case. But when we get away from the other prisoners, Schultz is quite nice to me.

He takes me outside the gates of the prison camp and we walk along a road about a mile when we come to a small house set back from the road in a grove of trees and Schultz stops in front of this house and speaks to me as follows:

"Lace," he says, "in the course of your playing with the captain kindly do not refer to our people as krauts, pretzels, beerheads, Heinies, Boches, sausages, wienies or by the titles of any other members of the vegetable or animal kingdom, and do not tell him what you Americans are going to do to us. It will only make for an unfriendly atmosphere, and his replies may distract you from your gin. He understands English, so please be discreet in every respect."

Then he hands me a roll of German marks a steeplechase horse will be unable to hurdle and leads the way into the house, and by this time I figure out what the scamus is. I figure that Schultz pegs me for a bleater, and the captain is going to try to get some information out of me and, in fact, I am looking for a touch of the old third degree from the Gestapo.

BUT on entering the house, which seems to be very plainly furnished, the only person present is a big guy in uniform with a lot of gongs on his chest, which is a way of saying medals, and whose head is shaved like Eric von Stroheim's in a Nazi picture. He is sitting at a table in front of a burning fireplace fooling with a deck of cards.

Schultz introduces me to him, but the guy only nods and motions me to sit down at the table opposite him and tosses the deck of cards to me. I examine the backs carefully to see if they are marked, but they seem strictly kosher in every way, and then I say to Captain Kunz like this:

"Captain," I say, "let us understand one thing. I am a noncommissioned officer, and you outrank me from hell to breakfast time, but in this game you must not take advantage of your rank in any way, shape, manner or form, to intimidate me. We will play New York rules, with gins and undercuts to count twenty each and blitzes double."

Kunz nods and motions me to cut the cards for the deal, and he wins it and away we go. We play three games at once and as soon as both of us are on all three games, we start another frame of three, with Schultz keeping score, and it is not long before we have as many as three frames or nine games going at once, which makes a very fast contest, indeed. We are playing for a hundred marks a game or three hundred marks across, which Schultz tells me is about a hundred and twenty dollars in my money, the way the Germans figure their marks.

I will not attempt to describe gin rummy in detail as you can call up any insane asylum and get any patient on the phone and learn all about it in no time, as all lunatics are bound to be gin players, and in fact the chances are it is gin rummy that makes them lunatics. Furthermore, I will not bore you with my philosophy of the game, but I say it is ninety-five per cent luck and five per cent play, and the five per cent is the good card player's strength in the pinches, if there are any pinches.

The cards in gin rummy run hot and cold the same as the dice in a crap game. It is by no means necessary to go to Harvard to learn to play gin and in fact a moron is apt to play it better than Einstein. If you get the tickets in gin, you are a genius, and if you do not get them, you are a bum. When they do not come, you can only sit and suffer, and the aggravation of waiting on cards that never arrive will give you stomach ulcers in no time.

Well, I can see at once that Captain Kunz plays as good a game of gin as anybody can play and he also has good regulation dialogue, such as "This is the worst hand I ever see in my life," and "I only need one little card from the draw to get down," and so forth and so on, but he delivers his dialogue in German and then Schultz translates it for me as it seems the captain does not care to address me direct in English, which I consider very snobbish of him.

About the only word he says I can understand is *frischer* when he picks up a bad hand and wishes to know if I am agreeable to a fresh deal, which is a courtesy a gin player sometimes extends if he also has a bad hand, though personally I am opposed to *frischers*. In fact, when I get a bad hand, I play the Pittsburgh Muddle system on Kunz, which is to pick up every card he discards whether I need it or not and then throw it back at him when my hand improves, the idea being to confuse your opponent and make him hold cards that gum up his hand.

Well, I get my rushes right away and win the first frame and am going so strong on the second that Kunz gets up and peels his coat down to a pair of pink suspenders and ten minutes later he drops the suspenders off his shoulders and opens his waist band. In the meantime, Schultz kibitzes the captain on one hand and me on the next, and of course a kibitzer is entitled to present his views on a play after it is over, and Schultz is undoubtedly a real kibitzer and becomes quite excited at times in his comment.

However, once he is very bitter in his criticism of a play that costs the captain a game, and Kunz turns on him like a wolf and bawls him out and scares Schultz silly. But later the captain apologizes because as a gin player he is bound to respect the right of a kibitzer.

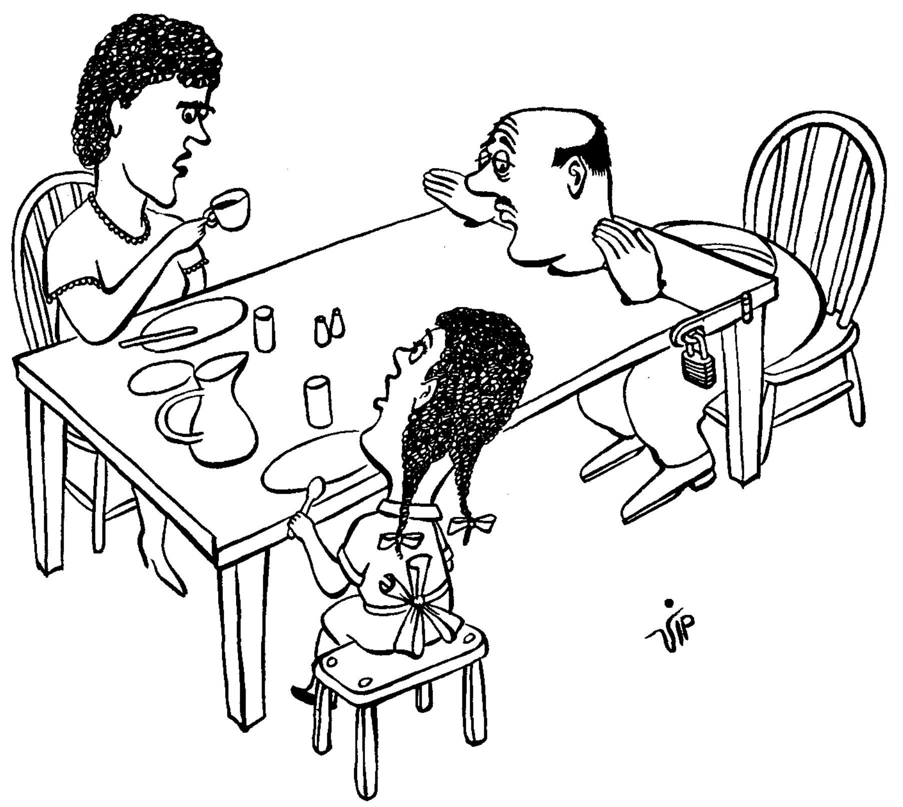
I keep waiting for Kunz to slip in questions to me about our Air Forces and one thing and another, but he never makes a remark that is not in connection with the game and finally I can see that my suspicions are unfounded and that he is nothing but a gin player after all.

WELL, daylight is coming through the windows of the house when the captain says we must knock off playing, and Schultz must hurry me back to camp, and I am somewhat startled to realize that I am four hundred marks loser, which I whip out and pay immediately. Furthermore, Schultz is terribly depressed by this situation and all the way back to the camp he keeps telling me how I disappoint him in not winning and asking me what becomes of my mechanics, and finally I get sore and speak to him as follows:

"Schultz," I say, "the guy is not only better than a raw hand at gin but he also outlucks me. And I tell you I do not know of any mechanics in gin rummy and if you do not care to trust to my superior skill to finally prevail, you can call it all off now."

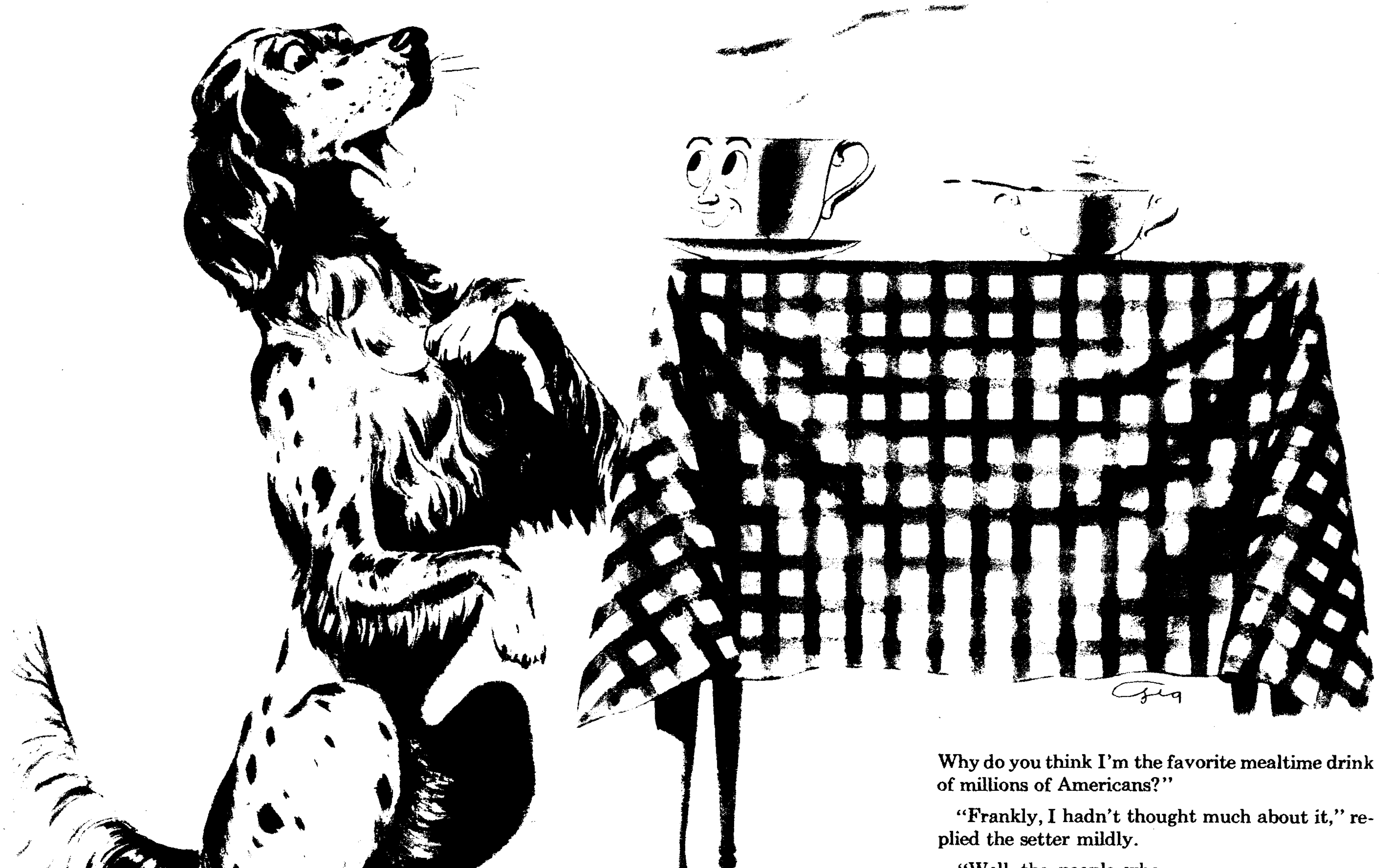
Then Schultz cools down a little and says maybe I will do better next time, but I judge his disappointment is communicated to the other German soldiers as they seem very crusty with me all day though my greatest trouble is standing off the questions of my own gang about my absence.

Well, Schultz is around after me again that night to take me to the house in the grove, and in fact every night for a month hand-running I play the captain and it is



COLLIER'S "Was Daddy bad again, Mommy?" VIRGIL PARTCH

"Are you trying to say I look like a poodle?"



"NOT AT ALL...not at all!" soothed the cup of Postum. "I just remarked that it must be nice not to be confused with anyone else—poodles or otherwise."

"Silly!" sniffed the setter. "One look at me and anybody'd *know* I was a setter—an *English* one!"

"That's just it," sighed the Postum. "With me it's different. One look at me, and some people think I'm a cup of coffee—or, at least, a coffee substitute. They even expect me to *taste* like coffee!"

"Well—er—don't you?" inquired the setter hesitantly.

"Good heavens, dog!" squealed the Postum, almost spilling over backwards. "That's what I'm trying to tell you! *Why* should you expect me to taste like coffee—any more than you'd expect coffee to taste like tea? *I'm* no coffee substitute—and never will be. So *there!*"

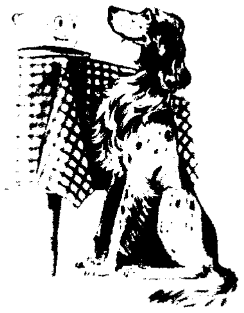
"Okay, chum, calm down," grunted the setter.

"I was only repeating what I'd heard around town."

"Then it's time more people in this town, and every other town," sputtered the Postum, "knew that I have a hearty, distinctive flavor all my own.

Why do you think I'm the favorite mealtime drink of millions of Americans?"

"Frankly, I hadn't thought much about it," replied the setter mildly.



"Well, the people who know me," replied the Postum proudly, "love me because I taste so good. In fact, those bright folks think I'm the swellest-tasting drink that ever was poured into a cup. 'Robust,' 'tempting,' 'full-bodied'—those are just a few of the kind words I've heard lately. And there's not a bit of harmfulness in me—so youngsters can enjoy me, too."

"Gee, wouldn't it be worth your while to let more people in on your story?" asked the setter.

"Of course it would be!" said the Postum. "Why do you suppose you're running around in this advertisement?"

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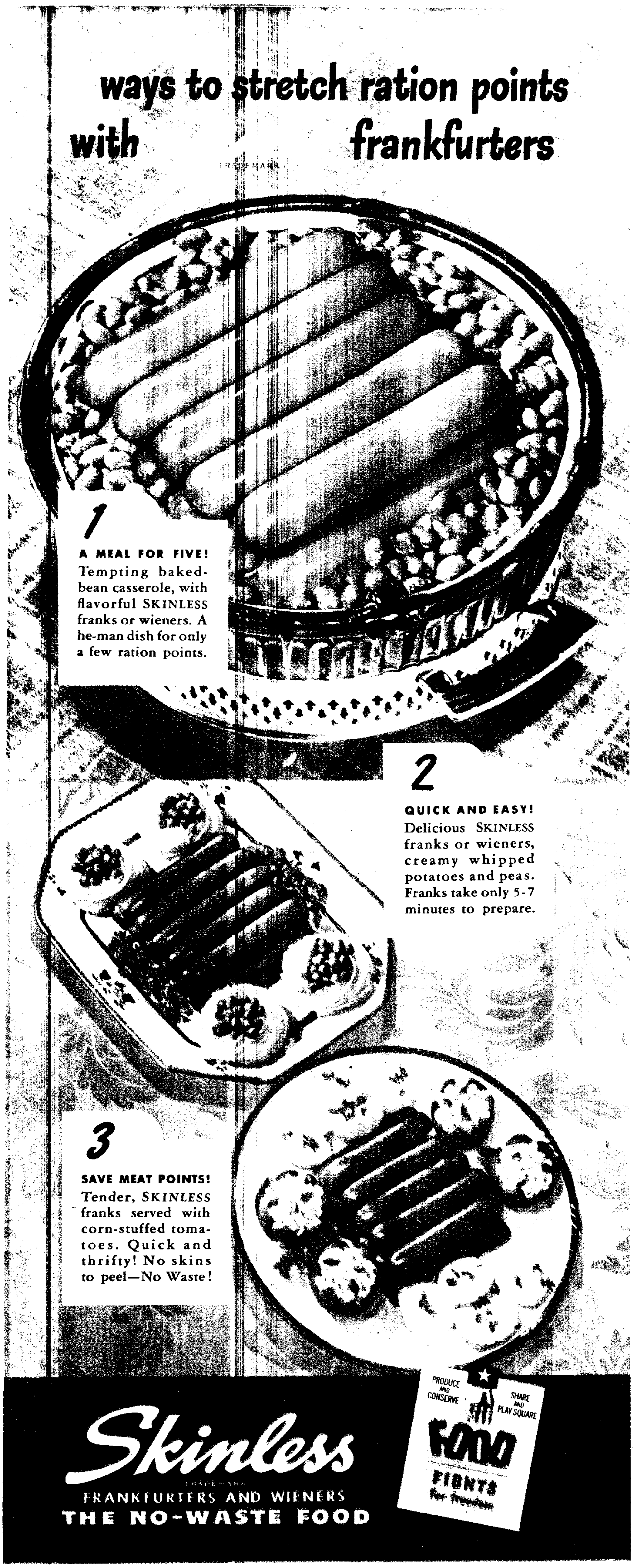

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not long before I am beating him like breaking sticks. And every night the captain pays off like a slot machine and every day I turn my dough over to Schultz and he pays me my twenty-five per cent and then distributes the balance among the guys in his syndicate.

Naturally, I stand first-class with all the Jerries who are in on the play and they also become more pleasant toward my comrades, and finally I tell these comrades what is going on and while they are greatly amused I can see that they are also greatly relieved, because it seems they are troubled by my nightly absences from the camp and are glad to learn that it is only for the purpose of playing gin with the enemy.

AT THE end of the month and basing my estimate on around ten thousand marks I have stashed away, I figure I am forty thousand marks winner on Kunz. Then one night I beat him for a thousand marks and he does not whip it out as usual but says something in German to Schultz, and Schultz tells me the captain says he forgets his wallet somewhere, and I say all right, but that it is only fair for him to give me a scratch for the dough.

Schultz translates this to the captain, who looks very angry and seems to be highly insulted, but finally he outs with a notebook and scribbles an I. O. U., because, of course, at this stage of my life I am not trusting anyone and especially a Nazi.

He settles the next night before we start playing, but he takes a good bath this time and gives me the finger again, and while he comes alive the following night, this continues to happen again and again, and something tells me that Kunz is troubled with the shorts. When I mention this suspicion to Schultz, he seems a trifle uneasy and finally he says:

"Well, Lace," he says, "I fear you are right. I fear our good captain is in over his head. To tell the truth, your game is commencing to bore me and the other soldiers of the Fatherland no little because the captain borrows money from us every day, which is a terrible thing for a high officer to do to the soldiers of his command and, while you win it back for us promptly, we now fear he will never replace the principal."

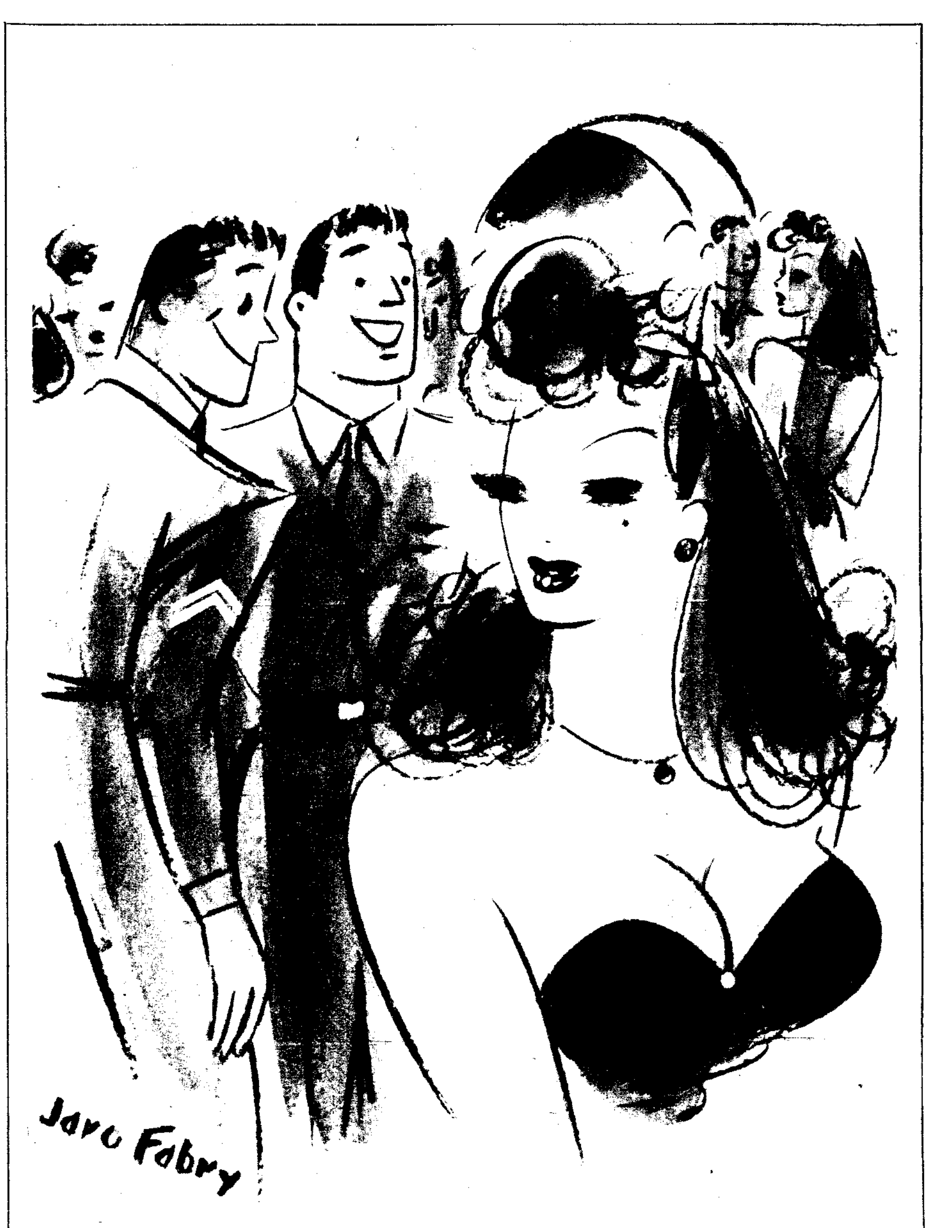
"Why, Schultz," I say, "do you not tell me that the captain is richer than six feet down in Mississippi mud?"

"Yes," Schultz says, "and he keeps talking of his properties in Berlin, but we are nonetheless uneasy. And the worst thing about it is that your twenty-five per cent is eating up all the funds in circulation. It is a vicious circle. Lace," Schultz says, "can you spare me a couple of thou? I must send something to my frau and I will repay you when the boats get to running again."

"Schultz," I say, "your story smacks of corn because I do not believe you have a wife and, if you do have one, you will never be sending her money. But," I say, "I will advance you a thousand marks for old times' sake on your marker."

So I weed him the thousand and accept his Kathleen Mavourneen, which is a promise to pay that may be for years and may be forever, and the reason I do this is because I am by no means certain that Schultz may not incite his fellow soldiers to gang up and deprive me of my hard-earned twenty-five per cent by force, if he can find out where I have it carefully buried. To tell the truth, I do not repose great confidence in Schultz.

Well, that night I beat Kunz for twelve hundred marks, and he pays me five hundred on account, and as Schultz and I are getting ready to leave, he says something



COLLIER'S "This is as close as you can get before she yells 'Halt!'" JARO FABRY in German to Schultz, and when we are on our way back to camp, Schultz tells me he has to return to the house and see the captain, and then I really commence to worry because I fear the two may get their heads together and plot against my well-being.

But as far as Captain Kunz is concerned, my worry is groundless as along toward noon of this same day, we hear a rumor that he commits suicide by shooting himself smack-dab through the head and this causes so much excitement that our guards forget to lock us in that night or even to watch us carefully, and all of us Americans and some of the British walk out of the gates and scatter over the countryside, and most of us reach safety in Switzerland, and I afterwards hear there is quite a scandal in German circles about the matter.

But before we go, I have a slight chat with Schultz and say to him like this:

"Schultz," I say, "tell me all."

"Well," Schultz says, "I know that when the captain asks me to return to the house after taking you back to camp, he wishes to borrow the money I get from you to play you again tonight, because when I tell him yesterday I am personally broke and cannot advance him any more, he is the one who suggests I approach you for a touch and in fact he threatens to make trouble for me over certain matters that transpire in Poland if I fail to do so.

"So," Schultz says, "when I reach the house, I first peer through a window into the living room and see the captain still sitting at the table with the deck of cards you use spread out before him as if he is examining them, and all of a sudden, I am seized with a terrible fury at the thought that he is waiting there to take my money to gamble it away frivolously, and an impulse that I cannot restrain causes me to out with my pistol and give it to him through the window and also through the onion.

"And," Schultz says, "I will always remember how the blood drips down off the table and splatters over the nine of diamonds that is lying on the floor under your chair and how it comes to my mind that the nine of diamonds is considered a very unlucky card indeed and how fortunetellers say it is a sign of death. It is a great coincidence," Schultz says, "considering the number of times you catch the captain with big counts in his hands when he is waiting for that very nine."

"Ah," I say, "I figure you have something to do with his demise."

"But," Schultz says, "as far as anyone but you and me know, it is suicide because I also have the presence of mind to fire one shot from his pistol which is the same make as mine, and leave it in his hand. It is suicide because of despondency, which his superior officers say is probably because he learns of his impending purge."

"Schultz," I say, "you are bound to come to a bad end, but now goodby."

"Goodby," Schultz says. "Oh, yes," he says. "Maybe I ought to state that I am also prompted to my act by the fear that the captain will finally find the nine of diamonds on the floor, that you forget to retrieve when you leave him this morning."

"What do you mean, Schultz?" I say.

"Goodby," Schultz says.

And this is all there is to the story (The Lacework Kid says).

"WELL, Lace," I say, "it is all very exciting, and it must be nice to be back on Broadway as free as the birds and with all that moolouw you collect as your twenty-five per cent in your pants pockets."

"Oh," Lace says, "I do not return with a white quarter. You see I use all my end to bribe Schultz and the rest of the German soldiers to leave the doors and gates unlocked that night and to be looking the other way when we depart."

Then The Lacework Kid leaves, and I am sitting there finishing my boiled yellow pike, which is a very tasty dish, indeed, and thinking about the captain's blood dripping on the nine of diamonds, when who comes up but old Kidneyfoot the waiter, who is called by this name because he walks as if he has kidneys in both feet and who points to Lace going out the door and says to me like this:

"Well," Kidneyfoot says, "there goes a great artist. He is one of the finest card players I ever see except in gin rummy. It is strange how this simple game baffles all good card players. In fact," Kidneyfoot says, "The Lacework Kid is a rank sucker at gin until I instruct him in one small maneuver that gives you a great advantage, which is to drop any one card to the floor accidentally on purpose."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

headquarters in Washington, D. C. Presently he had to move because an elderly carpenter entered to set up a partition which was to enclose a new office. "Do you do this all the time?" inquired Mr. McQueen. "Just go around putting up offices?" The carpenter replied, "No, just about half the time. The other half, I tear them down." And Mr. McQueen asked: "Like the work? Must be nice and warm in here. Nice hours, too." The elderly carpenter considered for a moment and then: "Well, mister, I kinda like putting up, but don't like tearing down at all. Why, half the time the varnish ain't dry."

BY WAY of beating you to it, we apologize to somebody or some place for saying that former Senator Henry Ashurst's home state is Nevada. It's Arizona, of course, though he was born in Colorado. How we manage to make silly errors like that is beyond us. Let's hear no more about it. This leaves us free to inform you that Mr. Joe McEwain of Purple, Arizona, has read Mr. Wendell Willkie's One World and Mr. C. Nelson Sparks' One Man. Mr. McEwain is now in the throes of writing Two Mistakes. This is our way of running through our mail swiftly. Mr. Edgar Pharr of New Orleans. Louisiana, heard a colored boy arguing his draft status with another colored boy. Said he ruefully: "Guess they won't git me soon. I is a pre-Pearl Harbor daddy even if the court done found me not guilty." And Miss Alice Buchnan of Louisville, Kentucky, knows where there's a sign in a lending library reading Read the Story of Winston Churchill and Forget the War.

WE HAVE a lot more to tell you, but our typewriter, which has just got back from two weeks in the repair shop, is falling apart. The letters D and E have just dropped off, and the ribbon won't reel. When the guy took it away to fix it (and he did), the whole thing reeled and the letters F, L and B were missing. We remember when we got this typewriter. It was in 1932. The New Deal was just beginning, and now it's over and so is the typewriter. About that, we've just received a letter from Mr. James B. deMarrs of Holyoke, Massachusetts. "I see where the President is giving the New Deal the heave-ho. That's what comes of having too much to do. Why, up here we gave that racket up two years ago." Now our Old Man would have— Nope. There go the A and the N. . . . W. D.

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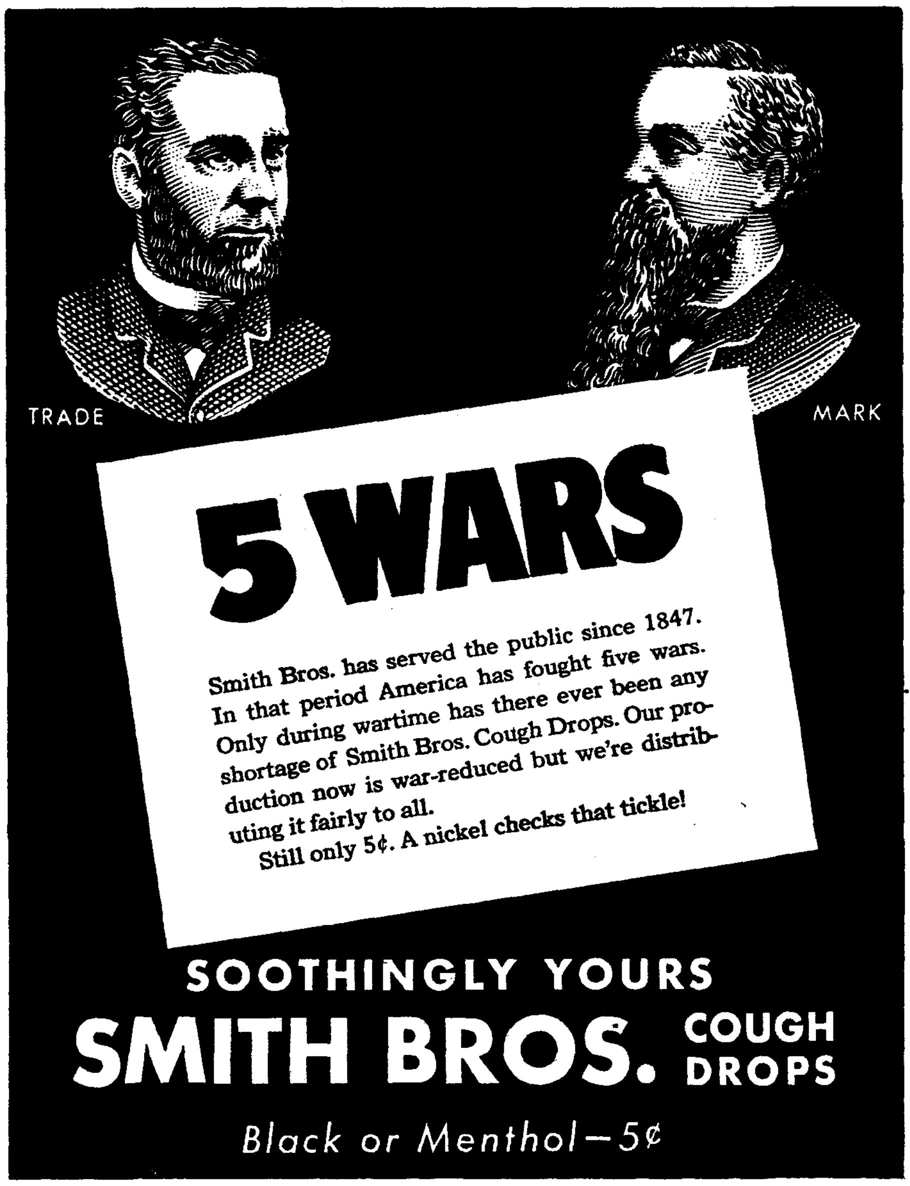

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SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS

Black or Menthol—5¢

The Crazy McCaffreys

Continued from page 27

"Oh, Harv!" she said and reached out and put her hand on the cool, white bust of Caesar.

"I like you, Mary," Harv said solemnly. "I like you better than any girl I know."

THE ball was perfect up to the Grand March. Mary went into the girls' room just before the Grand March, to comb her hair. Marilyn Craw was curling her eyelashes before a mirror to the admiration of three young ladies of her set.

"Hello, Mary," she said, putting the tin viselike curlers on the table. "Are you having a good time?"

Mary took out her comb from the white evening bag embroidered with pearls Julia had given her. "Yes, wonderful," she said.

"I hear you and Harv had quite a petting party in one of the classrooms," Marilyn continued. "You'd better not let Mrs. Wilson hear you're leading her innocent young boy astray or she'll pin back your ears for you."

The comb dropped onto the white tile floor. "That isn't true, Marilyn," Mary said, and her stomach began to quiver, and the one cupcake she had eaten felt like a bowling ball within her.

"Now, don't be coy," Marilyn said, and the three girls laughed at Marilyn's wit. "We know you've probably got smoothy technique. After all, your sister Julia can give you some marvelous pointers."

The girls snickered again, and Marilyn slipped her eyelash curlers into her bag, and the four went out.

Mary put her hands against the sink to steady herself. How could they have done this? How could they have spoiled everything, this evening, this most wonderful evening of her life? For it was spoiled now, spoiled by their words—*petting party!* That did not go with Harvey's one kiss there in the Latin room, but no one would ever believe that. And to drag Julia into it; always to insinuate things about Julia, gay, generous Julia who had stood on the porch waving goodby to her, telling her "to make pikers out of Cinderella and Brenda Frazier!"

Mary went into one of the enclosed booths and cried, but she was too hurt for the tears to come easily. She must go out and get Gus and go home—back to Woodchuck Hill, back where the McCaffreys belonged. Julia must never find this out; she would only be violent, and all the McCaffreys' violence had, in the end, only harmed them. . . .

After graduation that June, Mary got a job in the Parran Manufacturing Company. In the office at fifteen dollars a week. That same summer, Harv went up north to work on his Uncle Art's dairy farm near Plattsburgh. In the fall, he went to college. He was going to be an engineer.

Mary saw Harv in September just before he was leaving for school. They were both in front of Caldwell's Drugstore. Mary was hurrying with deposits for the bank; it was ten to two, and the bank closed at two.

"Come on in and have a soda, Mary," Harv said.

Mary looked at the town-hall clock, which was next to the bank, and wished vainly that she could hold back time. "I can't, Harv," she said, "I've got to get to the bank before it closes."

"I'm sorry," Harv said.

"I'm sorry, too, Harv." Then Mary wished him luck at Clarkson.

"Maybe we'll see each other at Thanksgiving," Harv said.

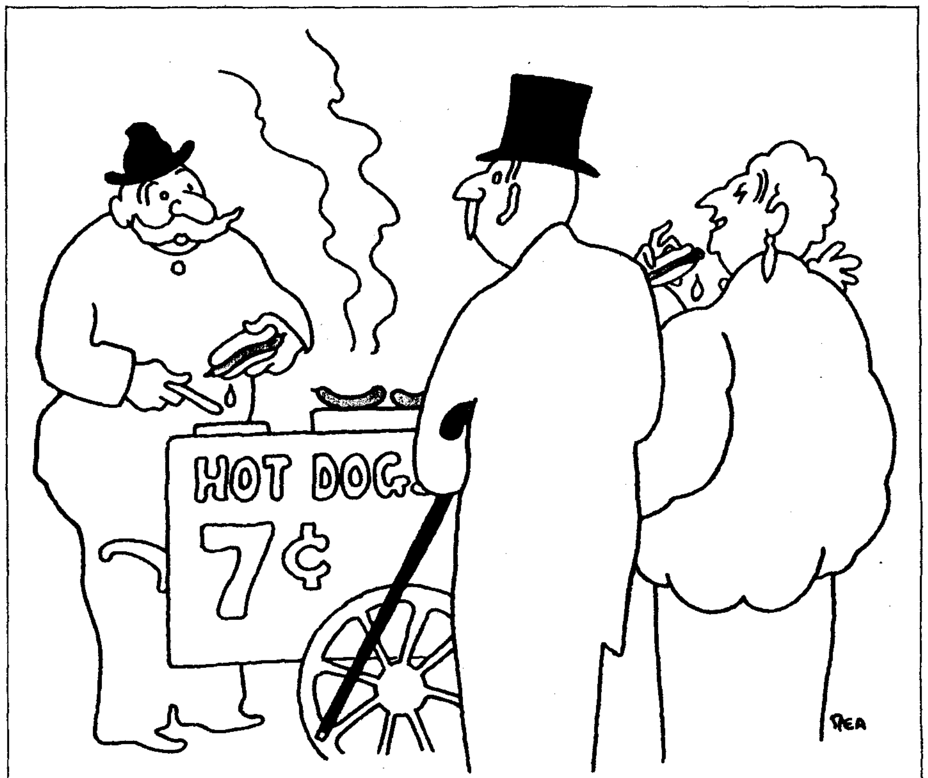
BUT Mary didn't see him at Thanksgiving—nor at Christmas. At Christmas, Joan Foote and her roommate were home from Mount Holyoke, and Joan had a party. Marilyn Craw had a party. Alice Phelps had a party. Mary read in the Observer that Harv had attended all these.

It was the winter of the "phony war;" people told jokes about the English, how they would fight to the last Frenchman, and Matt McCaffrey, who came from a long line of Fenians, was loudest in his laughter. Mary began to go around with a boy named George Collins. She did not like George very well, but he was fond of her, and he was somebody.

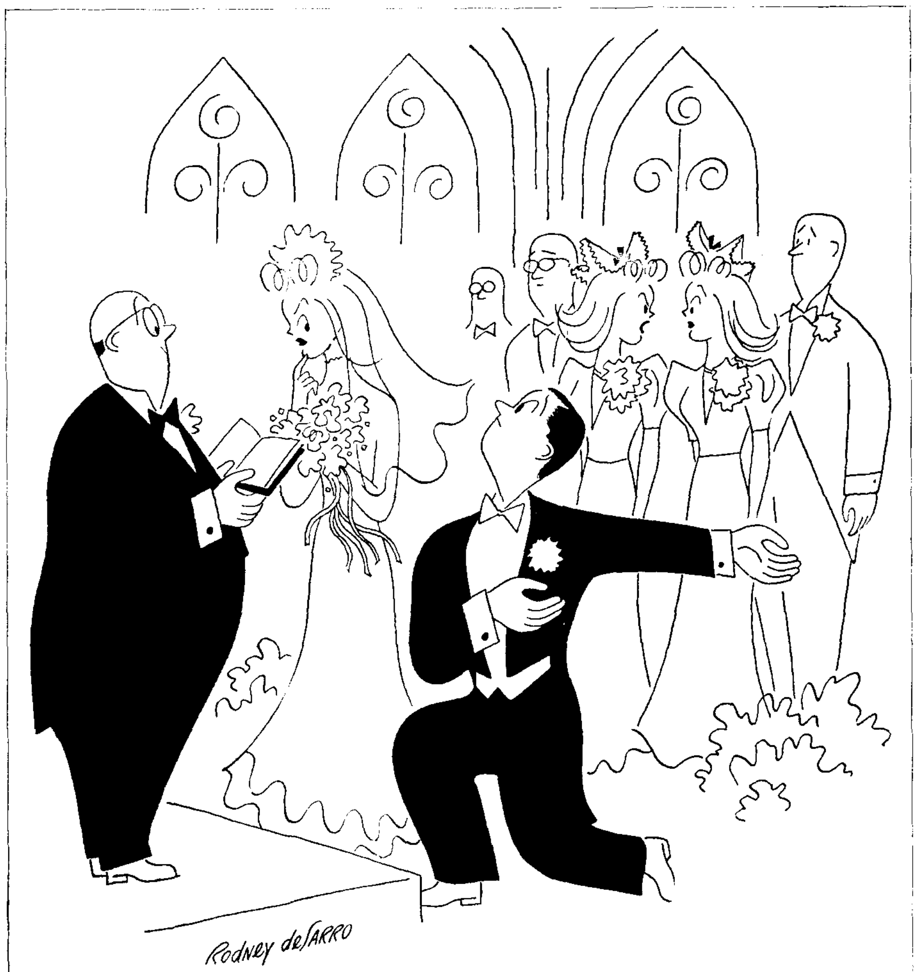
One morning in February, she went to work a little early, and on the corner of Lake and Circular, she met Harv's father walking up to his office at the high school.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilson," Mary said, and Mr. Wilson said, "Hello, Mary. Isn't this a fine morning?"

After that, Mary went to work early every morning in order that she might see Mr. Wilson. Sometimes she would sum-



COLLIER'S "I get a lot of you dinner guests nowadays" GARDNER REA



"Good grief! I thought they had this thing all thrashed out!"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

mon up enough courage to ask him what he had heard from Harvey, and he would reply that Harvey was doing very well.

Time went by slowly. Julia had a furious battle with Mike Romano and quit her job. In amends, Mike sent the family a big cooked turkey and Matt a quart of Irish whisky, and Julia went back to work. Vince was dropped from school for hitting his social studies teacher with a snowball. Eddie beat up the mayor's little boy, Howard Ruhle. Gus hit the Daily Double on August 8, 1941, and won nine hundred and twenty-two dollars. With this, he bought a set of false teeth for his mother and a car for himself, which he smashed up on August 16, 1941. His number was high in the draft, and Matt said he hoped Gus would never have to go and fight for the bloody English. During vacations, Harvey went steady with Joan Foote, and Mary's pay was raised to twenty dollars.

On December 7, 1941, Matt McCaffrey made a startling discovery, namely that he hated the Japs a damn' sight worse than he hated the English. And so did Gus and Vince and Eddie and Julia and Mrs. McCaffrey Mary did, too, but her voice could not be heard when the rest of the family were expressing their contempt for the cowardly Nips.

GUS joined the Army two days after Pearl Harbor and was sent to Fort Wheeler, Georgia. He worked up to corporal and lost his stripes because of insolence to a lieutenant. Then Gus got mad, "Black Irish" mad. Nobody was going to break him again, and the next time he got his stripes he kept them.

In April, 1943, the family ceased hearing from Gus. Except for a postal from the War Department telling them his new address was A.P.O., San Francisco. They knew then he would be in the Pacific: but nothing would happen to Gus. Gus bore a charmed life.

Harvey Wilson was allowed to finish his engineering course and became a second lieutenant at Camp Edwards. Joan Foote wore a pin with the insignia of the Engineering Corps on it, and on Sundays she would go to church with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and sometimes even to Tuesday night prayer meetings with them.

Jerry Gorman who had tried to join the Navy, Marines and Coast Guard was put in 4-F because of his feet. He became chief air-raid warden for Rockford County, and after he had delivered the mail on his route he worked in the post office nights because they were so shorthanded.

The Parran Manufacturing Company, which was turning out camouflage sprayers, was awarded the Army and Navy E. Mary's pay was raised to twenty-eight dollars a week.

MARY remembered they were eating supper when the news came. It was the beginning of July and very warm. Vince and Eddie had been swimming out at King's, and their hair was all slicked down and wet. The phone rang, and Vince answered. He kept saying, "Yes . . . yes . . . yes," and then he got pale underneath the tan and freckles.

"What's the matter, Vince?" Mrs. McCaffrey said.

He looked at his mother and the others. "Gus " he said, rubbing his tongue around his lips.

They all knew without his going further; it was not wounded or missing in action.

"Is he dead?" Julia said.

Vince nodded. "They said: Bravely—in the performance of his duty."

The McCaffreys did not cry over Gus' death. But after, they were not so gay, nor so quickly roused to anger, except with a vast and terrible anger for the enemy.

Julia left Romano's and this time there was no persuading her to return. Like Mary, she went to work at Parran's, but it was no office job for Julia. Julia's violence was channeled into being a good drill-press operator.

"As good as any man," Mr. Parran would say admiringly. "Let me tell you if there were more women in Rockford like Julia McCaffrey, we could turn out enough spray guns to make every Jap look like a fool circus clown." . .

The letter from Washington came on the first of August—from the Board of Deco-

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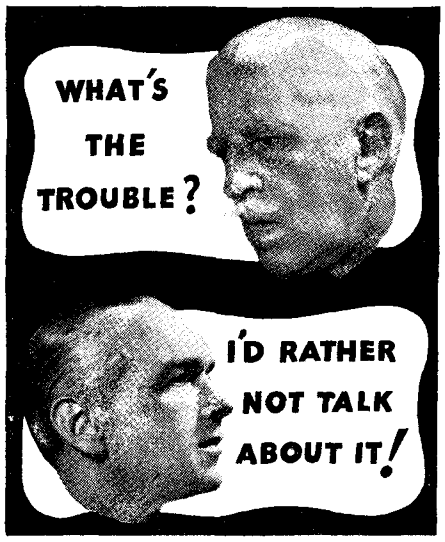
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stop slipping
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rations of the United States Army. Gus—no, Corporal Augustine R. McCaffrey was posthumously being awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his heroic deed "above and beyond the call of duty." A Major James E. Stephens briefly summarized Gus's heroic deed:

"Corporal McCaffrey was with infantry battalion on New Georgia Island, June 10, 1943, when units were caught in machine-gun fire. McCaffrey volunteered to carry instructions to the trapped men. Under fire, he delivered the orders. Next day, when his superior officer had been wounded, armed with only a pistol, he led an assault on a Jap position. He himself was killed in this assault, but the second wave of troops took the position."

"I can just see him," Matt said, "brandishing his pistol and charging into those bloody Japs."

"Or crawling along with the machine guns all firing, delivering those orders," Julia said.

"Nobody could stop Gus when he was fighting mad," Mrs. McCaffrey said, and then she began to cry, for Gus had been stopped.

Matt and Mrs. McCaffrey went to Washington. "I can't believe it," Mrs. McCaffrey told the family on their return. "The President received us just as kind and simple as Father Dillon would've. And then he kissed me on the cheek and said I should be proud of my boy, for he would be living not for a few short years, but for always. And then he pinned the medal on my dress."

Gus's medal was a star surrounded by a green laurel wreath, suspended from a bronze bar with the word "Valor" inscribed on it, and over the bar an eagle. The medal meant something, something powerful and transforming to the McCaffreys.

They were the family of a hero, a great, dead hero. They were no longer the crazy, roistering McCaffreys, looked down upon by the town.

Vince, who was just seventeen, was going in the Navy. "I've got to keep on fighting for Gus," he said.

AT ST. CLEMENT'S, they were dedicating a window to Gus, Gus as a symbol of all the boys who had gone forth from the parish and fought and died. The service was on a Sunday afternoon, and the McCaffreys were dressed for the occasion: Mary and Julia in thin white summer dresses, Mrs. McCaffrey in voluminous crepe, Matt in the somewhat skimpy black suit he wore only to funerals.

"Who's that coming up the street?" Julia was sitting on the porch rail, waiting for Mr. and Mrs. McCaffrey to come out and go to church.

Mary looked. It was a boy in a well-fitting uniform, a tall boy who was still too thin. "It's Harv Wilson," she said, and her heart jumped like a frog hopping into a pond. "I—I didn't know he was home."

Harvey came up to the porch. "Hello, Julia," he said, and Julia got off the railing and said, "Hi, there, Lieutenant. What brings you up in these parts?"

"Hello, Harvey," Mary said. "You look fine."

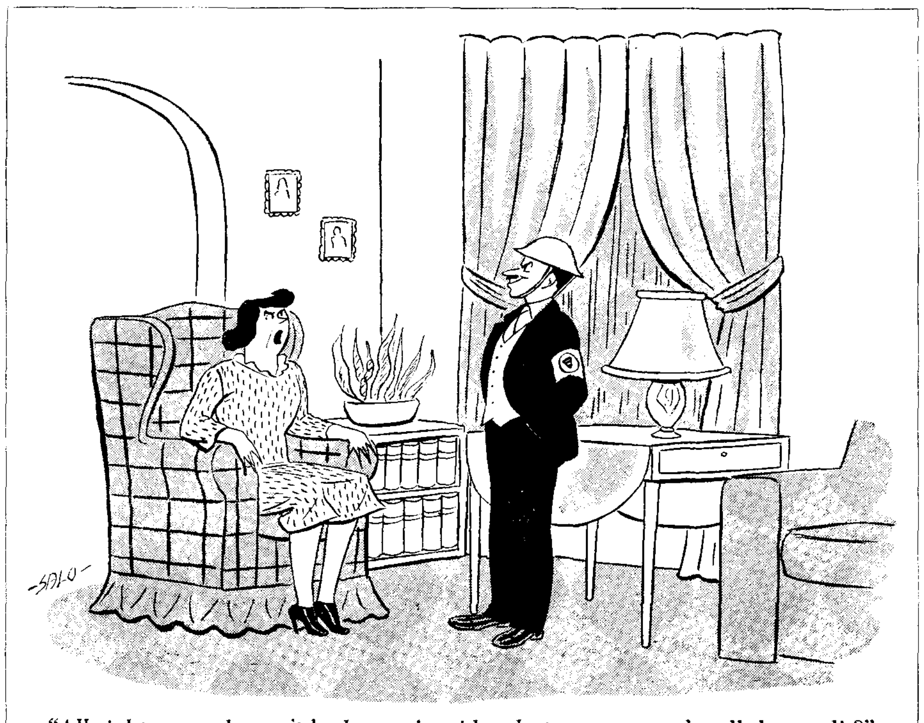
"You look good, too, Mary," Harvey said. Then he went on, "I was awfully sorry to hear about Gus."

"It was terrible," Julia said, "but he died like a real hero. They are having a service in our church for him this afternoon. Would you like to come with us?"

Harvey looked at Mary. "Sure," he said. "Sure, I'd like to come."

Matt and Mrs. McCaffrey had joined them. Mary noticed that her father's trousers were shiny and too tight, but now those things did not matter as they once had.

"You and Harv walk ahead," Julia said.



"All right, so we haven't had any air raids—but must you take all the credit?"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

"It takes Ma longer than you two to navigate St. Clement's hill."

"It's been a long while since I've seen you," Harv said to Mary, as they were walking up Lake Avenue.

"Yes, it has." Mary moved her fingers nervously in their white cotton gloves.

"I'm going across pretty soon," Harvey said. "It was funny—gosh, it was funny! —not seeing you in so long and everything, but you were—you were the only girl I wanted to see to say goodby to."

Mary turned to Harvey. "I'm glad, Harv," she said. "I'm awful glad you wanted to see me."

St. Clement's was filled. There was the procession first. Vince was carrying the big gold crucifix at the head of the procession; Eddie had the censer and walked backward, tilting it toward the pastor. Julia was going to sing just before the dedication itself. Gus, they all knew, would have wanted Eddie and Vince on the altar, and Julia singing in the choir, as she had when she was in high school.

Mary and Harv squeezed in a back seat; Matt and Mrs. McCaffrey went down front. Father Dillon gave a brief talk. We must, he said, make a fighting front for our boys. Mary smiled at Harvey and they were back in Mrs. Baird's Latin room, here in the dim, candlelit church.

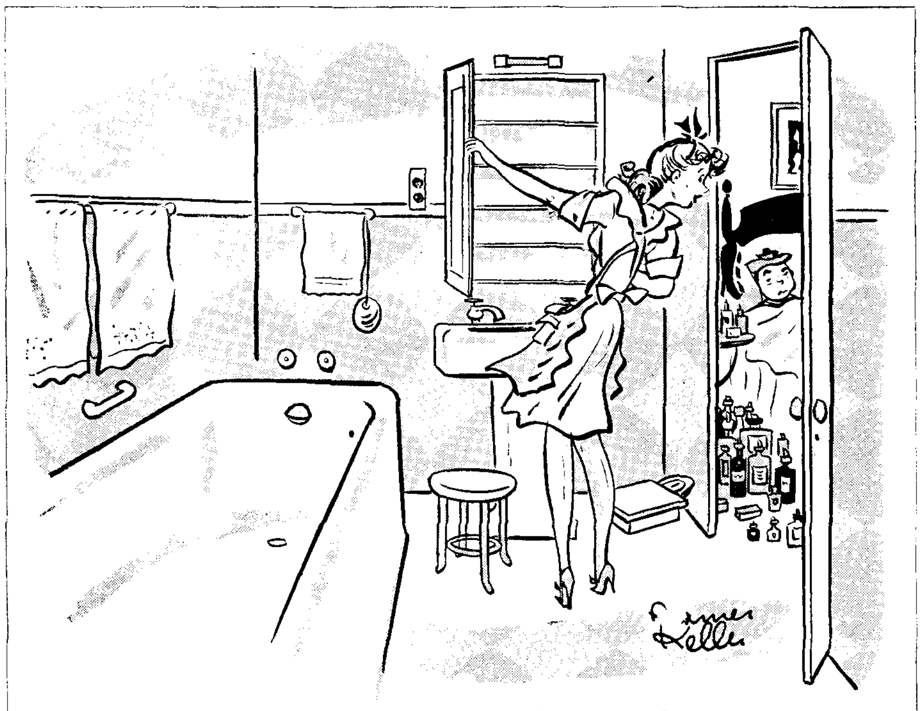
Julia began to sing. Her voice was so sweet and sad that everyone in the pews was united with a sudden feeling of goodness and strength. Mary turned back to their choir to watch Julia. At the same moment, Jerry Gorman looked back, riveting his gaze on Julia as on a precious Madonna.

JULIA'S eyes were wet with tears, and then, looking down from the choir loft, she saw Jerry and winked ever so slightly. Jerry blushed and looked happy, almost as happy as Mary and Harvey.

The procession advanced toward the altar. With the face of a cherub, Eddie passed by Miss Clark who was sitting on the edge of her seat, and as he passed, he swung the incense burner full tilt toward her. Miss Clark began to sneeze, once, twice, three times.

Matt McCaffrey in the front pew looked reprovingly at Eddie. Then precisely as Julia had winked at Jerry Gorman, his right eye closed for a fraction of a second. Three fat tears splashed down his face, and he dragged out his handkerchief and blew his nose with great violence.

THE END



"One good thing about your cold, dear: it cleaned the medicine cabinet of all those half-filled bottles"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PLAYGROUND AT WAR

Military Training, Ship and Plane Building, Munitions, Agriculture, Oil, Movies, Radio

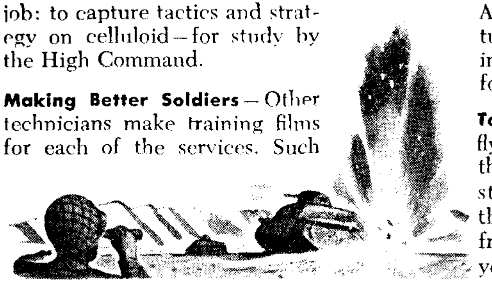
Even glamour has a place in war

On your after-Victory vacation in Southern California, you'll sense the vital difference war has made on the movie and radio capital, in the heart of Los Angeles County. Now the tempo has quickened. Uniforms dominate broadcasting studios and movie lots. Creative excitement is in the air. Men and women toiling through subtropic nights are impelled by the urgency common to those associated with war. And in their war achievements, these creative artists and technicians are using "glamour" to help our servicemen become *better* fighters. Here's how —

Time Out for Fun — Many of the movie and radio show people are touring the camps—visiting desert armored forces, mountain specialists, naval and marine trainees, flying gunners near Boulder Dam. The arduous work your boy gets in this training ground for global warfare (where climates and geography of other lands are duplicated) makes time out for fun a morale-building "must." Here, and at camps all over the land, cheering seas of boys applaud these entertainers.

Making Wiser Generals — Some of the technicians — trained here where the camera is king — make battle-front "Documentary Films." Out with the advance patrols, they "shoot" the battle . . . and get back if they can. The job: to capture tactics and strategy on celluloid — for study by the High Command.

Making Better Soldiers — Other technicians make training films for each of the services. Such films accomplish, in an hour or so, a two-week job for a sergeant. Others animate films of major battles for staff-officer instruction . . . film new techniques with old weapons to help save the lives of our fighting men. And in all of the studios, new feature films—sent free to the fighting fronts—provide relaxation for battle-weary fighting men.



Touring Overseas — Some actors fly overseas . . . perform close to the lines . . . undergo bombing and strafing. Whole companies of them road-show the fighting fronts. Some will take almost a year to finish their circuit. Some won't come back. But they'll make your soldier forget for a time the grimness of war, the warm, friendly American applauding *his* effort.

Plan Your After-Victory Vacation Now — You'll want to get away for a complete change — to feel as free as the wind — once the Victory is won. It will be glorious fun to spend your vacation in Southern California. You'll want to see and do all the traditional things vacationists delight in and all the places here which have contributed so uniquely to Victory too. So plan now for your postwar vacation in Southern California. Regular purchases of war bonds—earmarked for this specific purpose—will make your trip a reality instead of a dream. Send coupon below for special, free, full-color folder which tells how much fun and glamour a few war bonds will buy. Send it today!

This advertisement sponsored by Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors brings you a wartime message from the citizens of the County's rich agricultural and industrial areas and of its famous cities — Beverly Hills, Glendale, Hollywood, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Monica and 182 others.

Copr., 1944, by the All-Year Club of So. Calif., Ltd. — a non-profit community organization.

All-Year Club of Southern California, Div. 2-B
629 S. Hill St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

Please send me information to help me plan a postwar vacation in Southern California.

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*Street*____________________

*City*____________________

*State*____________________

(Please print name and address)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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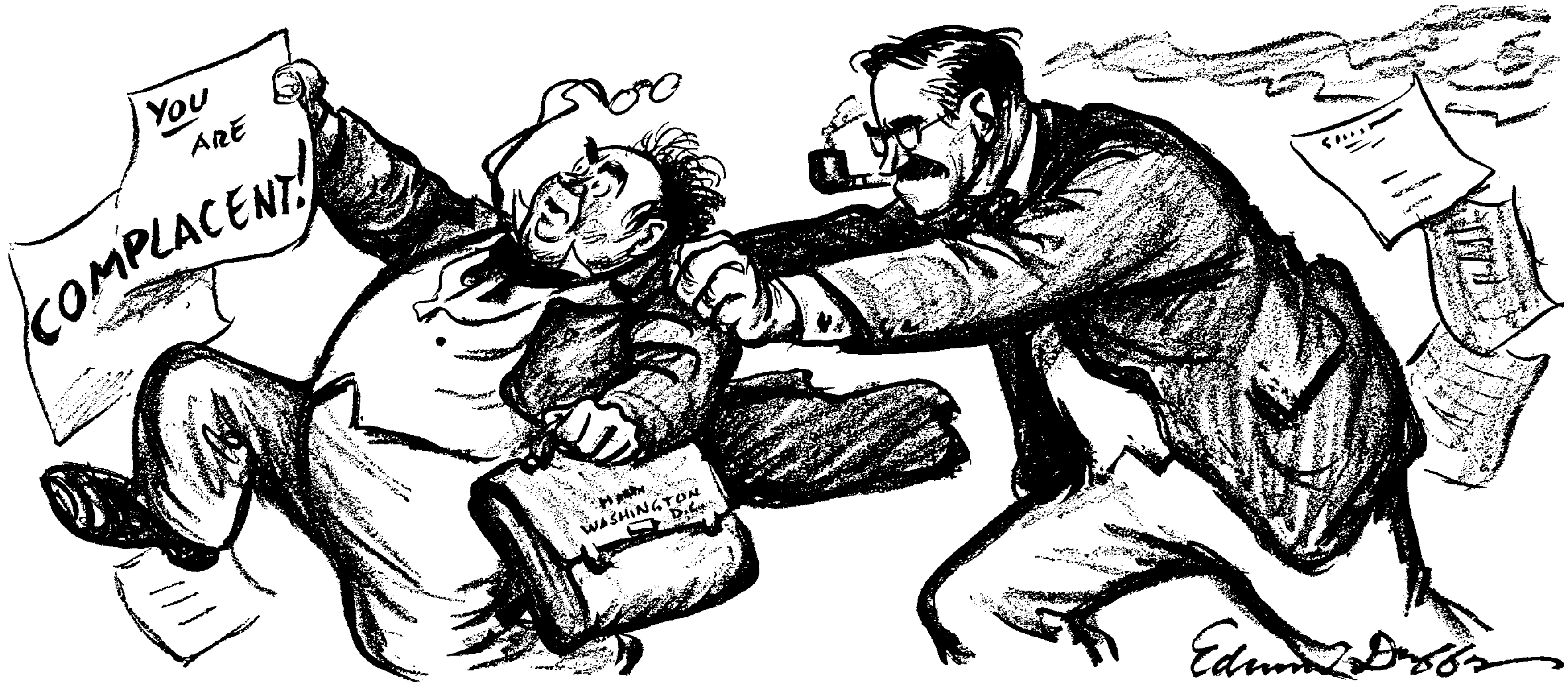

YOU ARE COMPLACENT!
WASHINGTON D.C.
Edmund Duffy

THE "COMPLACENCY" NONSENSE

EVERY once in a while some high government official, named or unnamed in the news reports, sounds off to the effect that the home front is too "complacent," is slacking on its part of the war job, is expecting the war to end long before it can end, and is thereby hacking at the morale of our dauntless boys on the fighting fronts. Catcalls and Bronx cheers go up from all over the map of the United States, whereupon the official who made the statement is pained and surprised.

We have a suggestion for the elimination of all this pain and surprise. Our suggestion is that the "complacency" chatter be dropped, now, all of it.

The fact is that almost no American is complacent about this war. The vast majority of us are interested in it up to the eyebrows, and are on fire to win it as fast as it can be won. There is very little slackerism on the home front—and much of what there is is encouraged by official Washington itself in ways of which we are all aware. We do not need to be rebuked for sins which we are not committing, and we quite properly resent such rebukes.

The complacency prattle is vicious nonsense for one hard-rock reason: namely, that more than 10,000,000 of our best young men are in our Armed Forces.

These men did not just happen. They are the sons, brothers, husbands, and—increasingly—fathers of us all. For every one of them, one, two, three or more persons at home are profoundly interested in him and all he does, and are concerned from the ground up that he shall be well fed, well armed, well trained, appropriately furloughed and rest-camped, given the best possible medical attention if wounded, and returned safely home in one piece if that be God's will.

A people under such circumstances will not be, cannot be, complacent. To say that they are is an insult.

Write off France?

> Our (Britain's) policy must necessarily be to have as our nearest neighbor a France friendly, contented and strong, and a great power again in fact, and as quickly as possible.
> —*Lord Vansittart, in the London Sunday Dispatch*

WE LIKE the above remark of Lord Vansittart's a good deal better than the remark of Field Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts' to which Vansittart was replying: "France has gone, and if ever she returns it will be a hard and a long upward pull," with more to like effect.

Grant all the familiar complaints against the French—that many of them are contentious, exceedingly thrifty, prone to make politics an end instead of a means, too easily divided by scheming politicians. Grant that Pierre Laval is a most unsavory character, and that General Charles de Gaulle, though admirable, is stiff-necked and contrary-minded. But, having granted all this, try to picture a postwar world without a strong France.

We can't care for such a picture. It would mean a Europe without a western balance wheel. Russia would dominate the whole continent, since Germany is expected to be paralyzed militarily for decades after this war. England would have a prostrate France on one side and a disinterested Ireland on the other—and that would not be good.

That is the hard-pan power-politics aspect of it. But there are other things to be considered before we try to write off France.

For one thing, there are the French people themselves, by and large the most brilliantly gifted national group in Europe with their long tradition of individual liberty and their enormous contributions to civilization and culture. These people have been supposed to be down, out and done for, many a time before now. Always they have come back—and with a speed and elasticity which astonished most of the onlookers. We think they can do it again, beginning the instant the Nazi heel is blasted off the national neck.

After all, too, the bulk of the French Navy was scuttled at Toulon rather than let the Germans get hold of it, and the best of its remnants, including the big battleship Richelieu, are now fighting with the Allies. Doesn't France rate rather a sizable entry on the black-ink side of the ledger for that achievement?

We think that by all odds the wise thing for Britain and the United States to do after this war will be to give France every chance to recover its power, prosperity and prestige. All sentiment and sentimentality aside, this policy should be good business commercially, politically and culturally.

The Ban on Esquire

WE DO not passionately admire Esquire magazine, the big monthly publication selling at 50 cents a copy to which Postmaster General Frank C. Walker recently saw fit to deny second-class mail privileges. Walker took this action after a three-member board of his own choosing had investigated Esquire thoroughly and had voted 2 to 1 that it contained nothing objectionable enough to take it out of the second-class mail group.

To us the magazine has always expressed something less than good taste—though maybe we're prejudiced.

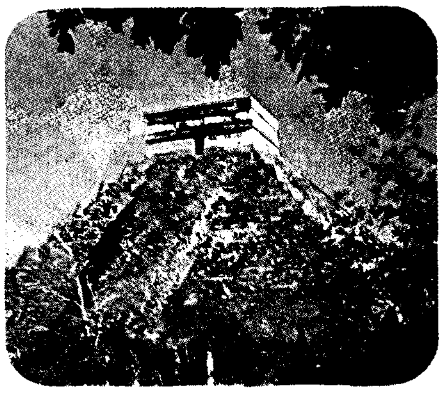
But that is beside the point. This is supposed to be a free country. Article 1 of the Bill of Rights, a part of the Constitution, guarantees freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of religion. This decision of Walker's cuts across that guarantee, and without due process of law.

Walker pleads that if Congress does not want such things to happen it should amend the vague statute under which he operates in such cases. Congress should indeed clarify this statute, just as it should clarify the vague law under which the Federal Communications Commission harasses the radio industry. Freedom of the press and freedom of speech, to say nothing of freedom of religion, should no longer be left to the whims and ambitions of bureaucrats. These boys always were unreliable guardians of the people's liberties, and appear to be growing more unreliable day by day.

Tomorrow you may be making this Safari to the

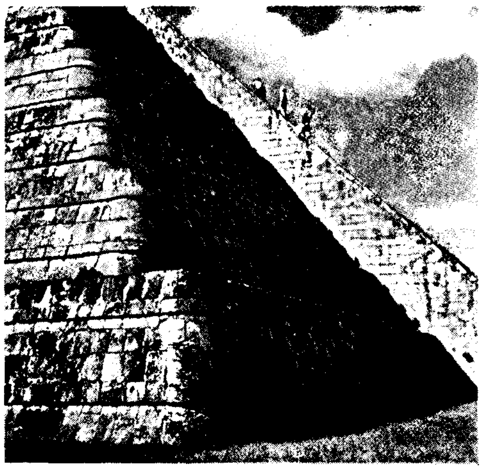
Castle of Kul-Kul-Kan

1 **"Landing in Yucatan,** a mere six hours by Pan-American Strato-Clipper from New Orleans," writes a war traveler, "I found your dream vacation of tomorrow. A journey to another world!



2 **"As I rounded** a bend in the trail, the ancient castle of the Maya serpent-god exploded into view, towering over the sprawling ruins of a dead and eerie city whose mysteries may never be fully known.

3 **"Couple that with the sudden,** soundless appearance of two gun-toting Mayans—and whew! It took a panicky moment to remember these are among the gentlest of people . . . and crack game-hunters.



4 **"Scaling the skyscraping** temple—even up the 'easy' front steps—is a breath-taking experience . . . two ways. The view from the top is out of a trip to Mars. But—

5 **"Going up** the back way—to view the unrestored section at close range—turns your knees to jelly. One misstep, and your future is likely to be quick and final.

6 " **'My helmet** for a Canadian Club whisky-and-soda!' I said, after that. Whereupon my host produced a bottle so matter-of-factly I had to ask how come...and learned this whisky has been a Yucatecan favorite for years."

Once the war is over, it will be easier than ever before to visit Latin America. And when that time comes, you will find Canadian Club Whisky again available there for toasting the grand "good neighbors" you'll be meeting.

Right now, the distillery is making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves" these days —by making two bottles go the length of three.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

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They expect more smoking pleasure, and Chesterfield gives it to them every time . . . yes, every time, with the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

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